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THE HIGHLAND PIPER.

Published by Goulding & D'Almaine. 1831.

THE

MUSICAL BIJOU,

AN ALBUM

OF

MUSIC, POETRY, AND PROSE,

FOR

MDCCCXXXI.

EDITED BY

F. H. BURNEY.

" All' armonico ingegno
Quante volte fè plauso."—PARINI.

LONDON:
GOULDING AND D'ALMAINE, 20, SOHO SQUARE.

T D
1831
LONDON
PUBLISHED BY GOULDING & D'ALMAINE 20 HOG
SQUARE

PREFACE.

Two years have now elapsed since the appearance of the first Volume of the ' Musical Bijou ;' aware that success naturally begets imitation, the Proprietors have beheld, without surprise, the publication, since that period, of numerous Musical *Annuals;* but the advantages they possess by their *exclusive* arrangements with some of the most popular native and foreign composers, utterly precludes the possibility of rivalry; and whilst the pages of the ' Musical Bijou' have been filled with original contributions, those of similar works have often contained but mere *reprints* of well known compositions. The exertions made in the selection of the present Volume will, they trust, continue for it, in public opinion, the pre-eminence that the ' Musical Bijou' has already obtained above all its competitors.

The Editor begs to express his most grateful acknowledgments to all those, by whose literary and musical aid he has been favored; he only regrets, that want of space has compelled him to omit numerous excellent compositions, many of which, he trusts, to be enabled to introduce into a future Volume.

LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

I. THE SCOTCH PIPER,

Drawn on stone by L. Haghe, from an original Drawing by Frazer. *Frontispiece.*

II. THE WIDOW,

Drawn on stone by G. Childs, from a Drawing by George Cattermole. *(page 34.)*

III. THE MOTHERLESS,

Drawn on stone by G. Childs, from an original Picture by John Wright. *(page 79.)*

IV. THE PRESENTATION PLATE,

Lithographed by Engelman & Co. from a Design by Henry Corbould.

V. & VI. THE COVERS,

Designed and Lithographed by L. Haghe.

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INTRODUCTION.

Love summon'd to the Grove one day,
Where fann'd by Cupids, Beauty lay,
Three Sisters, from the classic bowers,
To charm and soothe her listless hours—
And bade her chuse from out the three,
Which should her loved Companion be!
First with upraised and soul-lit eye,
Young Poesy, the Nymph drew nigh,
And many a truth did she rehearse,
Cloth'd in the fairy garb of Verse;
With Pencil (like the rainbow's dyes)
Dipp'd in the colours of the skies—
Next Painting bent before the Maid,
And all *her* magic powers display'd!
Last Music struck the tuneful shell—
Enraptur'd Beauty *felt* her spell,
And smil'd or wept as breath'd the Lyre
With tears of bliss or sighs of fire!
Perplex'd amid the Three to chuse—
Long time did Beauty, pensive muse;—
So Love at once to end her pain,
Bade all her willing slaves remain!
Thus ever from that blissful hour,
Companions of her classic bower,
Painting and Poesy and Song
To Beauty's boudoir still belong.

WHY COMES HE NOT?

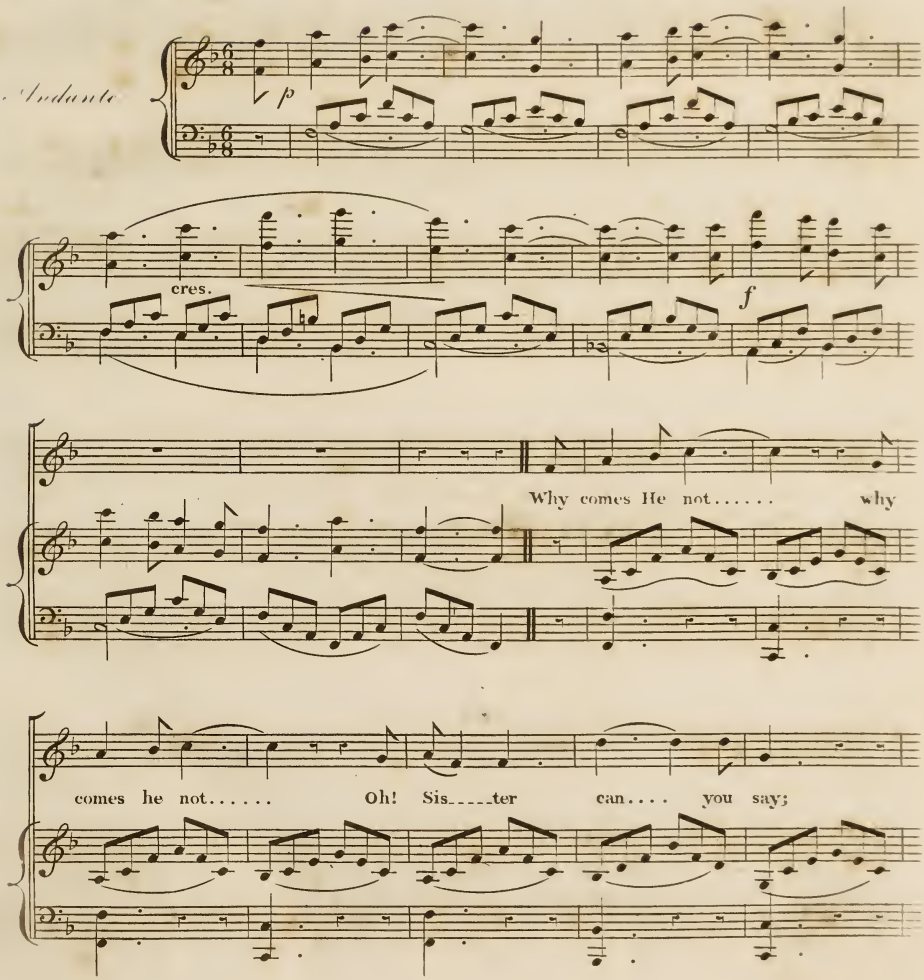
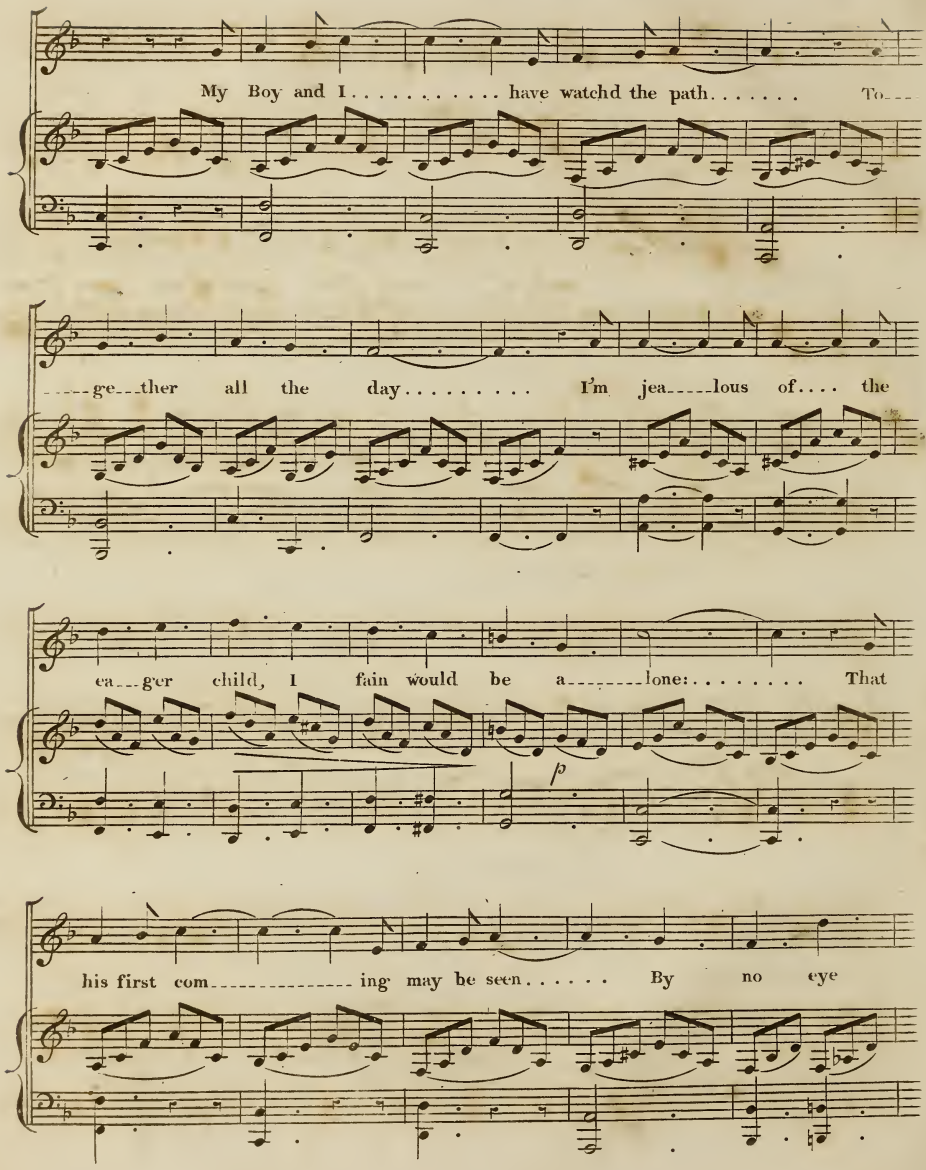
BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

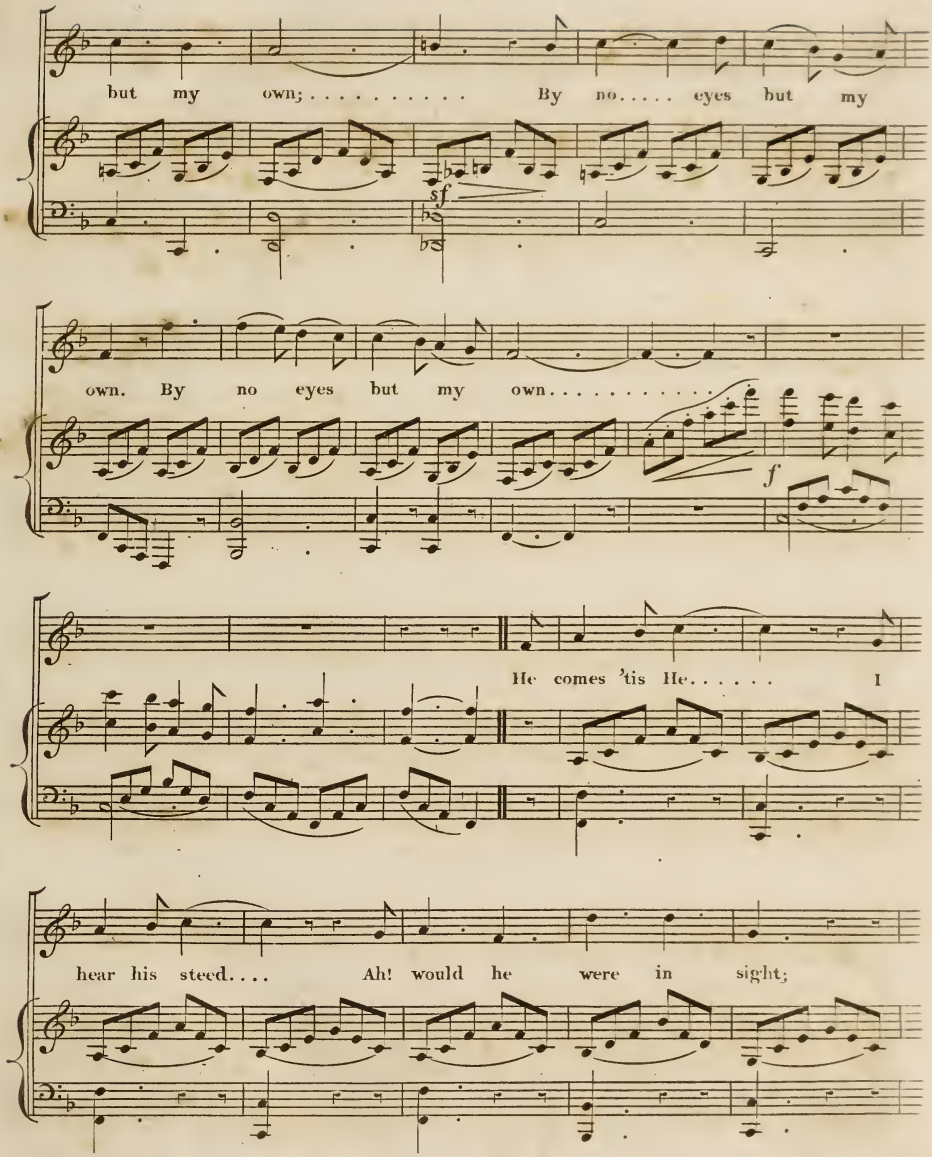
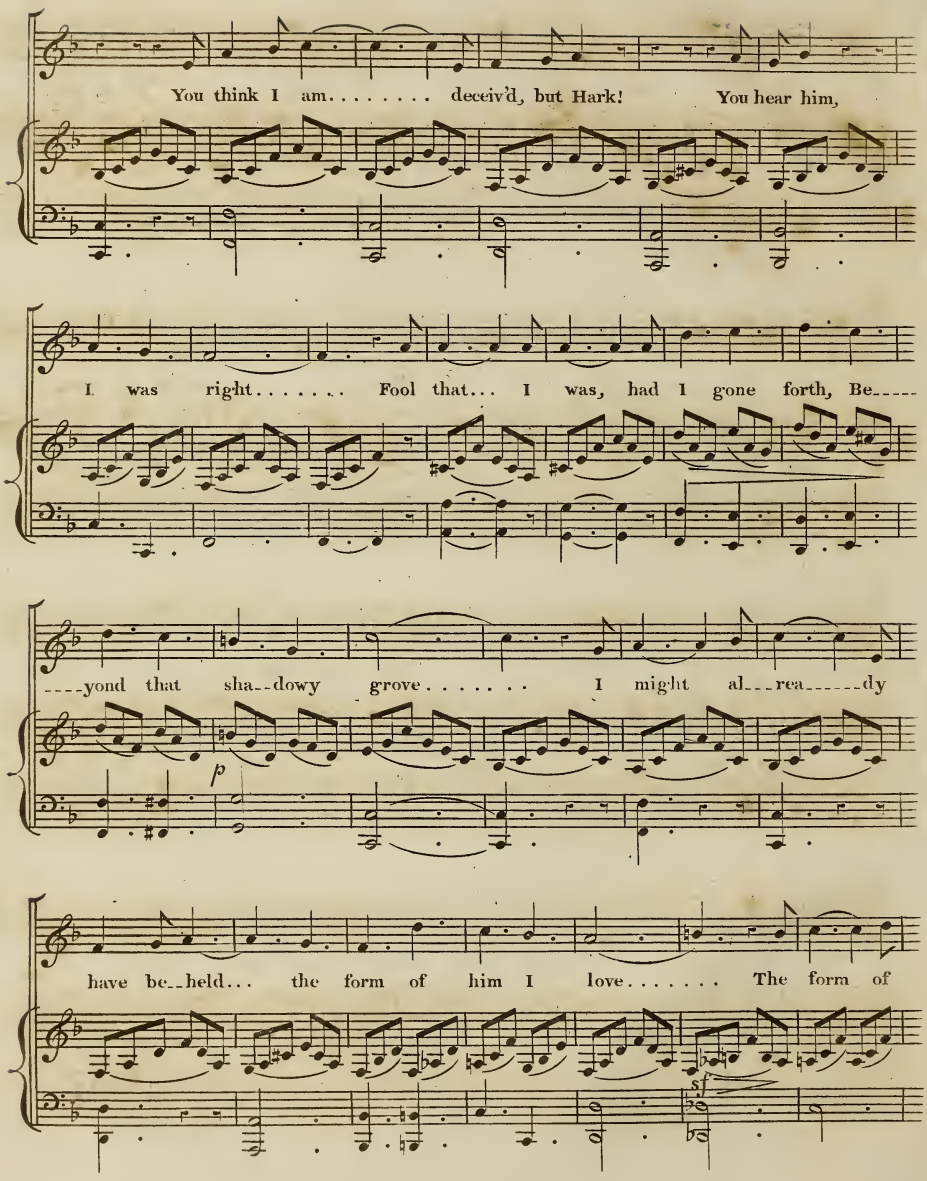
Why comes he not?—Why comes he not,
Oh Sister can you say,
My boy and I have watch'd the path
Together all the day.
I'm jealous of the eager child,
I fain would be alone,
That his first coming may be seen,
By no eye save my own.

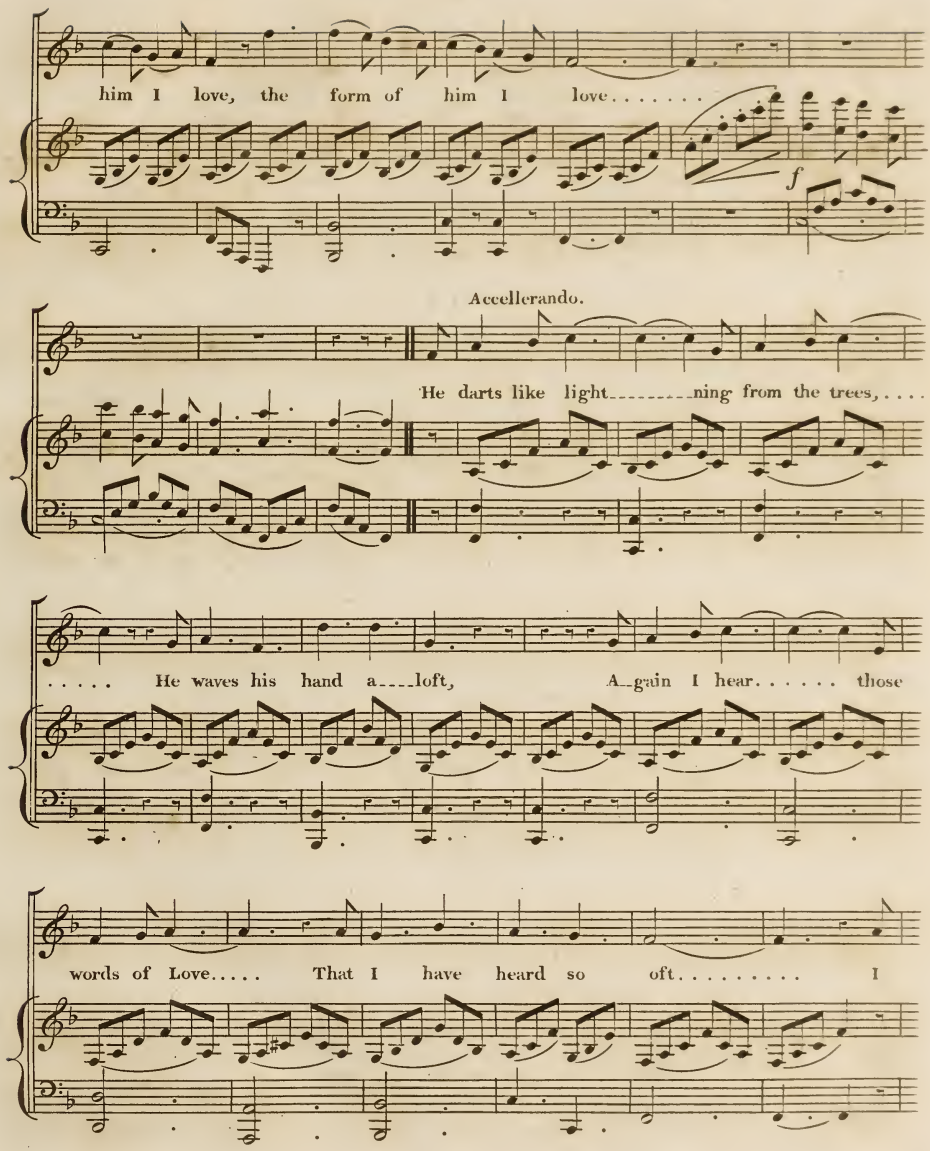
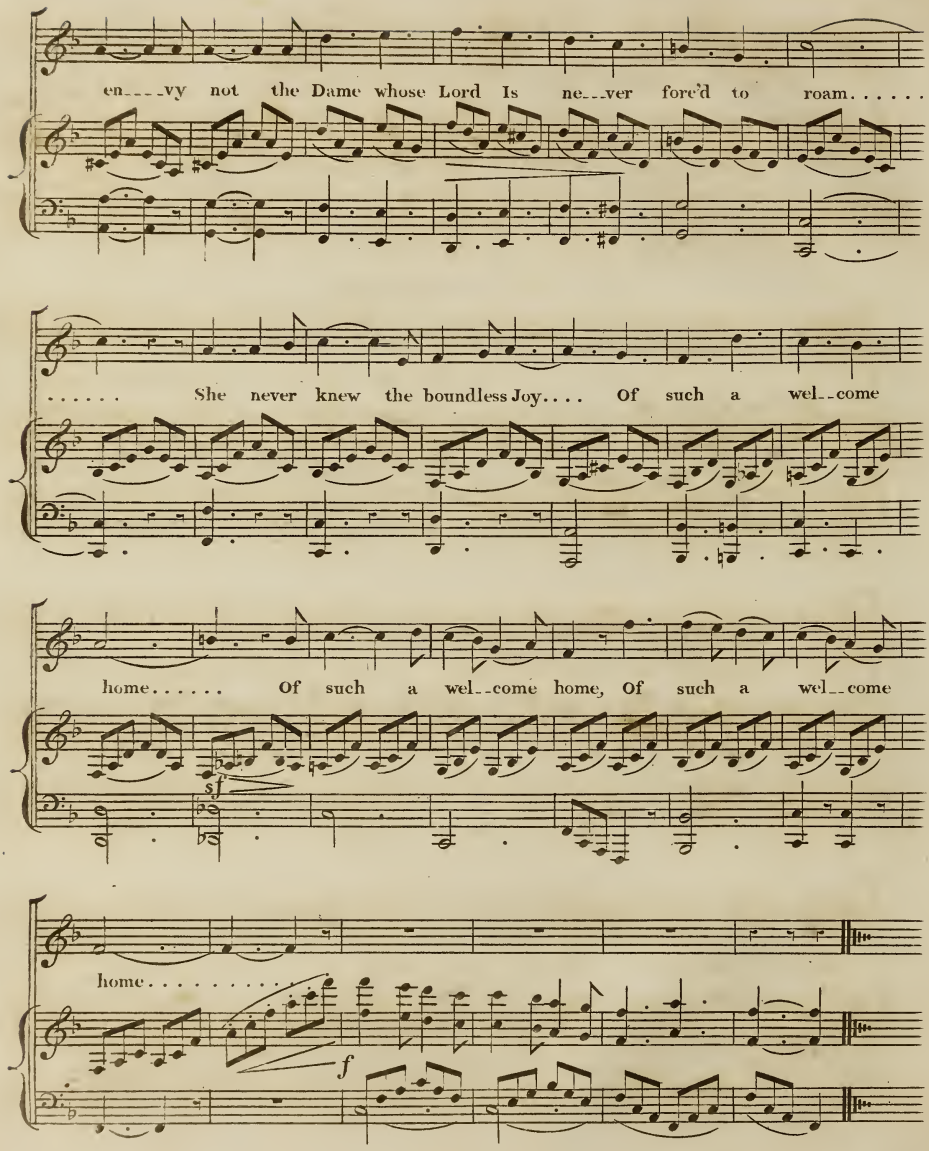
He comes—*'Tis* he! I hear his steed,
Ah would he were in sight,
You think I am deceived? But hark,
You hear him—I was right.
Fool that I was—had I gone forth,
Beyond that shadowy grove,
I might already have beheld
The form of him I love.

He darts like lightning from the trees,
He waves his hand aloft,
Again I hear those words of Love,
That I have heard so oft.
I envy not the Dame whose Lord
Is never forc'd to roam,
She never knew the boundless joy
Of such a welcome home!

WHY COMES HE NOT!

Composed by Charles E. Horn.


My Boy and I . . . . . have watchd the path . . . . . To---
---ge---ther all the day . . . . . I'm jea---lous of . . . . the
ea---ger child, I fain would be a---lone: . . . . . That
p
his first com---ing may be seen . . . . . By no eye


but my own; . . . . . By no . . . . . eyes but my
sf
own. By no eyes but my own . . . . . .
f
He comes 'tis He I
hear his steed . . . . Ah! would he were in sight;

You think I am..... deceiv'd, but Hark! You hear him,
I was right..... Fool that... I was, had I gone forth, Be-----
----yond that sha--dowy grove..... I might al---rea------dy
p
have be--held... the form of him I love..... The form of
sf


him I love, the form of him I love.....
f
Accellerando.
He darts like light_____ning from the trees,....
..... He waves his hand a___loft, A_gain I hear..... those
words of Love..... That I have heard so oft..... I

en---vy not the Dame whose Lord Is ne--ver fore'd to roam.....
She never knew the boundless Joy.... Of such a wel--come
home..... Of such a wel--come home, Of such a wel--come
sf
home.....
f

STANZAS.

BY LORD ASHTOWN.

Poor last leaf of summer! though changed and forlorn,
Yet unwilling to part you still cling to the bough—
The bough that sustain'd you in spring's early morn,
And summer's bright day, cannot shelter you now.

Like thine the condition of man's feeble race is,
A moment we flourish—then fall to decay;
Yet the world we still cling to with eager embraces,
Reluctant to leave it, unable to stay,

What's life but a journey, where dangers surround us!
Our friends fall before us, our joys quickly fly;
Though the path may be strew'd with some fresh flowers round us,
Like the last leaf of summer we wither and die!

Then wherefore repine at what Heav'n hath denied us—
Why sorrow in vain for the Friends that are gone!—
Let us cull the few flowers still blooming beside us,
And submit to the fate that must soon be our own.

WE RETURN NO MORE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"We return no more."
BURDEN OF THE HIGHLAND SONG OF EMIGRATION.

"We return—we return—we return no more!"
—So comes the Song to the Mountain shore,
From those that are leaving their Highland Home,
For a World far over the blue Sea's foam;
"We return no more!"—and thro' Cave and Dell,
Mournfully wanders that wild farewell.

"We return—we return—we return no more!"
—So breathe sad Voices our Spirits o'er,
Murmuring up from the depth of the heart,
When lovely things with their light depart,
And the inborn sound hath a Prophet's tone,
And we feel that a Joy is for ever gone!

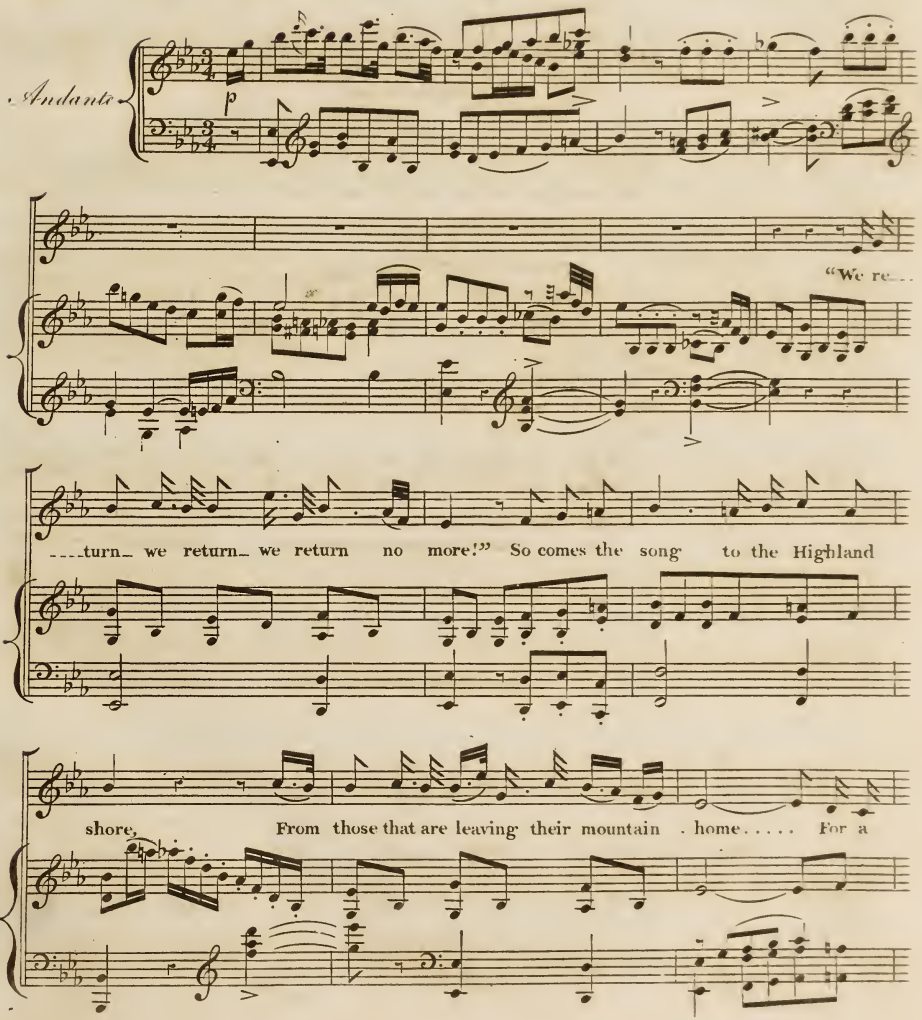
"We return—we return—we return no more!"
—Is it heard when the Days of Flowers are o'er,
When the passionate soul of the Night-Bird's lay,
Hath died from the Summer Woods away?
When the crimson from Sunset's robe hath pass'd,
Or the leaves are swept on the rushing Blast?

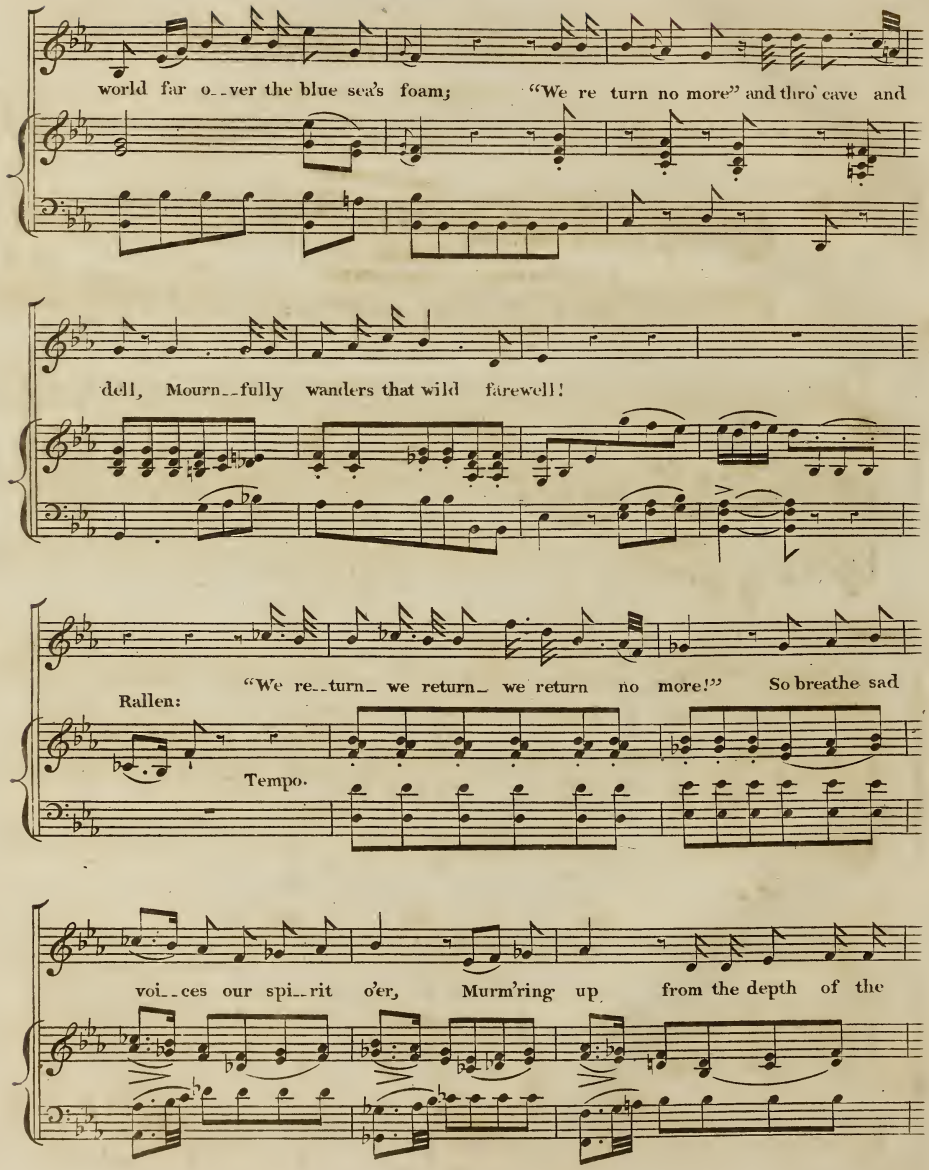
No—it is not the Rose that returns no more,
A soft Spring's breath will its bloom restore,
And it is not the Song that o'erflows the bowers
With a Stream of Love thro' the starry hours,
And it is not the Glory of Sunset's hues,
Nor the frail flush'd leaves that the wild wind strews.

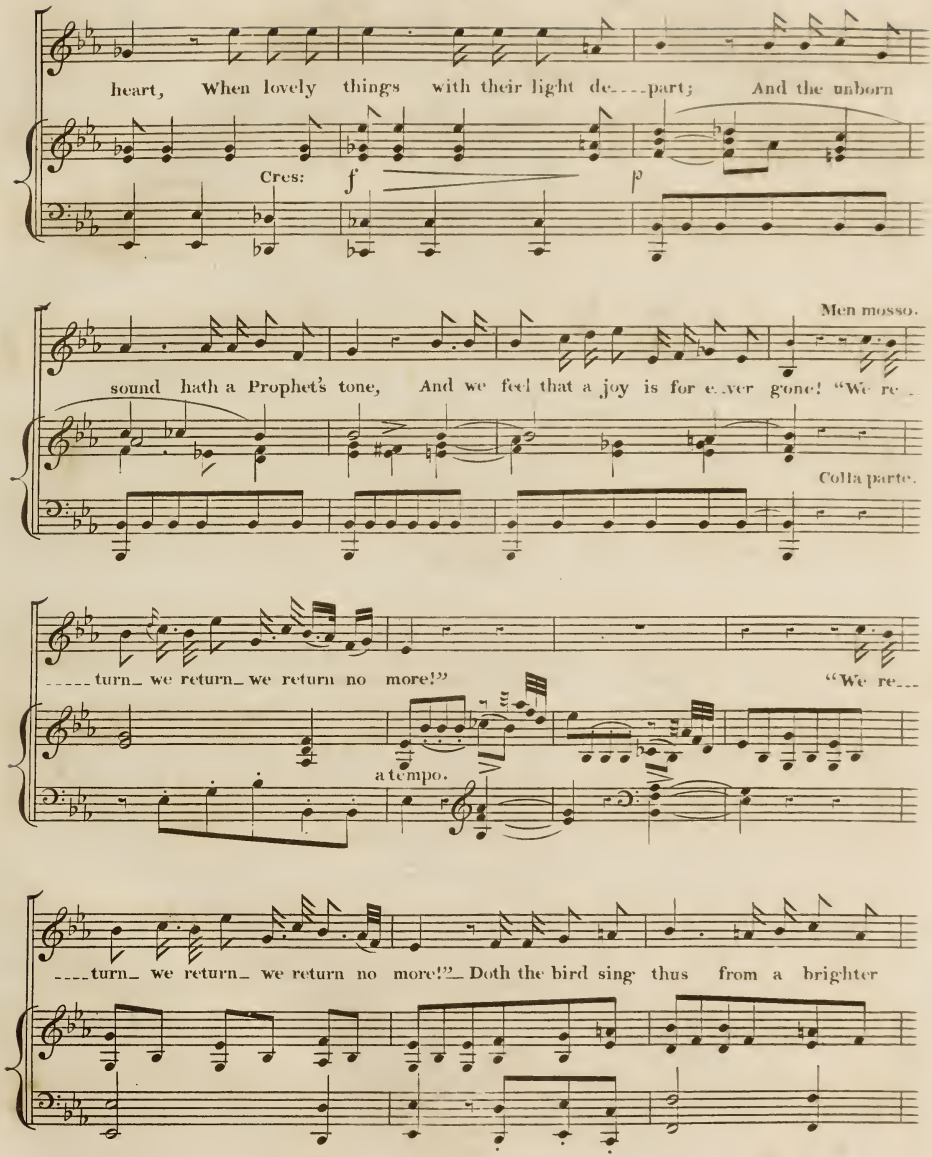
"We return—we return—we return no more!"
—Doth the Bird sing thus from the brighter Shore,
Those Wings, that follow the Southern breeze,
Float they not homeward o'er vernal seas?
Yes! from the Lands of the Vine and Palm,
They come with the Sunshine when Waves grow calm.

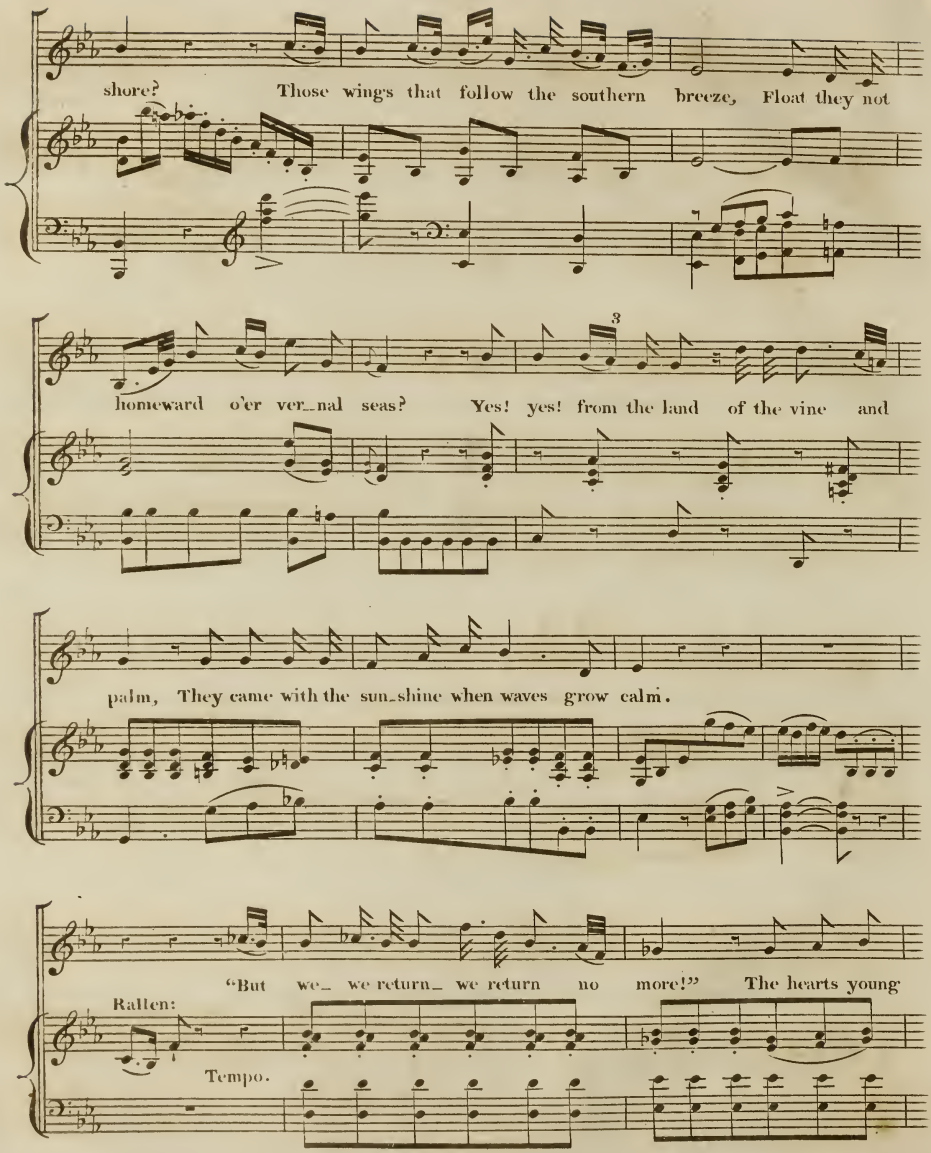
"But *We*—*We* return—we return no more!"
The heart's young dreams when their bloom is o'er,
The Love it hath pour'd so freely forth,
The boundless trust in ideal worth,
The faith in Affection—deep, fond,—yet vain,
These are the Lost that return not again.

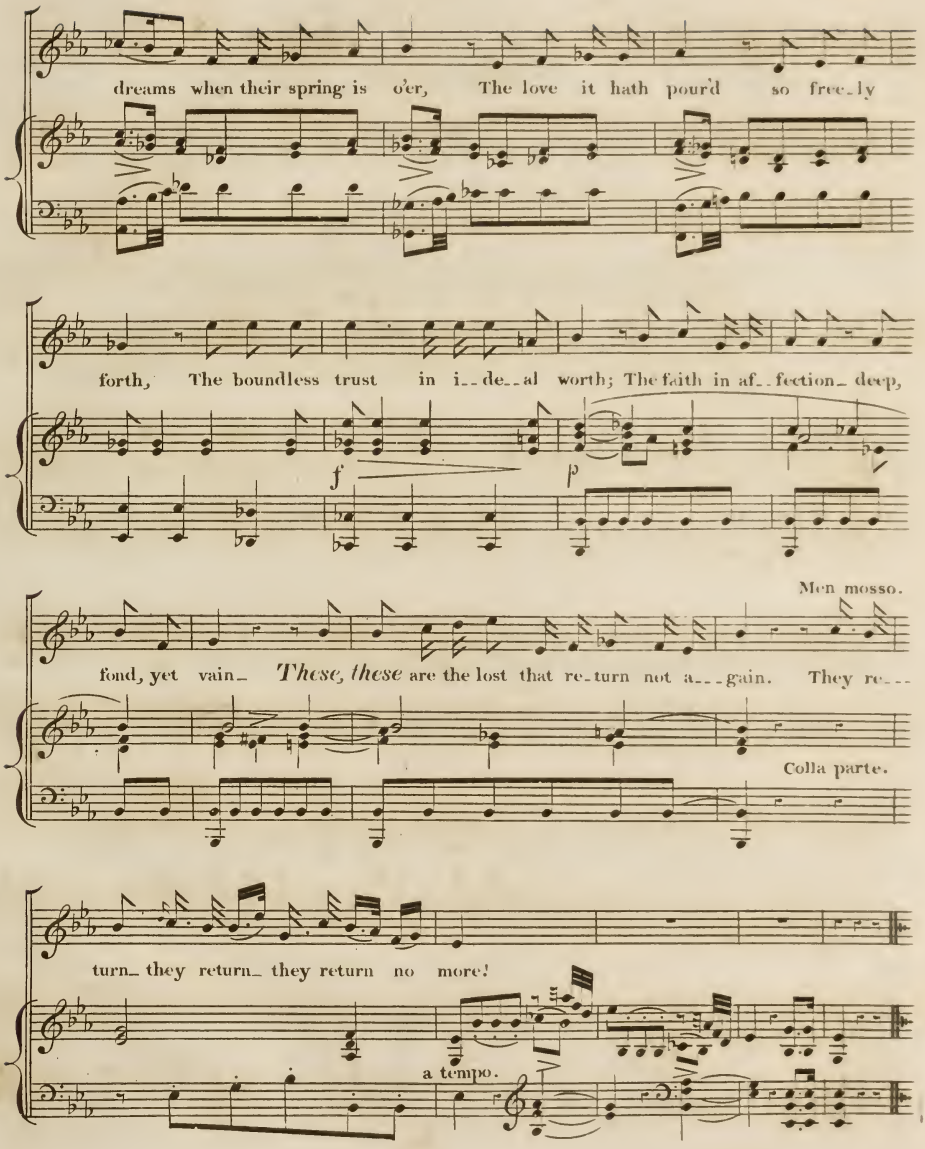
WE RETURN NO MORE!

Composed by John Lodge.

Andante
p
"We re-
---turn- we return- we return no more!" So comes the song to the Highland
shore, From those that are leaving their mountain . home..... For a


world far o_ver the blue sea's foam; "We re turn no more" and thro' cave and
dell, Mourn_fully wanders that wild farewell!
"We re_turn_ we return_ we return no more!" So breathe sad
Rallen:
Tempo.
voi_ces our spi_rit o'er, Murm'ring up from the depth of the

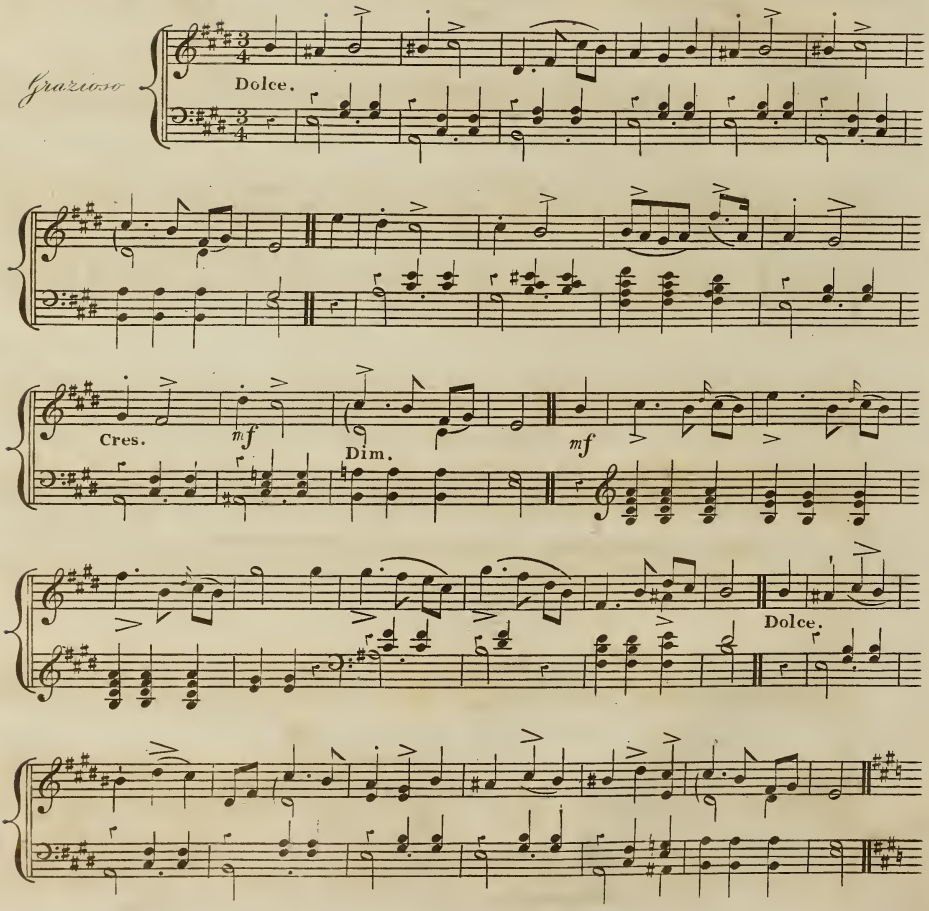

heart, When lovely things with their light de---part; And the unborn
Cres:
f
p
Men mosso.
sound hath a Prophet's tone, And we feel that a joy is for ever gone! "We re-
Colla parte.
---turn_ we return_ we return no more!"
"We re---
a tempo.
---turn_ we return_ we return no more!"_ Doth the bird sing thus from a brighter

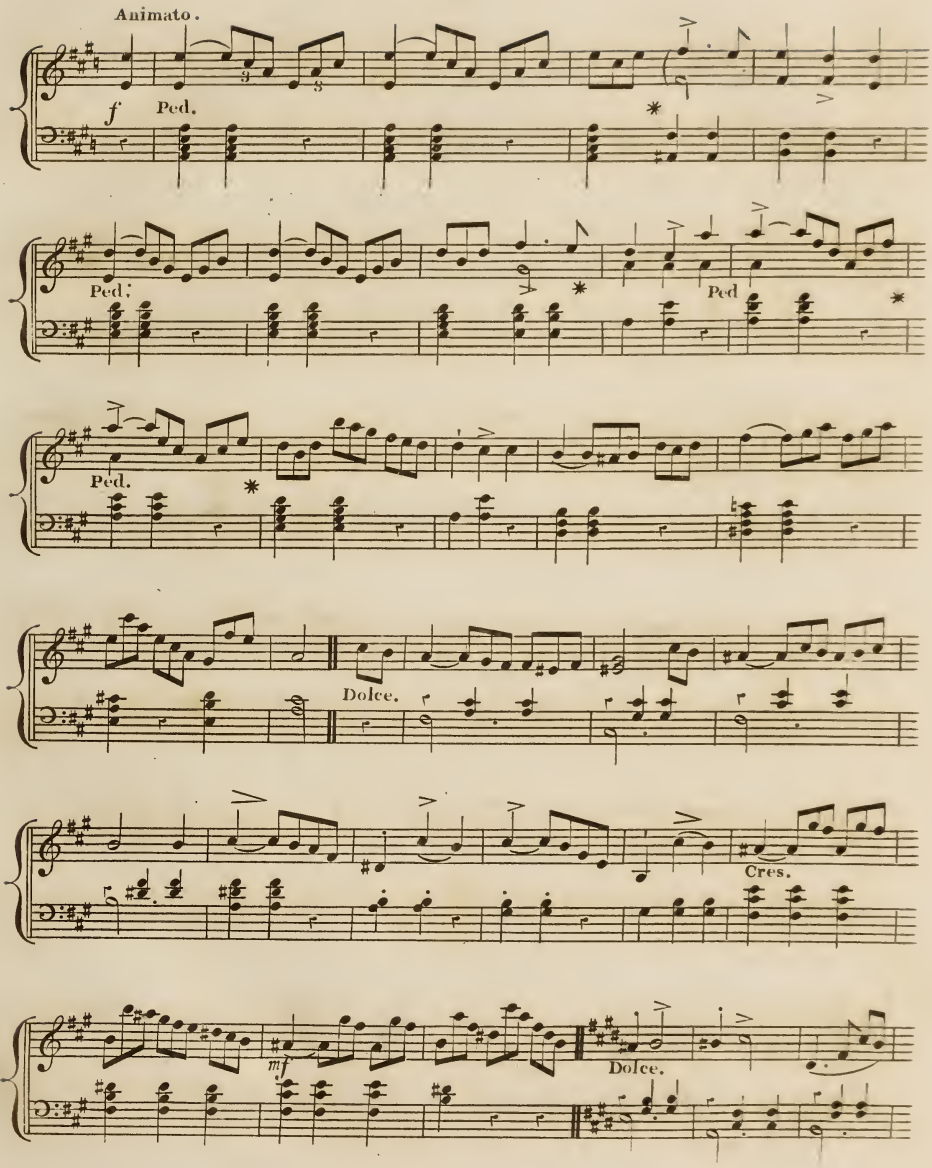

shore? Those wings that follow the southern breeze, Float they not
homeward o'er ver_nal seas? Yes! yes! from the land of the vine and
palm, They came with the sun_shine when waves grow calm.
"But we_ we return_ we return no more!" The hearts young
Rallen:
Tempo.

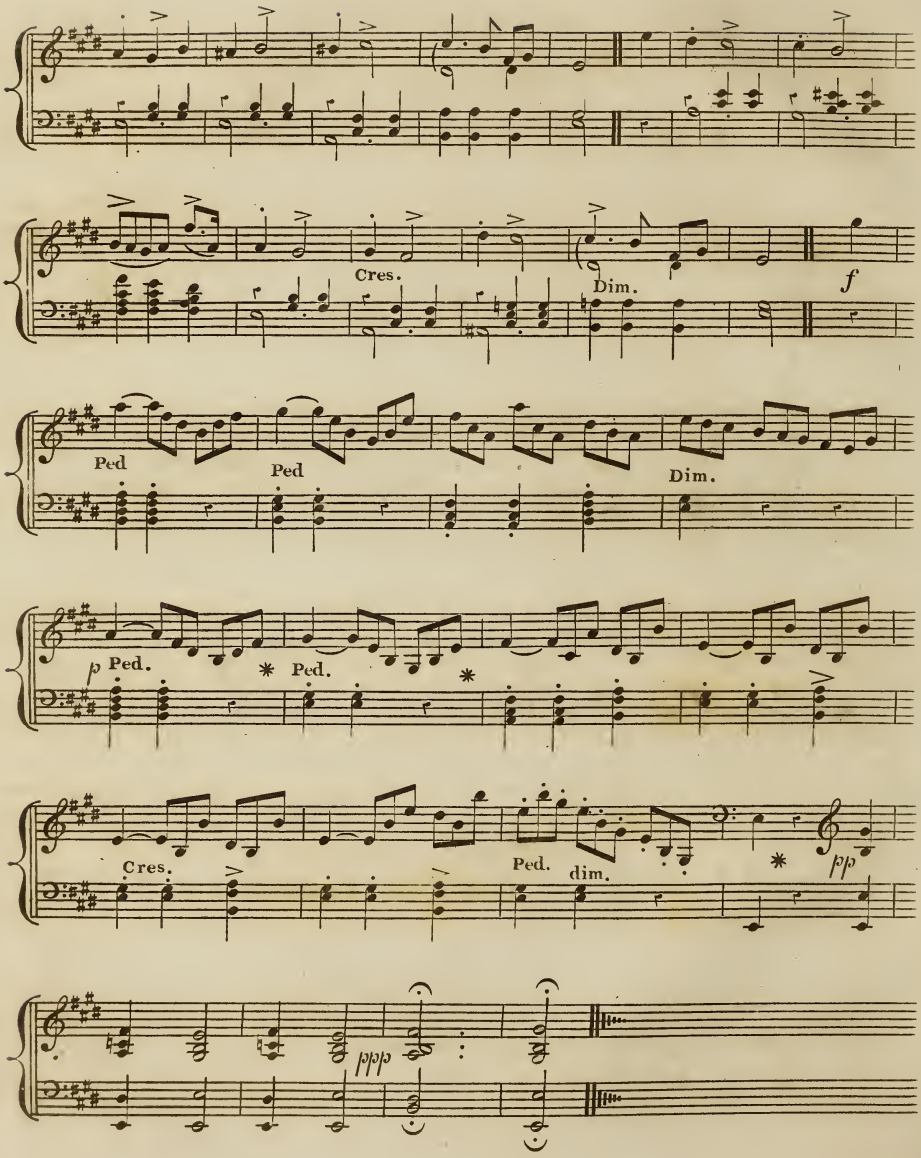

dreams when their spring is o'er, The love it hath pour'd so free_ly
forth, The boundless trust in i__de__al worth; The faith in af__fection_ deep,
f
p
Men mosso.
fond, yet vain_ These, these are the lost that re_turn not a___gain. They re___
Colla parte.
turn_ they return_ they return no more!
a tempo.

WALTZ.

Composed by J. F. Burrowes.




Animato.
f
Ped.
Ped.
Ped
Ped.
Dolce.
Cres.
mf
Dolce.


Cres.
Dim.
f
Ped
Ped
Dim.
p Ped.
Ped.
Cres.
Ped.
dim.
pp
ppp

MOZART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ROUÉ.

Who that has delighted in Poetry, has not longed to know the Poet? Who that has lost the "memory of himself" in the pages of Romance has not wished to know something of that "Wizard" whose magic Pen could make him forget the dull realities of existence, or draw his mind from the contemplation of its miseries, by the exciting interest inspired by the pages before him? And in like manner, who, that has bestowed his breathless attention on the sacred strains of Handel—listened with pleasure to the beautiful Sinfonias of Haydn—or lingered with delight over the heart-felt melodies of Mozart, has not anxiously enquired concerning the manners, habits, and histories of those from whose compositions some of the brightest pleasures of their existence has been derived?

With these sentiments it has struck us that nothing can form more appropriate subjects for a "Musical Bijou" than biographical notices of those whose musical compositions have immortalized their names—and whose memories will be cherished as long as "the harmony of sweet sounds" shall preserve its power over the human heart.

Among these there is no name, that excites a greater interest than that of Mozart—whether we look to the astonishing and unequalled precocity of his Genius—to those delightful works, which subsequently led to his never-dying celebrity—to the perpetual struggle, in which he passed his life—or to the melancholy of his premature death—it is all alike interesting to his admirers; and such a tinge of romance is thrown over the whole of his existence, that we are inclined to think we are reading the history of some imaginary Being, like Beattie's Minstrel, rather than the real life of a man in our own times, struggling through all the vulgar difficulties of a common place existence. Such, indeed, was the extraordinary precocity of Mozart, that, were the instances of it recorded upon less credible authorities, we might be inclined to doubt the truth of those circumstances, which rendered him in the earliest stage of his Infancy the admiration of all, who saw and heard him.

There is scarcely any thing more interesting in the study of human nature than the early history of celebrated men. The philologist loves to trace in the dispositions and pursuits of their infancy those circumstances, which led to their future celebrity—the early love of nature, in its beauty, which made them Poets—or, in its abstract, which made them Philosophers—the childish cunning or ambition of domineering over their schoolfellows, which made them statesmen—or the infant courage, which converted them in their manhood into soldiers and heroes.

There was scarcely ever an Infancy more remarkable than that of Mozart. Before he had attained his eighth year, he had exhibited his musical talents in the principal Courts of Europe, to the great admiration of his royal and courtly auditors, exciting no small degree of envy among the most experienced Professors.

Handel displayed an astonishing love of his science as early as his eighth year, but Mozart had scarcely attained his fourth birth-day before he astonished his father, no mean musician himself, by his proficiency at the Piano.

It is true that every opposition was made by the parents of Handel to his inclination for music, while that of Mozart was encouraged and applauded by his father, who held the situation of Vice Kapell-Meister and Violinist in the chapel of the Archbishop of Salzburg, and who was too happy to perceive in his son such early indication of excellence in his own science. Mozart was scarcely three years old, when his father began to give lessons on the Harpsichord to his sister, who was then seven. His astonishing disposition for music immediately manifested itself. His delight was to seek for *thirds* on the piano, and nothing could equal his joy when he found this harmonious chord.

At four years old, Mozart would learn a minuet in less than half an hour, and pieces of greater extent in less than twice that time; playing them immediately with the greatest clearness and perfectly in time. He was not, however, even at this early period, content with playing, but already exhibited the extraordinary precocity of his musical mind by the composition of minuets and other little movements, which displayed a consistency of thought and a symmetry of design, that promised a maturity of the highest Genius: a promise, which all the world acknowledges to have been fully realized. Arithmetic was the only pursuit that had the power to draw him even for a moment from music, and he made great progress in the science of figures: a science in which it is curious that there are many instances of infant precocity. During this period so ardent was he in the pursuit, that the walls, chairs, and tables were covered with his figures. But he displayed the same ardour in every thing he undertook, and before he confined himself exclusively to music, he was so fond of the usual amusements of his age, that he frequently sacrificed even his meals to them. From the moment, however, he became acquainted with music his relish for these amusements vanished, or to render them pleasing to him it was necessary to introduce music into them. Sometimes they carried their playthings in procession and the infant Mozart would sing a march or some one would play it for him on the violin.

Music soon began, however, to engross him entirely, and he made such rapid advances that his parents could not help regarding him as a prodigy.

He was scarcely five years old when on his return from Church his father discovered him writing, and enquired what he was about

"I am composing a Concerto for the Harpsichord, and have almost finished the first part of it," replied the infant Mozart.

"Let us see this fine scrawl," said his father, taking up the sheet full of notes which could scarcely be decyphered for the blots of ink, and was at first inclined to laugh heartily at the labors of his son. But as he read, he became silent, the apparent confusion disappeared, and what had appeared a chaotic assemblage of blots grew, upon perusal, into a systematic composition.

Tears swelled in the father's eyes, as turning to a professional friend, he exclaimed in a tone of joy and wonder, "Look, every thing is composed according to the strictest rules—it is a pity that the piece cannot be made use of, but it is too difficult; nobody would be able to play it."

"It is a concerto," replied the infant, "and must be well studied before it can be properly played." Then, sitting down to the piano he continued, "This is the style in which it ought to be executed." He accordingly began to play, but succeeded only so far as to give them an idea of what he intended.

This aneedote is related by an eye witness who says, that at that time, the young Mozart firmly believed that to play a eoncerto was about as easy as to work a miracle, and, aecordingly, the composition in question was a heap of notes, eorreetly plaeed, but presenting so many diffieulties, that the most skilful performer would have found it impossible to play it.

Every day now afforded fresh proofs of Mozart's exquisite organization for musie. He eould distinguish, and point out, the slightest difference of Sound; and every false and rough note, not softened by a chord was a torture to him. That sueh a gifted ehild should be eonsidered a prodigy, and that the praises of all his friends should be lavished upon him was natural—but this had no effect upon his vanity or upon the sweetness of his disposition whieh was remarkably affectionate. The affection and sweetness whieh eharacterize so many of his airs, were inherent in his disposition, and seem to have been drawn from the deep fountain of his own warm feelings. He loved his parents, partieularly his father, so tenderly, that every night before going to bed he used to sing a little air that he had composed on purpose, his father having plaeed him standing in a ehair and singing seeond to him. During this affectionate ceremony he often kissed his father on *the top of his nose*, and as soon as the singing was over, he was laid in bed perfectly eontented and happy.

On every occasion he manifested a kind and feeling disposition. There seemed a vast fount of love in his heart ready to be bestowed upon his fellow-ereatures, and this was naturally aeeompanied by a strong desire of being loved in return. He would therefore frequently say to those about him, "Do you love me?" And whenever in jest they said no, the tears would roll down his cheeks. That this tenderness of his nature was a part of that organization which led to his excellence in his art there can be little doubt; and there is searcely a melody which he has left us, from his earliest eomposition, to the Requiem whieh he died in composing, that does not in a greater or less degree partake of this characteristic of his nature.

The infant Composer so astonished his father by his progress that before his son had attained his sixth year, the Mozart family, eonsisting of the father, the mother, the sister, and our young hero, took a journey to Munich. Of this first expedition, which took place in January 1762, little account is preserved. The two ehildren performed before the Eleetor and astonished the Royal family by their precision and exeeution.

The young artists delighted with their reception, redoubled their application on their return to Salzburg, and acquired a degree of execution on the piano, which no longer required the consideration of their youth to render it highly remarkable.

In the following Autumn (young Mozart, being then in his seventh year,) the same party proeeeded to Vienna by water, giving Concerts at the principal towns through which they passed. One can easily coneeive the astonishment created in the minds both of amateurs aud professors at such a musical exhibition as this extraordinary family must have made.

The father writes, "On Thursday we arrived at Ips, where two Minorites and a Benedictine who aeeompanied us said Mass, during which our little Wolfgang (Mozart's most unmusical name) *tumbled about* upon the organ and played so well, that the Franeisean Fathers, who were just sitting down to dinner with some friends, left the table, and ran with all their company into the choir where they were filled with wonder." With a parents natural delight he goes on to say, "The children are as merry as when they were at home. The boy is friendly with every body, but particularly with military officers, as though he had known them all his life. He is the admiration of all."

And no wonder—Imagine a ehild of six years of age playing with all the real feeling and the apparent experience of a tutored and studied professor.

At the Court of Vienna, the family was received with marked favor by the Emperor Franeis the First, who

playfully designated the young Mozart his "Little Magician." Compliments and praises now flowed from all quarters; the whole Court were astonished. and the young Mozart became the wonder of all who heard him. The Emperor, in particular, was very partial to him. His majesty one morning lingering near the piano said to him jokingly, "There is nothing wonderful in playing with all the fingers, but to play with *one* finger and the keys covered would indeed be surprizing." Without manifesting any degree of surprize at this proposition, he immediately began to play with a single finger with as much neatness and certainty as if he had long practised it. He afterwards desired them to cover the keys of the piano, and continued to play in the same manner with the greatest clearness and precision.

The father in another letter to his friends at Salzburg writes, "You will scarcely believe me when I tell you how graciously we have been received. The Empress took Wolfgang on her lap, and kissed him heartily." With all this he was a complete child. One day on a visit to the Empress, little Mozart was led into her presence by the two Princesses, one of whom was afterwards the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. Being unaccustomed to the smoothness of the floor, his foot slipped and he fell. One of the princesses took no notice of the accident, but the other, Marie Antoinette, lifted him up and consoled him: upon which he said to her in his childish accent, "you are very good—I will marry you." On this being related to the Empress, she asked him how he came to make this resolution. He answered, "from gratitude, she was so kind to me." Here was another instance of that tenderness of disposition which was so prominent a part of his character.

From his earliest age, Mozart seems to have been animated with the true feeling of his art, and was never vain of the compliments paid him by the Great. He used, even at this early period of his infancy, a remarkable discrimination with regard to his auditors, and only performed insignificant trifles when he had to play before people unacquainted with music of whatever rank they might be. On the contrary, he played with all the fire and attention of which he was capable, when in the presence of Connoisseurs; and his father was often obliged to have recourse to artifice, and to make the great men before whom he was to exhibit, pass for such with him.

Once, just before he commenced a Concerto, seeing himself surrounded only by persons of the Court he asked the Emperor "Is not M. Wagenseil here? *He* understands these things." The Emperor sent for Wagenseil, and gave up his place to him by the side of the piano. "Sir," said the infant Mozart, "I am going to play one of your Concertos—you must turn over the leaves for me." He was at this period only six years of age!

As yet, Mozart had only played on Keyed Instruments, but having been presented with a small Violin during his residence in Vienna he practised frequently upon it on his return to Salzburg. A short time afterwards *Weuzl*, a skilful violin player, who had then just begun to compose, came to Mozart, the father, to request his observations on some Trios which he had written during the journey of the former to Vienna. Schachtner, the Archbishop's Trumpeter, to whom Mozart was particularly attached, happened to be at the house, and we give the following anecdote in his words: "The father," said Schachtner, "played the Bass, Weulz the first Violin, and I was to play the Second. Mozart requested to take this last part; but his father reproved him for this childish demand, observing that as he had never received any regular lessons on the Violin, he could not possibly play it properly. The son replied, that it did not appear to him necessary to receive lessons in order to play the second Violin. His father, half angry at this reply, told him to go away, and not interrupt us. Wolfgang was so hurt at this that he began to cry bitterly, As he was going away with his little Violin, I begged that he might be permitted to play with me, and the father, with a good deal of difficulty, consented. "Well," said he, "you may play with M. Schachtner, on condition that you play very softly, and do not let yourself be heard: otherwise I shall send you out directly. We began the Trio, little Mozart playing with me, but it was long before I perceived, with the greatest astonishment, that I was perfectly useless. Without saying anything,

I laid down my Violin, and looked at the father who shed tears of affection at the sight. The child played all the Trios in the same manner. The commendation we bestowed upon him made him pretend that he could play the first Violin. To humour him we let him try, and could not forbear laughing, on hearing him execute this part, very imperfectly, it is true, but still so as never to be set fast."

The peculiar delicacy of Mozart's organization is displayed in the fine sense of hearing which he evinced at a tender age. This same Schachtner had a violin that Wolfgang was very fond of playing upon, and which he used to praise exceedingly for its soft tone. On one occasion as the boy was amusing himself with his own little violin, he said to Schachtner, "If you have left your violin tuned as it was when I last played upon it, it must be full half a quarter of a note flatter than mine." Those present laughed at a nicety of distinction, upon which the most critical ear could hardly pronounce; but the father who had many proofs of the extraordinary memory and exquisite feeling of his son, sent for the instrument and it was found to be precisely as the boy had said.

It was most probably from this cause that, until he had attained his tenth year, he had an insurmountable horror of the sound of the Trumpet, when it was used otherwise than as an accompaniment. The sight of this instrument produced upon him much the same impression as that of a loaded pistol does upon other children, when pointed at them in sport. His father thought he could cure him of this fear, by causing the trumpet to be blown in his presence, notwithstanding his son's entreaties to be spared that torment; but at the first blast, he turned pale, fell upon the floor, and would probably have been in convulsions, if they had not immediately ceased.

Though the child every day beheld new proofs of the astonishment and admiration inspired by his talents, it neither rendered him proud or self-willed: a man in talent—in every thing else he was an obedient and docile child. He understood, and obeyed the slightest signs made by his parents, and carried his obedience so far as to refuse the sweetmeats which were offered him, when he had not their permission to accept them,

In 1763, the seventh year of Mozart's age, his family set out on their first expedition beyond the boundaries of Germany; and it was in this third Tour that the fame of Mozart extended throughout Europe, and that the commencement of his celebrity is to be dated.

The Tour commenced with Munich; and at Augsburgh, Manheim, Francfort, Coblentz, Brussels, and other places, the two children gave public Concerts, or played before the principal persons in the place, and received every where the greatest commendations. But as they were generally rewarded with costly presents, swords, snuff-boxes, trinkets, &c. instead of money, the father had much anxiety on that account.

He says, in a letter from Brussels, "at Aix we saw the Princess Amelia, sister to the King of Prussia, but she has no money. If the kisses which she gave my children, especially to Master Wolfgang, had been Louis d'ors, we might have rejoiced."

In Paris little Mozart performed feats which would have done honour to the most experienced professors; transposing at sight into any key whatever, any airs that were placed before him, writing the melody to a Bar and the Bar to a melody, with the utmost facility and without premeditation. His deep acquaintance with harmony and modulation surprized everybody; and his organ playing was particularly admired.

When the family were at Versailles, Madame de Pompadour had young Mozart placed upon a table, but as he approached to salute her, she turned away from him: upon which he said very indignantly—"I wonder who she is, that she will not kiss me—The Empress has kissed me." At this place the whole court was present to hear a little boy of eight years old play upon the Organ, and he was treated with a great deal of distinction by the whole of the Royal Family, particularly by the Queen. When she dined in public, young Mozart had the honour to stand near her, to converse with her constantly, and now and then to receive some delicacy from her hand.

It was at Paris during this visit that Mozart composed and published his first works, consisting of two Sonatas for the Harpsichord, with accompaniments for the Violin, one of them was dedicated to Madame Victoire de France, the second daughter of Louis the 15th; and the other to the Countess de Tess. In the midst of all these triumphs the tenderness of his disposition remained the same. One morning on awaking from a deep sleep, and perhaps from a dream of his home, he began to cry. On his father asking him the reason he expressed his sorrow at not being able to see his friends Hagenaur, Wenzl, Spitzede, and Reibl, Musicians in the Chapel of Saltzburg. One can easily imagine his true remembrance at this moment of their kindness to him, and this is but one among a crowd of instances of the sensibility he evinced during the whole period of his childhood. In April 1764, the family arrived in England, where the young artist excited quite as much attention and admiration as he had done on the continent. On their first arrival, the father fell ill of a dangerous sore throat, and as during its continuance no practicing could go on, his son employed himself in writing his first Sinfonia. It was scored with all the instruments, not omitting drums and trumpets. His sister sat near him while he wrote, and he said to her, "remind me that I give the Horns something good to do."

When playing before the English Royal Family, the King placed before Wolfgang not only pieces of Wagenseil, but of Bach, Abel, and Handel, all of which he performed at sight. At last the King gave him the Bass part of one of Handel's Airs, to which he composed so beautiful a Melody, that all present were lost in astonishment. That our good King was delighted with him one may judge for the elder Mozart's writing that "a week after, as we were walking in St. James's Park, the King and the Queen came by in their carriage, and although we were differently dressed they knew us, and not only that, but the King opened the window, and putting his head out and laughing, greeted us with head and hands, particularly Master Wolfgang." Nothing can be more characteristic of George the Third. After dedicating a set of Sonatas to the Queen and experiencing great patronage from the nobility, Mozart with his Father and Sister crossed over to the Netherlands, in July 1765.

At the Hague, a fever attacked both children, which at first endangered their lives; determined however, not to remain idle, the young Mozart composed six Sonatas during his return to Convalescence. At length after an absence of three years and having composed a quodlibet for all the instruments at the installation of the Prince of Orange, the family returned to Salzburg.

It is a remarkable trait that during this absence none of the younger Mozart's letters contain a word about his own extraordinary triumphs, nor any account of the applauses he received, or the admiration he excited, but are filled with tender enquiries after those friends whom he had left behind him.

The young Mozart now enjoyed a year of quiet, and he spent it in uninterrupted study in the higher walks of composition. Besides applying to the old masters, he was indefatigable in perusing the works of Emmanuel Bach, Hape, Handel and Eberlin, and by the diligent performances of these authors, he acquired extraordinary brilliancy and power with the left hand. Here was a precociousness in the power of steady application as well as of talent; but it was all the effect of that fire of genius which was the very principle of his existence.

In 1767 the family again visited Venice, where Mozart, by command of the Emperor, wrote his first Opera "La Firta Semplia" which was never performed owing to the envy and cabals of the musicians and singers. In the presence of the father the performers lauded their parts to the skies, but their secret cabal against the work ultimately prevented its performanee. Nothing can be a greater proof of the talent of young Mozart than this general rising of the established musicians to drive him out of the field of competition.

The Italian singers and composers, who were the established musicians in Vienna, did not like to find themselves surpassed by a boy of twelve years of age; and they therefore not only charged the composition with a want of dramatic effect, but they even went so far as to say that he had not scored it himself. To counteract

such calumnies, Leopold Mozart, afterwards obliged his son to put the orchestral parts to his compositions in the presence of spectators, which he did with wonderful celerity before Metastasio, Hape, the Duke of Braganza and others. He had before, both in Paris and London, been driven to the same necessity by the same calumnious assertions of envious composers.

Writing upon the subject of this Opera, for which Mozart did not receive a kreutzer, his father says, "The whole hell of music here has risen to prevent the talent of a child from being seen. The singers have sworn that, if they are obliged to perform it, they will give it as miserably as they can, and do their best to spoil it."

He now again devoted himself to arithmetic, and made frequent requests for books in that science; and in this love for numbers may perhaps be discovered the foundation of that regularity and symmetry which distinguish his compositions; and had he not joined exquisite imagination and acute sensibility to his faculty for numerical calculations, he might have fallen into the dryness of a pedantic contrapuntist.

Such is an outline Sketch of the Infancy of Mozart which was passed in a series of precocious triumphs unparallelled, we believe, in the history of any other man; and though our sketch has brought us only to the twelfth year of his age, yet his future progress was so rapid and displayed so much manliness of intellect as well as the fire of original genius, that we dare no longer designate him a boy.

Young Mozart, having now mastered the Italian language, he and his father made the tour of Italy, and before he had attained the age of fourteen when we find him delighting the famous contrapuntist Martini by the correctness of his answers in the *rigore modi* to any subject of fugue that might be laid before him—astonishing the Cardinal, Amateurs, and Professors of Rome by bringing away the famous Misereri of Allegri, from the Sistine Chapel, and writing and performing it from his memory—Elected unanimously a member of the Philharmonic Academy at Bologna—and producing his Opera of "Mitridate, Re di Ponto" at Milan. During this period he was idolized in Italy, and received with honors in every city that he visited. Every Poet was ready with his effusions in honour of the young Composer. Anacreontics, extempore sonnets and verses of all sorts were literally showered upon him. "Al Signore Armadeo Mozart, Giovinetto ammirabile—dulcissimo Puero et elegantissimo Lyristœ," &c.

On his return to Rome he was surprised at being addressed by the Cardinal Pallaricini as "*Signore Cavaliere,*" and thought it was a jest, until the Cardinal presented him from his Holiness with the order of the Cross, the same honor which had before been conferred on Gluck. He playfully communicated the honour to his sister by finishing his next letter to her by "*Mlle. J'ai l'honneur d'etre votre tres humble Serviteur et Frere. Chevalier de Mozart.*"

His opera of Mitridate was performed at Milan the 26th December 1770. It met with great success, many parts of it being encored, and scarcely an Air played without being followed by loud applauses, and cries of *Evviva il Maestro—Evviva il Maestrino.*

His works now so rapidly succeeded each other that they can only be enumerated in some more elaborate Biographical notice than such a mere sketch as this. But, melancholy to relate, as childhood and boyhood passed away, his Patrons ceased to wonder at, or feel the same interest in his Genius; and Mozart, whose early years had been passed in familiar intercourse with the principal nobility of Europe, who had been caressed by Royalty in almost every kingdom he had visited, and received distinctions and caresses unparallelled in the history of his art; had now to earn his bread, as well as his fame, in the midst of worldly cares and annoyances, deceived by pretended friendship, persecuted by open enmity, and with all his genius, all his industry, and all his exertions, never obtaining any situation worthy of his acceptance.

Can any one read this and not blush to think of the sums lavished on many ephemeral composers of the present

day, whose works are forgotten almost before the Publisher has time to give them to the world; and whose names would never have been heard of, but for the caprice of fashion, or the assurance and quackery of the Composer.

Disappointed in his attempt to obtain the humble situation of Music Master to the Royal Family at Manheim, by which his talents might have been retained in that city for about forty pounds a year, he accompanied Wendling to Paris.

His wish for such a humble situation arose from that affectionate disposition which led him to prefer the society and praises of his friends to his hopes of more extended fame.

At Paris, to his great grief, he lost his mother, on which occasion he experienced much kindness from the Baron de Grimm, with whom he lived in the house of Madame D'epinay.

In Paris his life was far from comfortable through the cabal and envy of his competitors. In one of his own Letters, he writes, "If I were in a place where the people had ears to hear, hearts to feel, who only understood and possessed a little taste for music, I should laugh heartily at these things; but as far as regards music, I am living among mere beasts and cattle. How can it be otherwise—they are just the same in all their joys and sorrows, and in every thing else." He concludes by saying, that he daily prays God, he may bring honour to Germany, and become rich enough to help his father out of his straitened circumstances, that they may all live happily together." Here was a sentiment and a wish worthy of the tenderness of Mozart. But his life is full of these traits. From Paris he went to Vienna which was a city much more congenial to his habits.

It is not to be supposed, that although occupied as Mozart was with his science, he could possess so much sensibility without experiencing the passion of love. The first person who seems to have inspired him with this feeling was Mademoiselle Aloysa Weber, a singer at Manheim. The sentiment was mutual, and they parted depending upon each other's fidelity. The lady, however, broke her plighted vows, and on his return to Manheim would hardly recognize him. Mozart, however, did not give himself up to despair, but transferred his regard to the younger sister Constance, whom he afterwards married. It was during the commencement of this new passion that he wrote his opera of Idomeneo, which, it is said, owes a great number of its beauties to the influence which his love had upon his mind. During the composition of this opera, the kindness of his disposition was shewn by the alterations he made to please the performers. "I have still another alteration to make," he writes, "which is Raft's fault; he is, however, in the right, and if he were not, *still one must do something to give his grey hairs pleasure.*"

To give any history of his compositions, or of the instances of his readiness and invention would require a volume, but notwithstanding the variety and number of his compositions he found time for the enjoyment of his friends. He became the admiration of Haydn who declared him the greatest composer that ever lived; and even Haydn's friend and admirer, the Baron Swieten, prophesied that he would surpass Haydn himself. Like Raphael, Mozart embraced his art in its whole extent: Opera, Sinfonias, Songs, Airs for dancing, Sacred Music—he was great in every thing. Of his Piano-forte playing Haydn said, "I never can forget Mozart's playing, *it went to the heart.*"

Such was Mozart in music, proving an almost singular instance of a remarkable child becoming a great man.

Mozart possessed no advantages of person, though his parents were remarkable for their beauty. He never reached his natural growth, and used in his letters to designate himself playfully "*My Littleness.*" During his whole life his health was delicate. His hands were small and beautiful and he used them so softly and naturally upon the piano that the eye was no less delighted than the ear. It is said of him that he was vain of his hands and feet, but not of having written Don Giovanni and the Requiem.

This man, who from his earliest age, had shewn the greatest of mind in what related to his art, in other respects remained always a child. The management of domestic affairs, the proper use of money, the judicious selection of his pleasures, and temperance in the enjoyment of them, were not virtues much to his taste.

His exertions added to that inextinguishable fire of genius which burnt within him were too much for his frame. Yet in the last four months of his life, when his health was fast declining, he wrote 'Die Zauberflote,' 'La Clemenza di Tito,' two 'Cantatos,' a 'Concerto for the Clarinet,' and the 'Requiem' which he died in composing. '*La Clemenza di Tito*' was begun in the coach, on the road to Prague, and was finished in a fortnight; Mozart had already fallen sick and looked pale and melancholy, though sometimes among his friends his spirits would revive.

From the moment, however, that he commenced his Requiem he seemed to think that it would be his last work, and that his death was nigh at hand. One fine day in autumn, to distract him from his work, his wife drove out with him to the Prater; as they sat down in a solitary spot he began to speak of his death, and said that he was writing the Requiem for himself, and as he said this, tears came into his eyes. This idea never left his mind, and perhaps it was impressed the more strongly from the mystery with which the commencement of this task was attended. A stranger handsomely drest was one day introduced by his servant to Mozart, he was dignified and of impressive manners, and stated himself to have been commissioned by a man of considerable importance to call upon the composer.

"Who is he?" demanded Mozart.

"He does not wish to be known," replied the stranger, "he has just lost a person whom he tenderly loved, and whose memory will be eternally dear to him. He is desirous of annually commemorating this mournful event by a solemn service, for which he requests you to compose a Requiem."

Mozart was forcibly struck by this discourse, by the grave manner in which it was uttered, and by the air of mystery in which the whole seemed to be involved.

He agreed to the proposition and demanded a month for the completion of the work; he began rapidly, but as he proceeded, his strength failed him and his task proceeded but slowly. The month being expired, the stranger made his appearance, received the composer's apology and gave him another month to finish the Requiem, but refused to tell his name or by whom he was employed—he departed, saying, "in a month's time I shall return."

Mozart immediately called one of his servants and ordered him to follow this extraordinary personage, but the man returned without being able to trace him. Poor Mozart was then persuaded he was no ordinary being; that he had a connection with the other world, and was sent to announce to him his approaching end.

This propheey was unhappily accomplished; he died during the composition of the Requiem, labouring at it almost in the article of death. Of this melancholy event his sister-in-law writes thus, "As I approached his bed, he called to me, 'I am glad to see you here—you must stay to-night and see me die.' I tried to persuade him out of this, but he answered, 'I have already the *taste of death upon my tongue*, I can feel it and who will be with Constance if you are not?' I only went away for a short time to give my mother some intelligence I had promised her, and when I came back to my disconsolate sister, Siissmaier was by Mozart's bed-side. Upon the counterpane lay the Requiem, and Mozart was explaining his meaning to him that Siissmaier might complete the work after his death."

Thus, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, expired one of the greatest composers that ever lived, leaving his wife and two sons utterly unprovided for.

Mozart was the Shakespeare of music; and as long as the immortal Bard is read, Mozart will live in the

admiration of mankind. He has reached the passions through the ear as Shakespeare did through the mind, and no works will live that do not touch the passions and the heart—they are the same in all ages, and will make Shakspeare and Mozart, a poet and a composer

"For all time."—

Two great lessons may be learned from Mozart by his successors in his own art, as well as by every man of talent. The one, his modesty which never led him to depreciate the composition of others or to be vain of his own; and the other the perseverance and industry with which his genius was cultivated. Great as he must have felt this genius to be he never depended upon its inspiration, but studied as hard as though his mind were as dense as those of so many of his contemporaries.

From his childhood to the last moment of his life Mozart was wholly a musician. The foregoing anecdotes speak his early precocity; and his voluminous productions are the best attestation of the unwearied diligence of his maturer years.

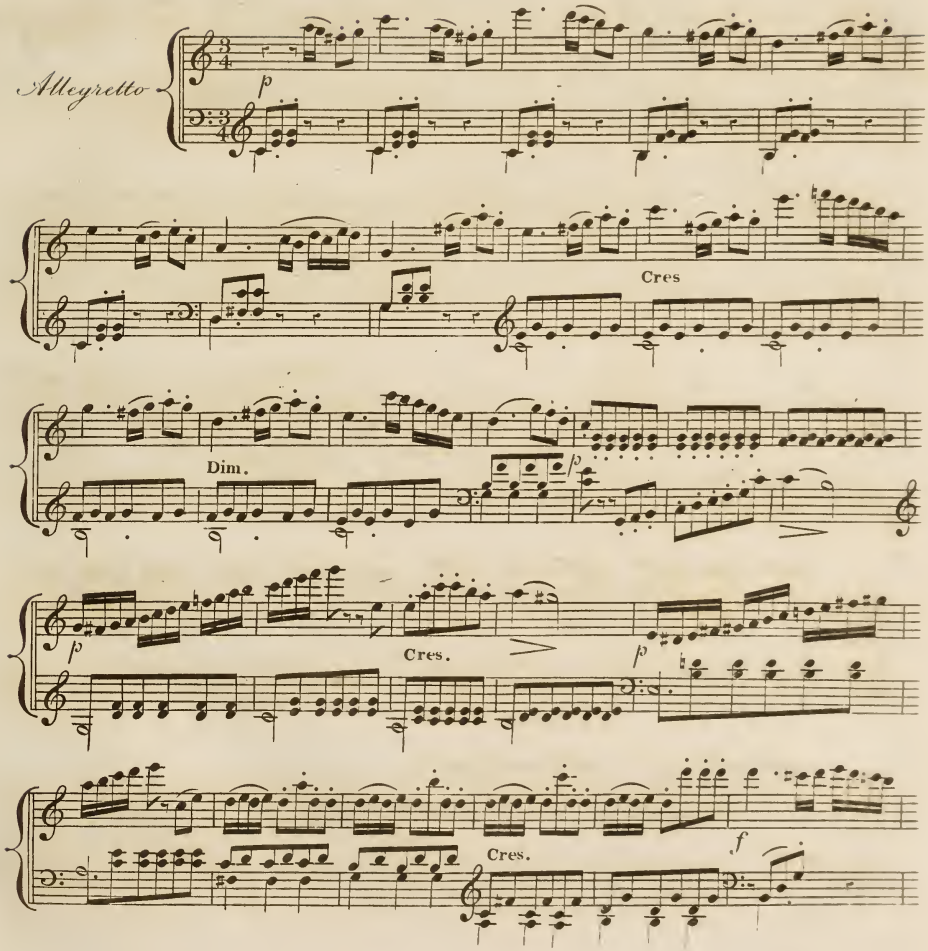
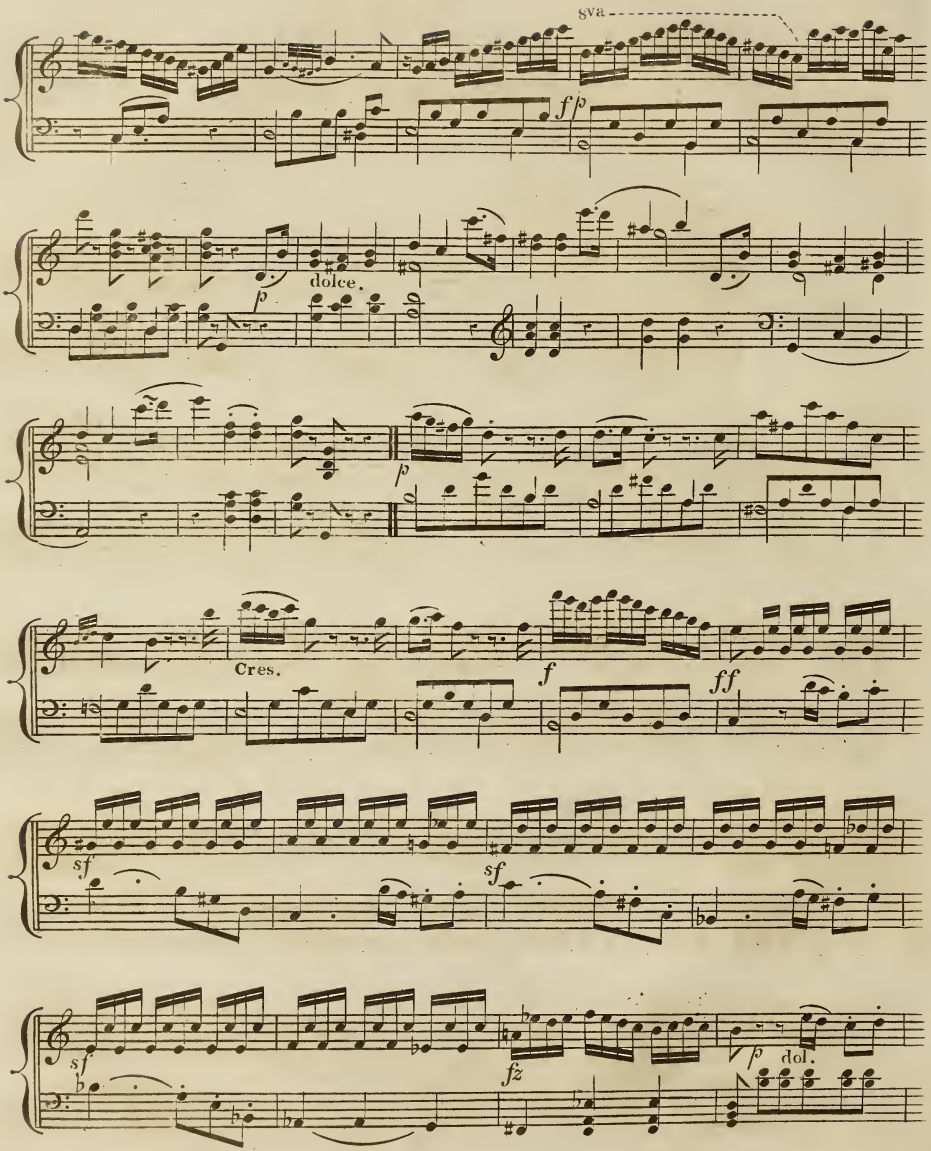
Ever striving after higher and higher degrees of excellence, he existed only for his art. During the last month of his life though weak in body he was "full of the God;" and a few hours before his death took place he is reported to have said, "now I begin to see what might be done in music."

SONNET.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

I CAN behold a thousand scenes of mirth,
Dark hair, fair forms, and woman's beauteous eye,
Nor have one wakening of poesy.
I can behold the fresh and flowering earth,
The young bright leaves, and listen to each bird
Upon the boughs, and see the gorgeous clouds
Gathering around the sun in snowy crowds,
Nor have more than a quiet pleasure stirred
Within my heart, but when some woe sweeps o'er
My spirit, when the tempest comes on me,
Then wakes my heart its wild mad harmony,
Then gleams the lightening from its inmost core,
And its voice peals in thunder—and to me
My inspiration is my agony!

LA TENEREZZA.

Composed by C. Czerny.


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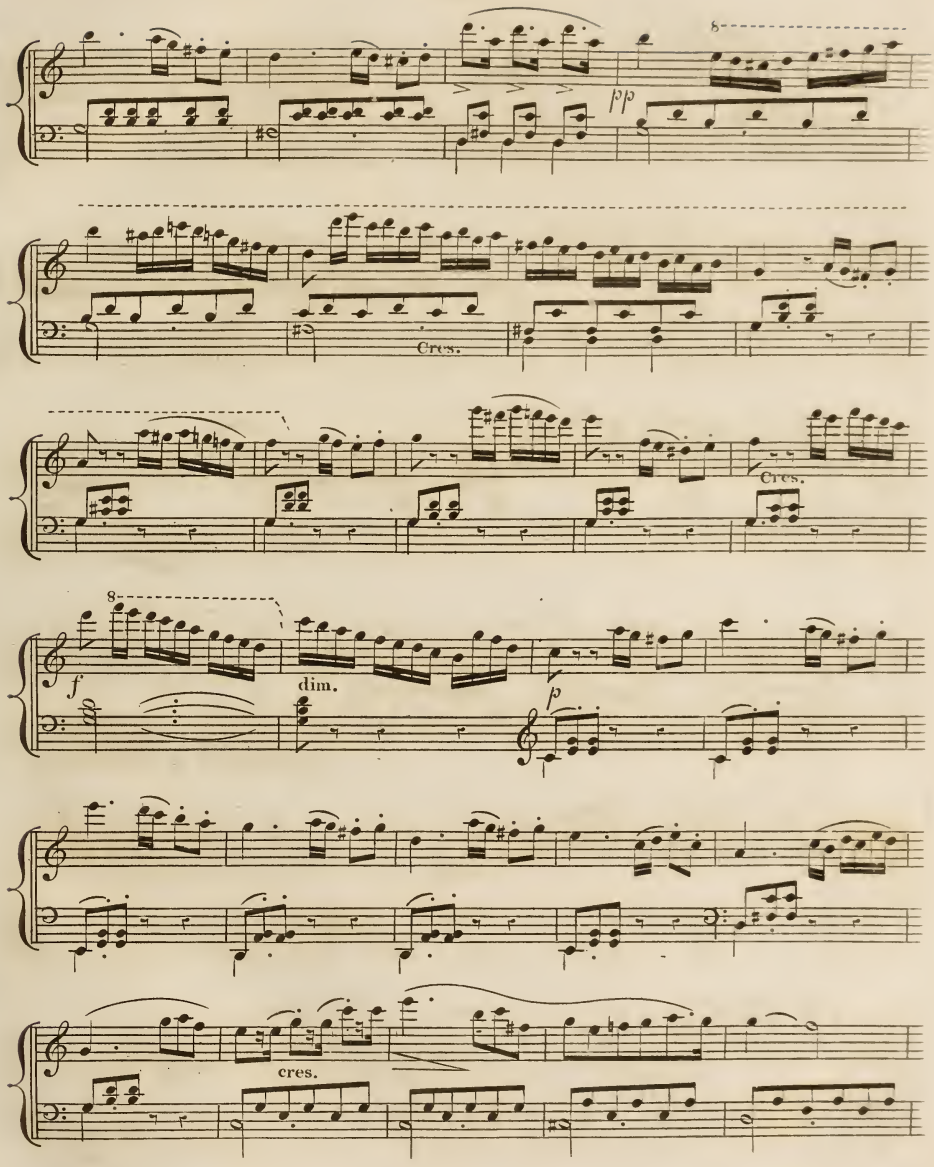
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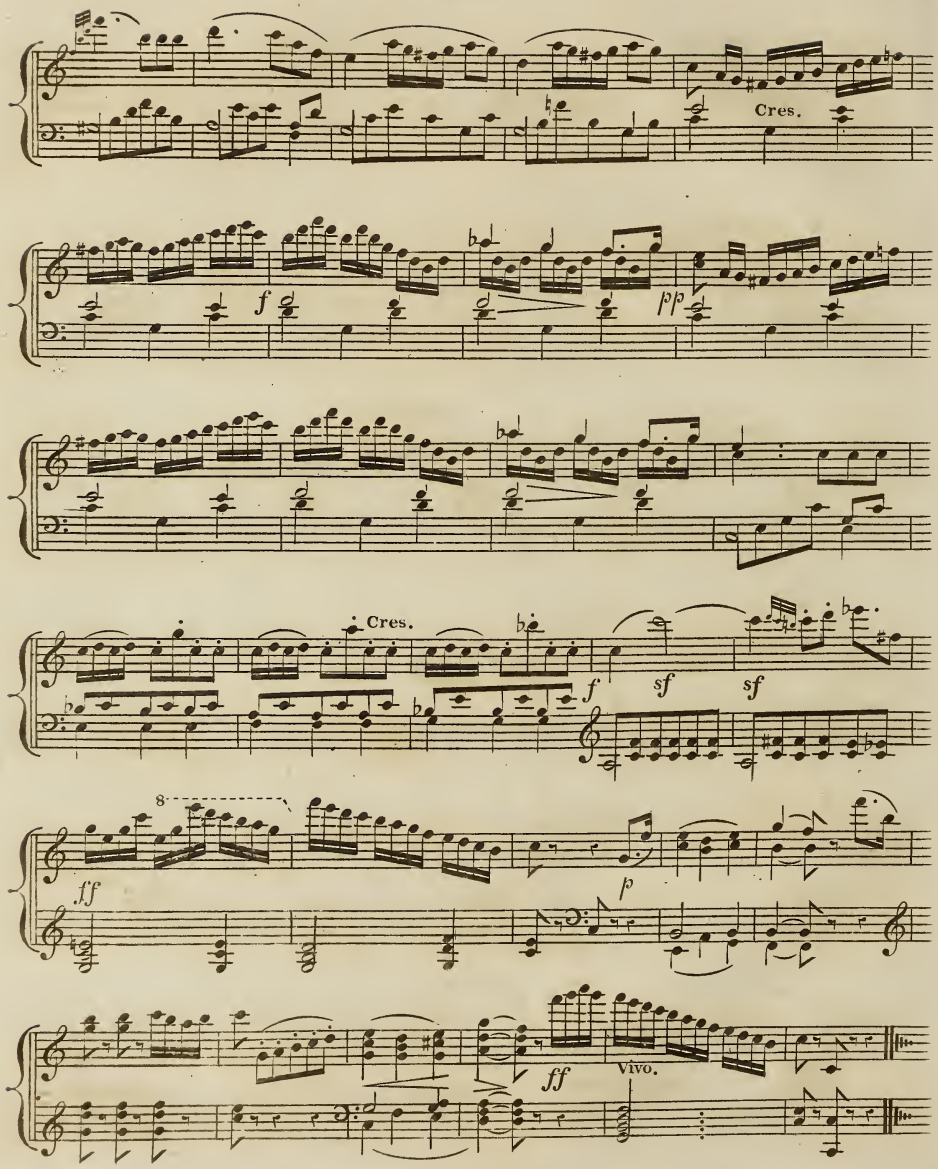
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THE YOUNG MATRON.

(A SKETCH.)

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

How beautiful she look'd! as o'er her child
The youthful Matron bent with tender care!
While th' unconscious Cherub's features smil'd
Reflecting back, his mother's graces there!
How beautiful she look'd! how more than earthly fair!

How beautiful she look'd! her pensive eye,
Watching unwearied, o'er that Sleeper's form!
While, on its jetty fringe, did lightly lie
A gem-like drop;—Affection's tribute warm,
Bearing no stain of Earth, its brightness to deform!

How *more* than beautiful, does Beauty seem!
What holier garb, *can* Woman's graces wear?
Not Eve, when bending o'er her mirror-stream
In native innocence; could look more fair
Than the Young Matron, looks, watching her infant care!

THE WIDOW.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I CANNOT love another,
I cannot cast aside
The dark weeds of a Widow,
For white robes of a Bride.
I never more may listen
To Love's beguiling voice;
The sad heart of the Mourner
Can make no second choice.

Oh! offer nought but Friendship,
And I will be your Friend;
Speak only of the lost one,
And mark how I'll attend;
His portrait hangs above us—
Dare not to breathe Love's name,
Those dark eyes *could* I listen,
Would frown upon my shame.

And see my child clings to me,
And looks up in my face,
He has no other Parent,
To fondle and embrace.
Unconsciously his finger,
My wedding-ring hath prest,
As if it were to chide me
For smiling on my Guest.

THE WOOER

Drawn on Stone by C. Baxter, from a picture painted by A. Cooper, R.A.

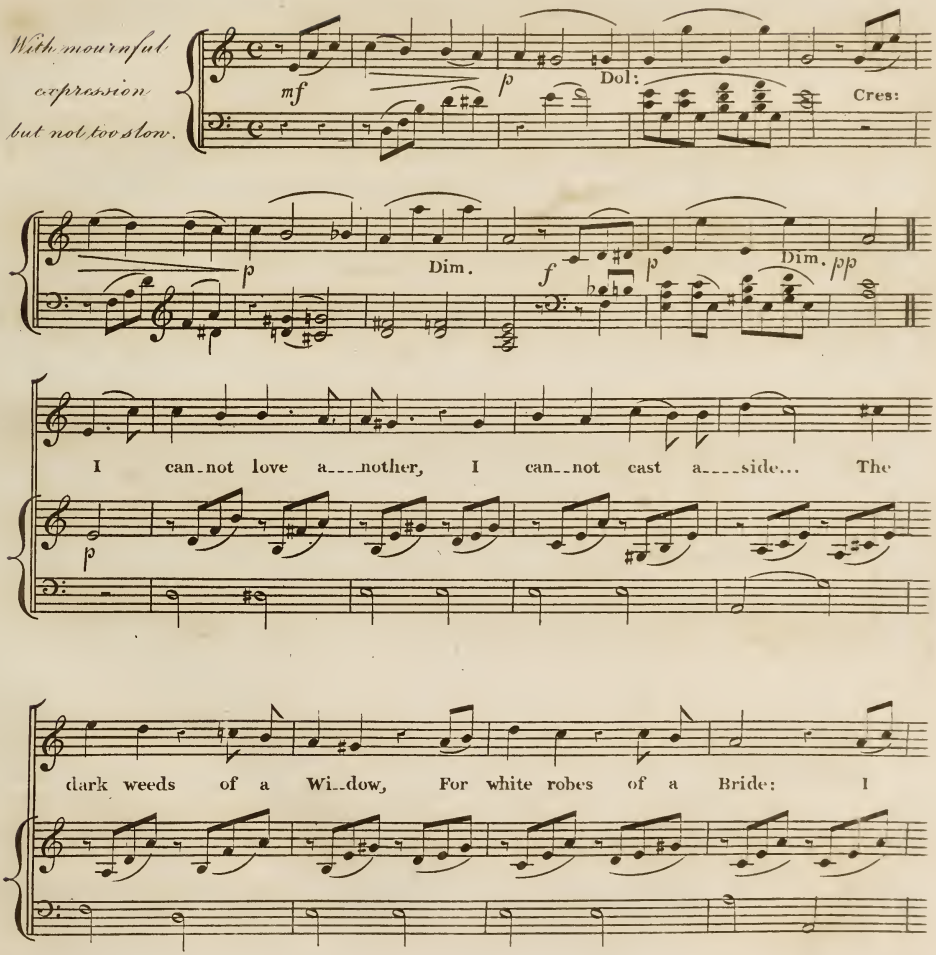
Printed by Rodwell & Martin, Great Castle St. W.

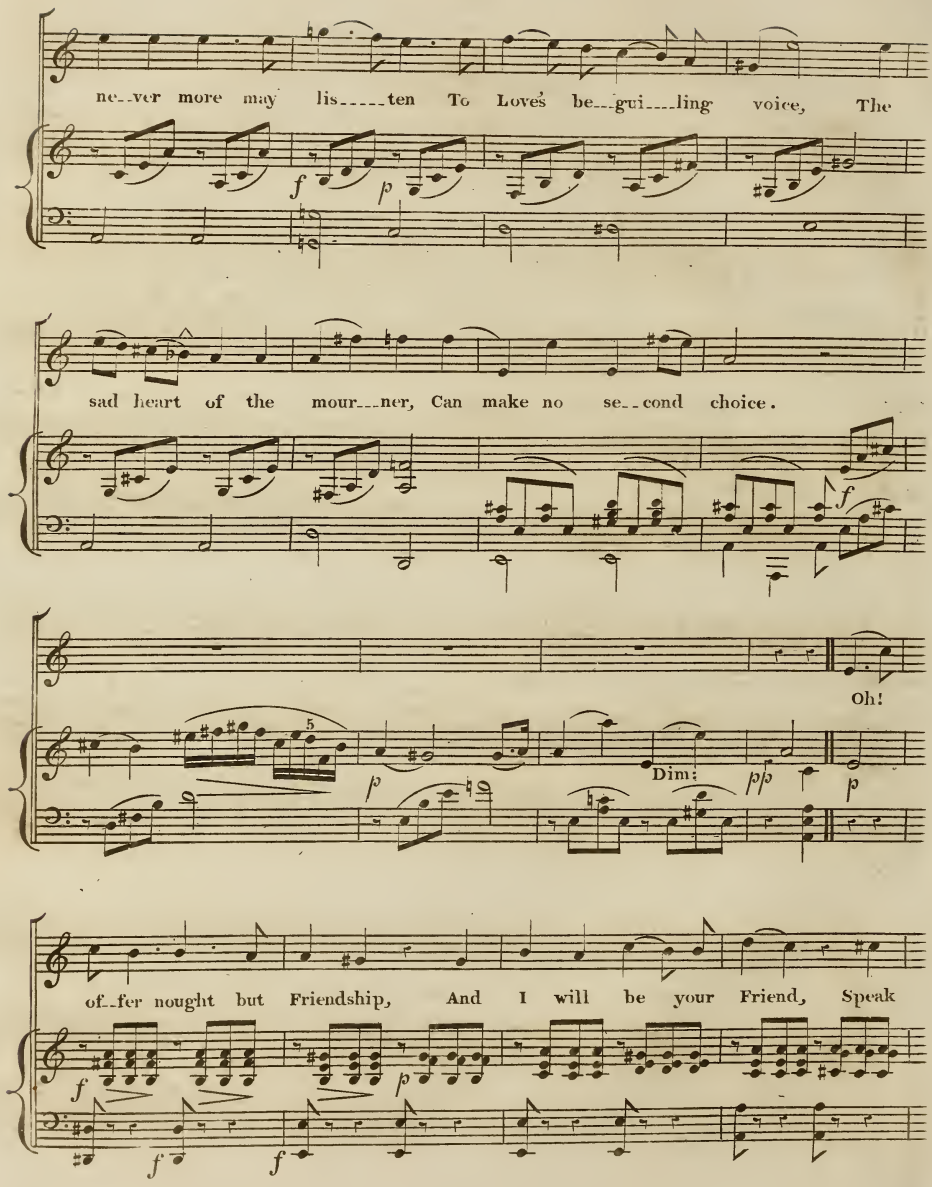
Published by Graves & Co. 6, Pall Mall, London.

Proof

THE WIDOW.

Composed by Henry R. Bishop.

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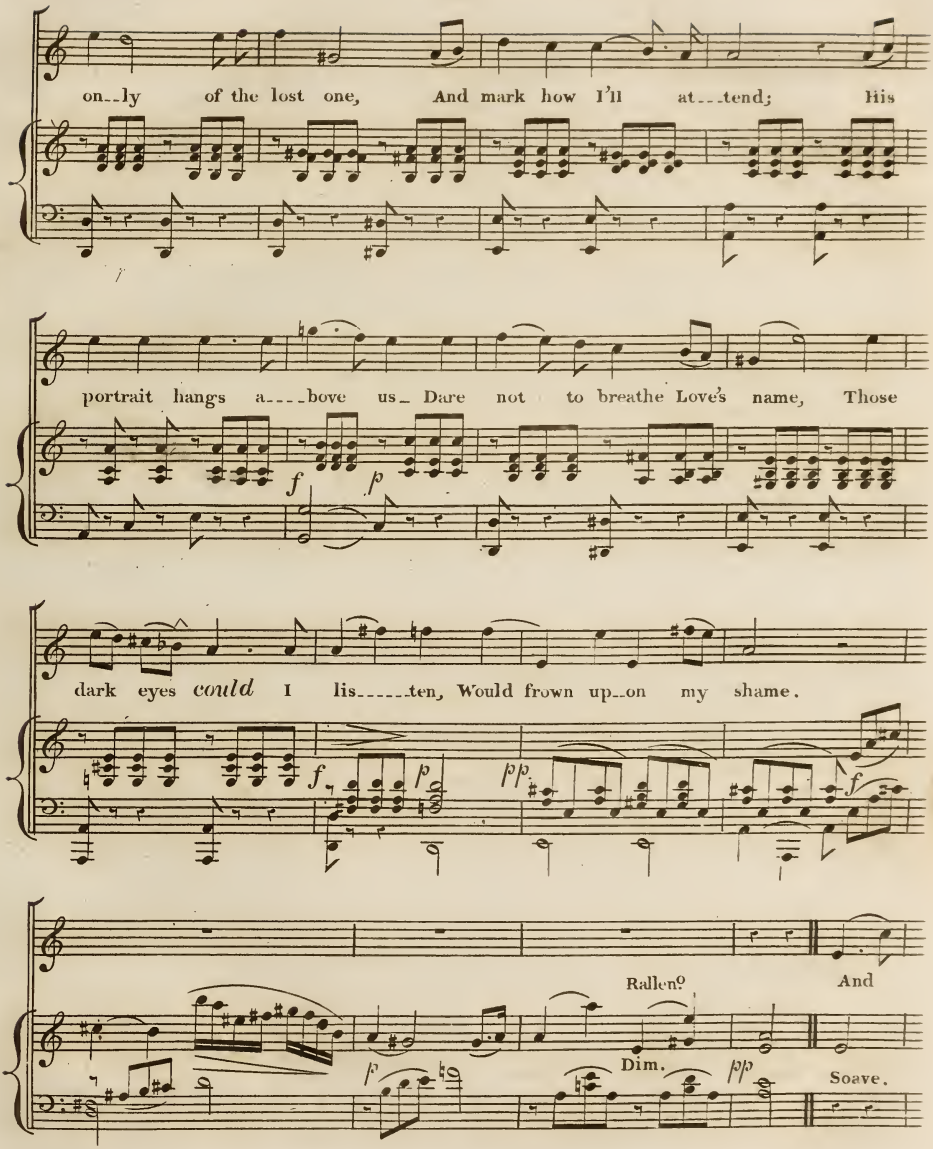
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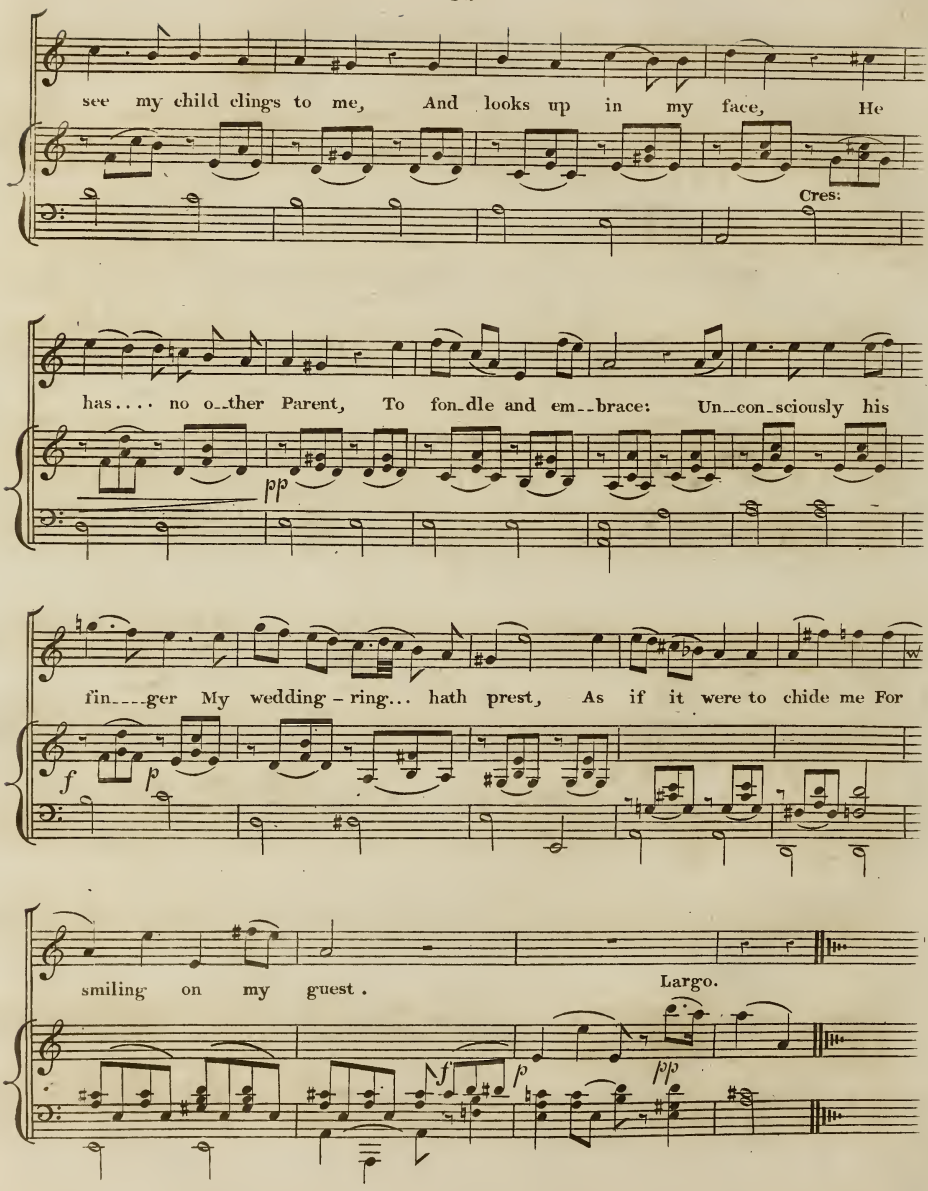
And
Dim.
Soave.

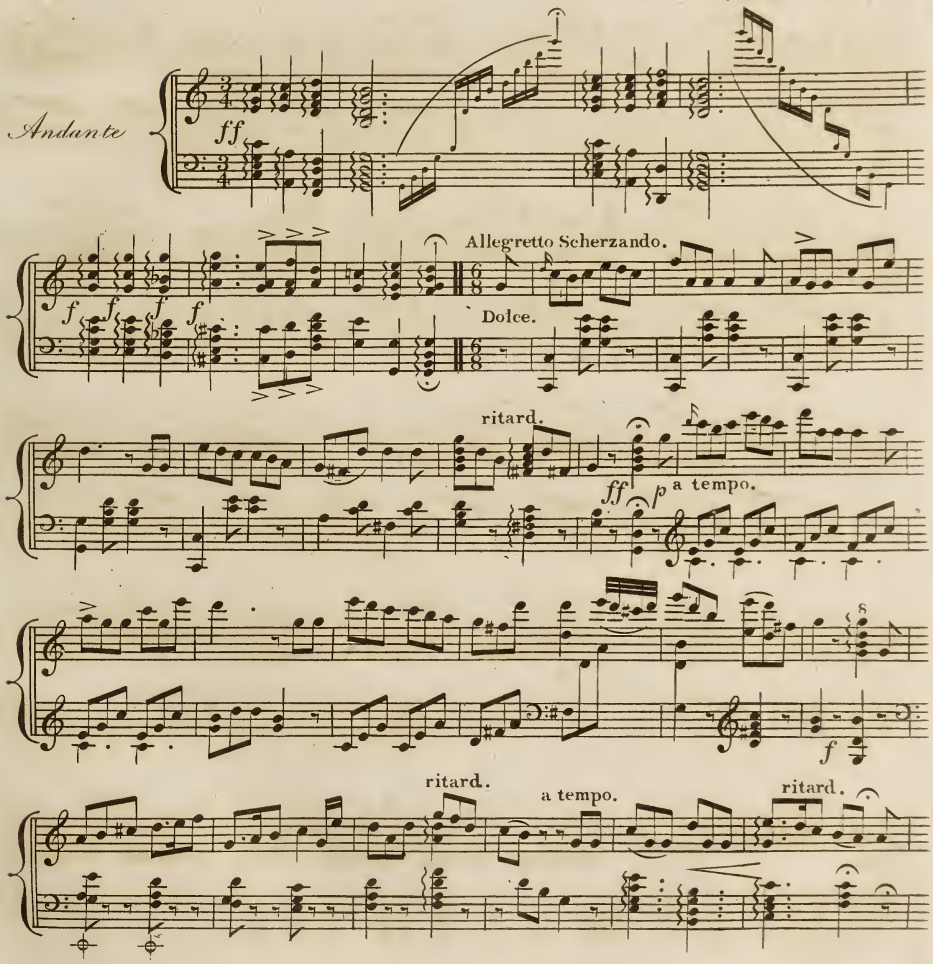
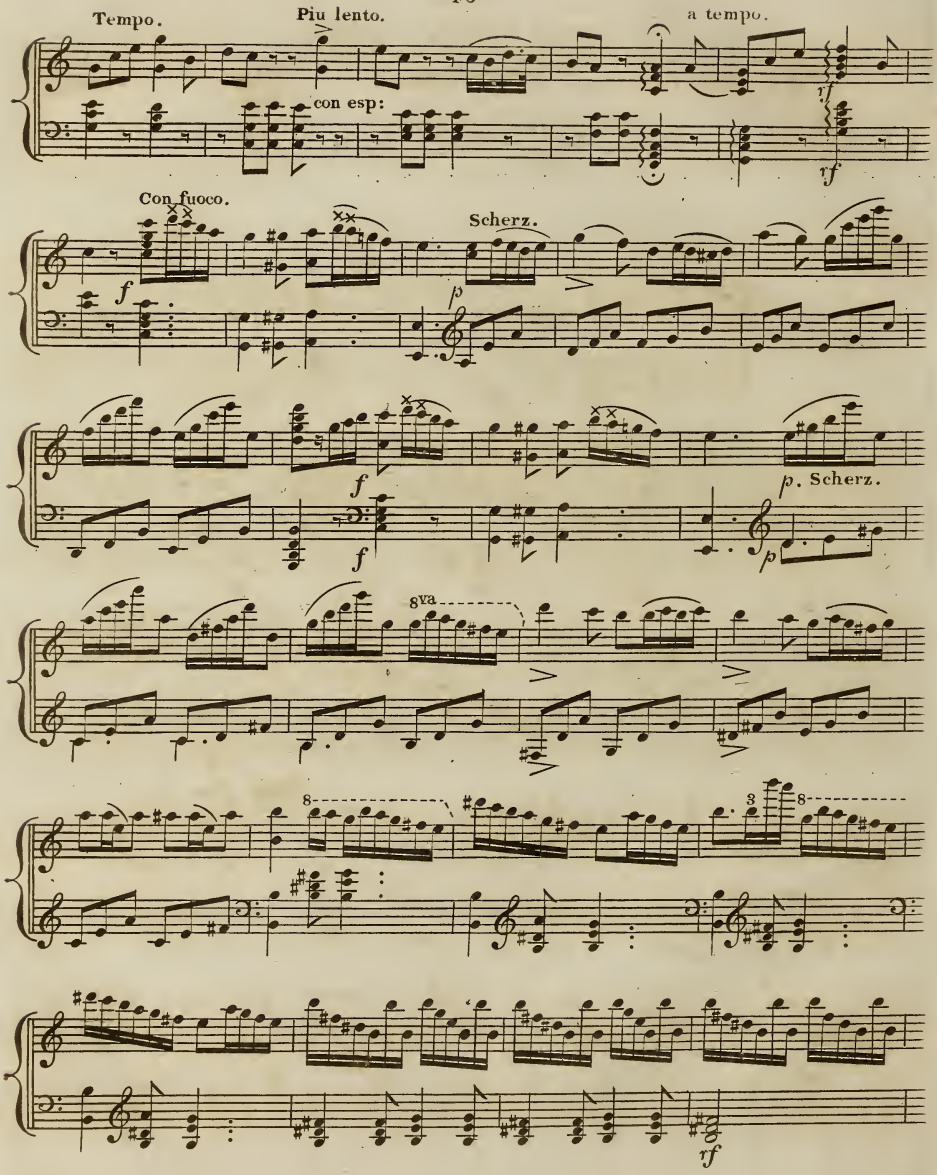

see my child clings to me, And looks up in my face, He
Cres:
has.... no o_ther Parent, To fon_dle and em_brace: Un_con_sciously his
pp
fin___ger My wedding – ring... hath prest, As if it were to chide me For
f
p
smiling on my guest.
Largo.
f
p
pp

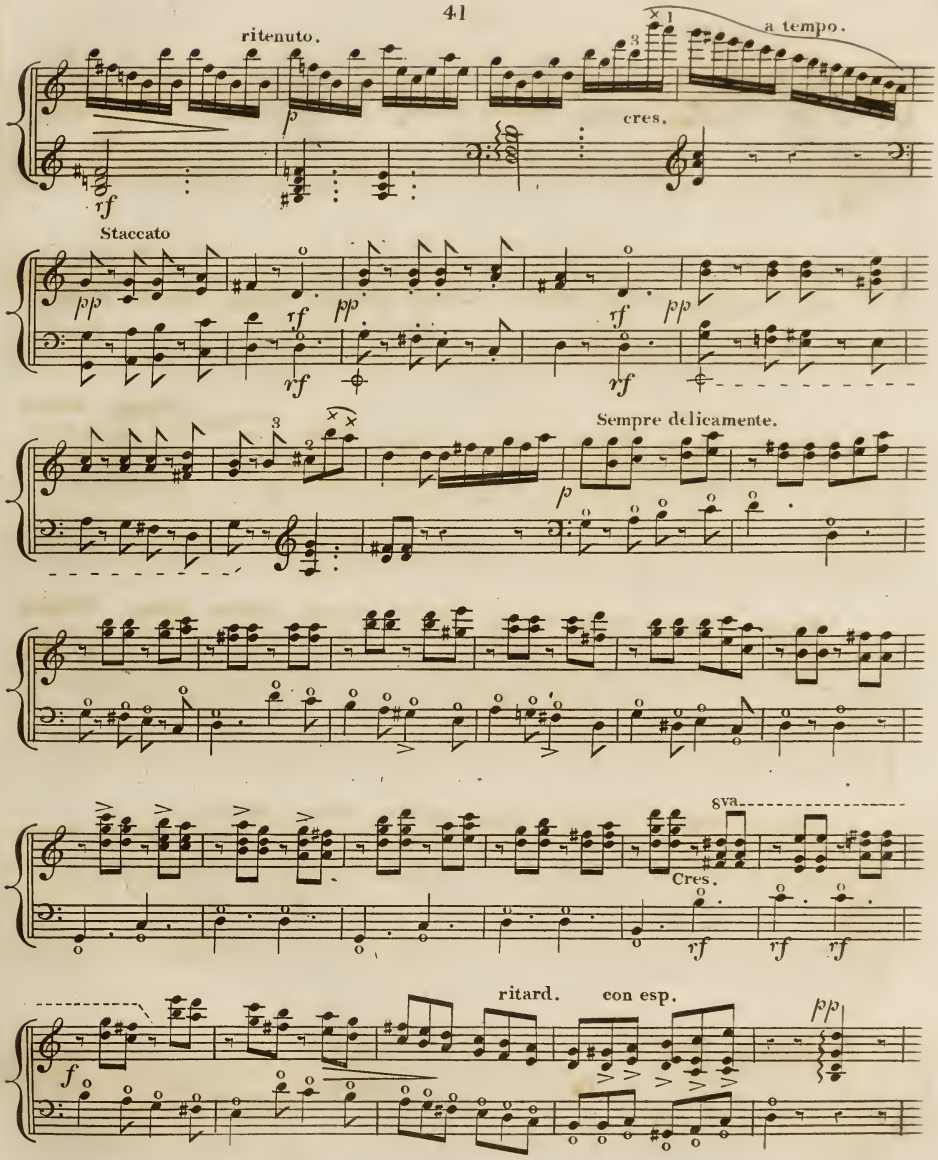
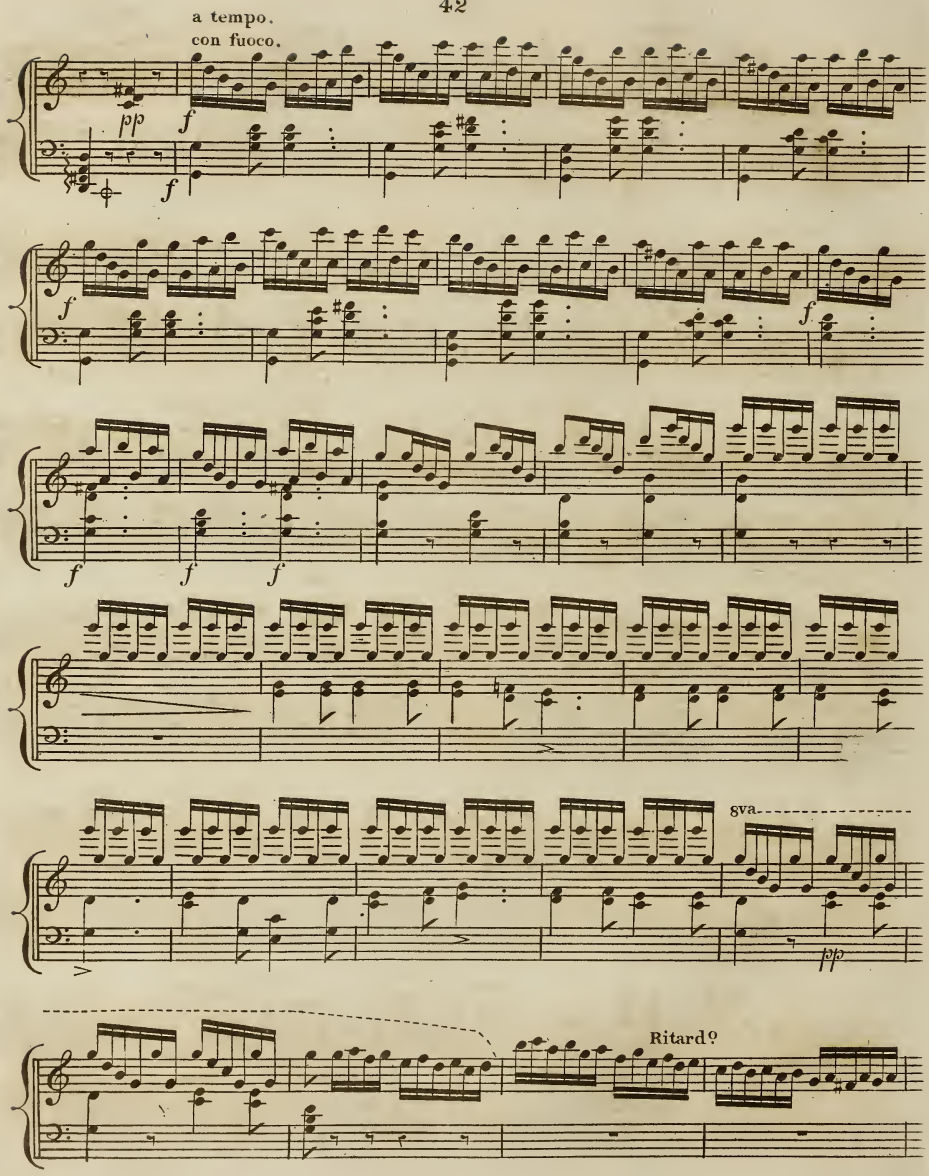
THE ROYALIST.

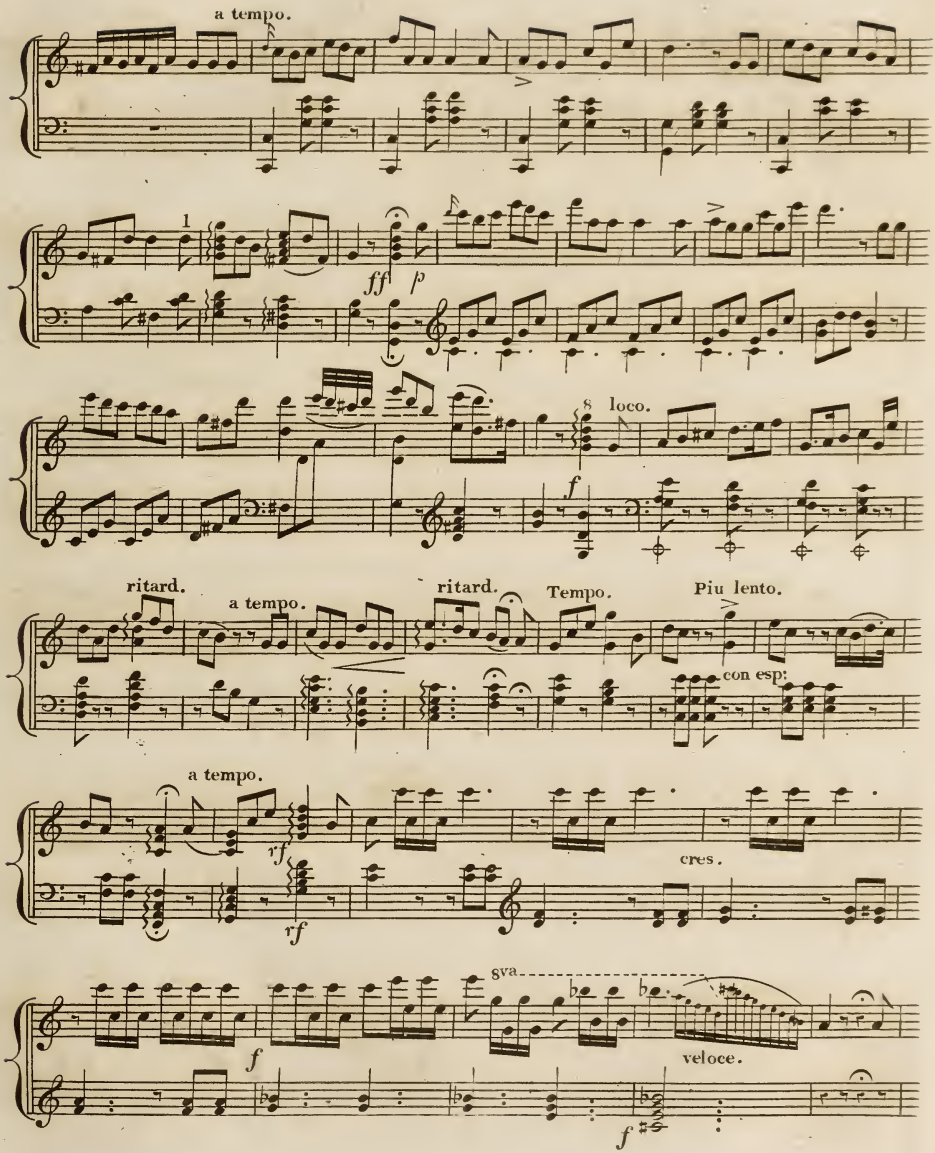
Souvenir

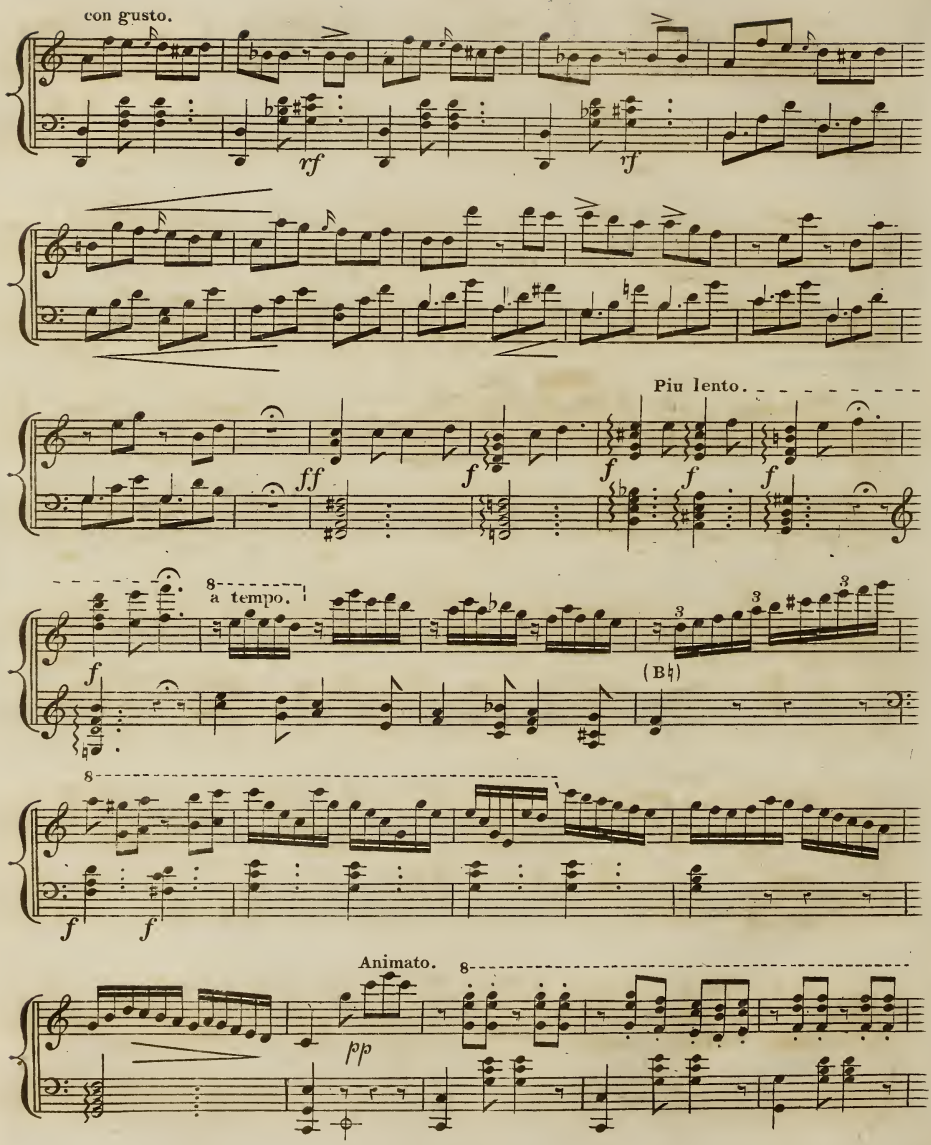
for the

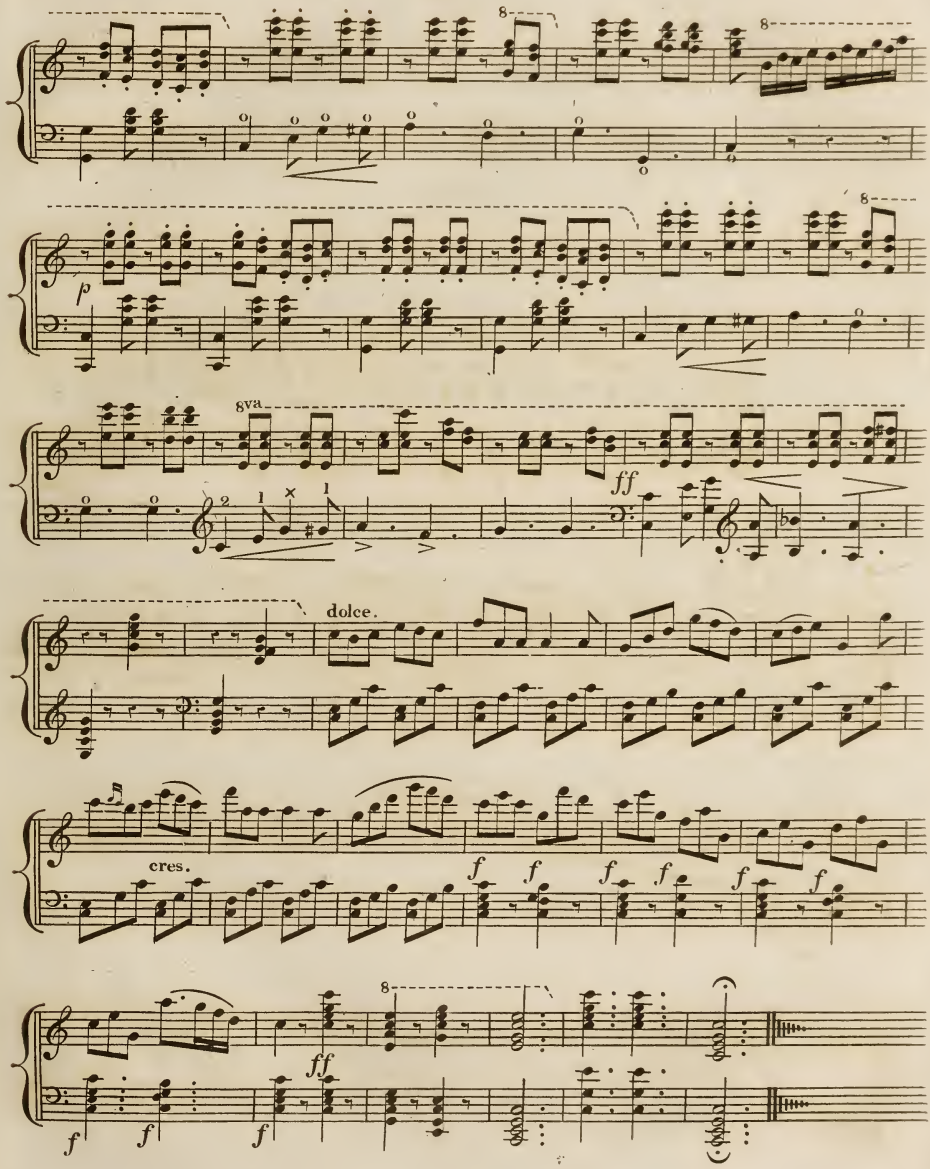
HARP.

Composed by N.C. Bochsa


Tempo.
Piu lento.
a tempo.
con esp:
rf
rf
Con fuoco.
Scherz.
f
p
f
f
p. Scherz.
p
8va
8
3
8
rf


ritenuto.
a tempo.
cres.
Staccato
Sempre delicamente.
8va
Cres.
ritard.
con esp.

a tempo.
con fuoco.
pp
f
f
f
f
f
f
f
f
8va
pp
Ritard?

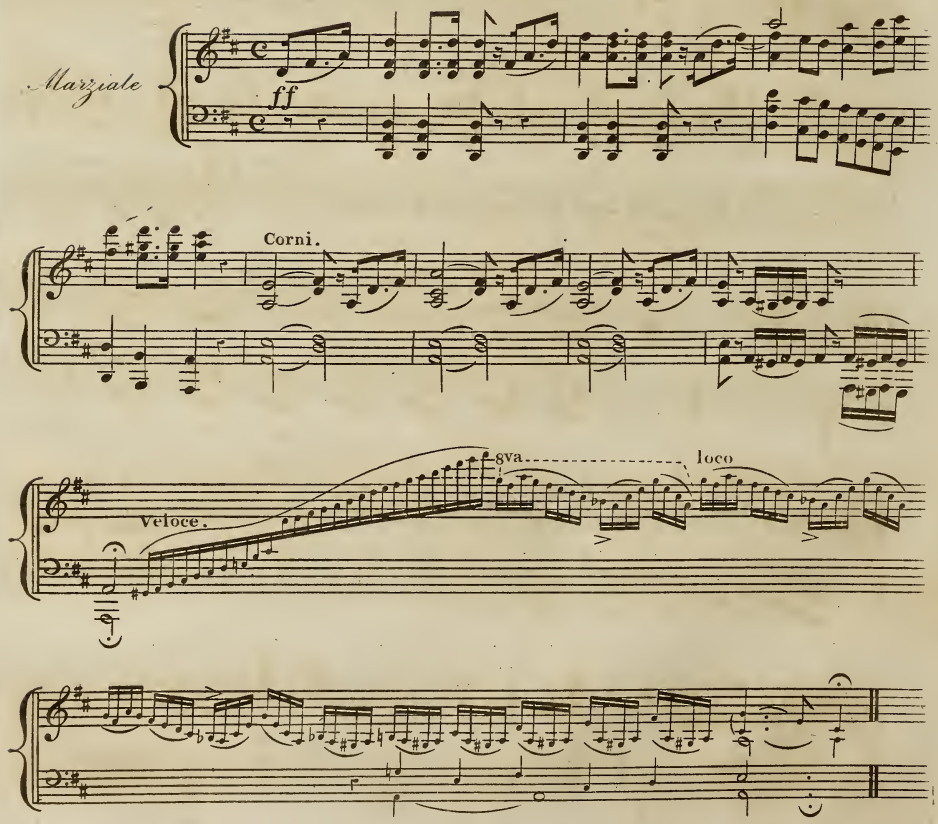

a tempo.
1
ff
p
8 loco.
f
ritard.
a tempo.
ritard.
Tempo.
Piu lento.
con esp:
a tempo.
rf
rf
cres.
8va
f
veloce.
f

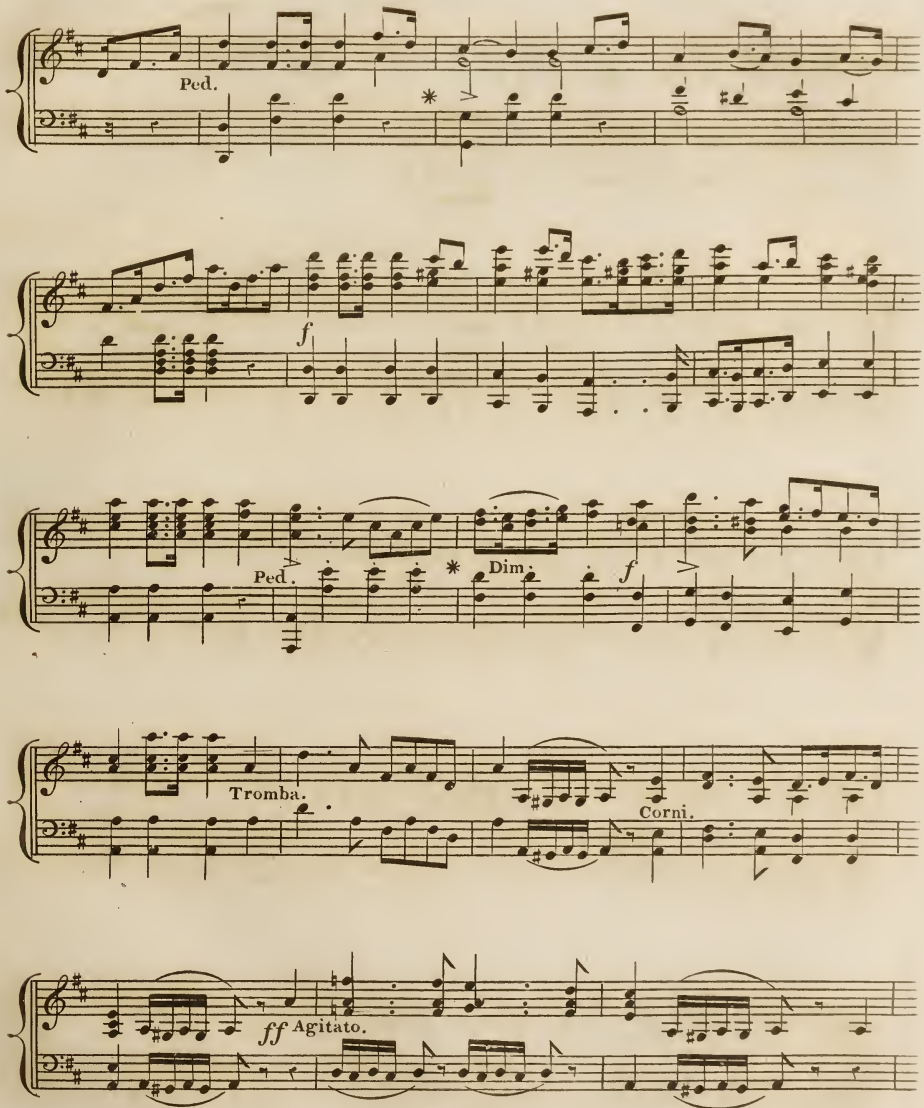

con gusto.
rf
rf
Piu lento.
ff
f
f
f
f
8
a tempo.
f
3
3
3
(B♮)
8
f
f
Animato.
8
pp

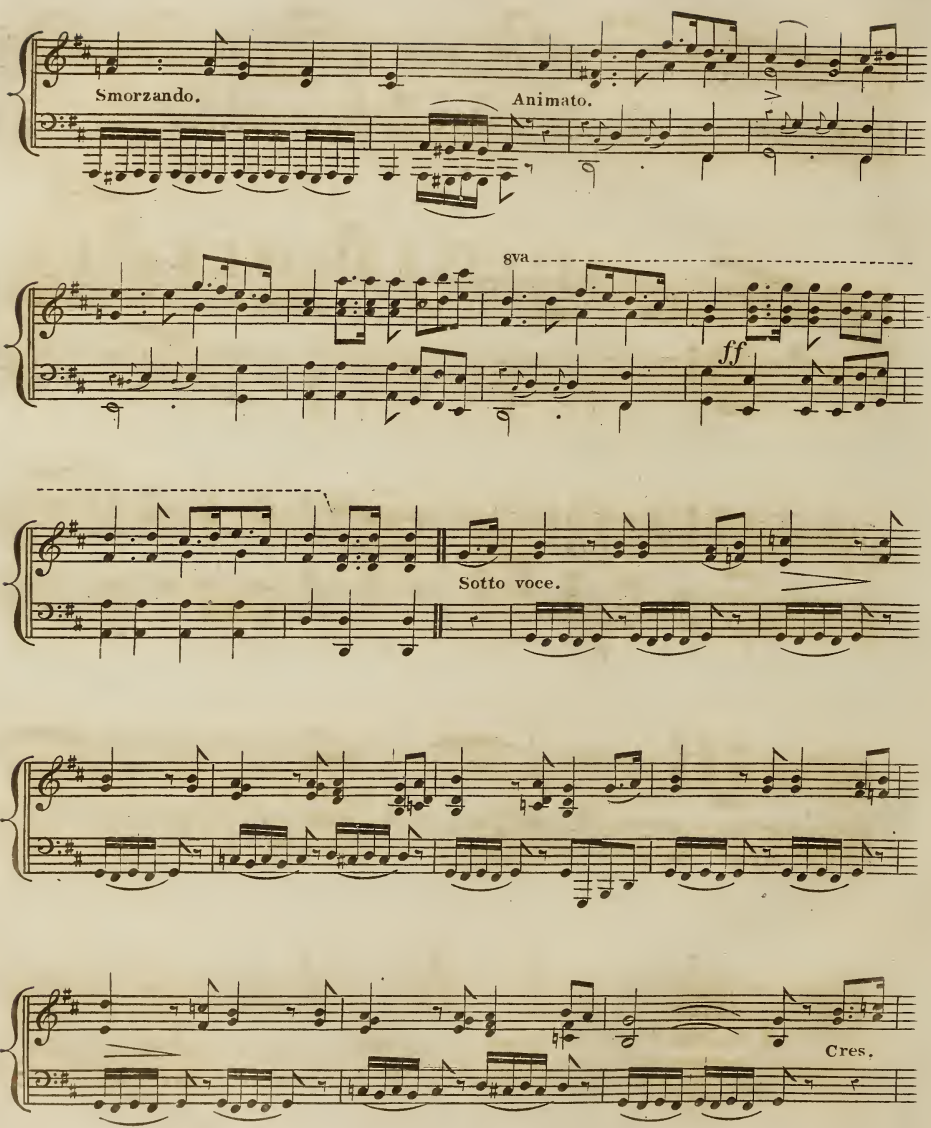

8
8
p
8va
ff
dolce.
cres.
f
f
f
f
f
f
ff
f
f
f

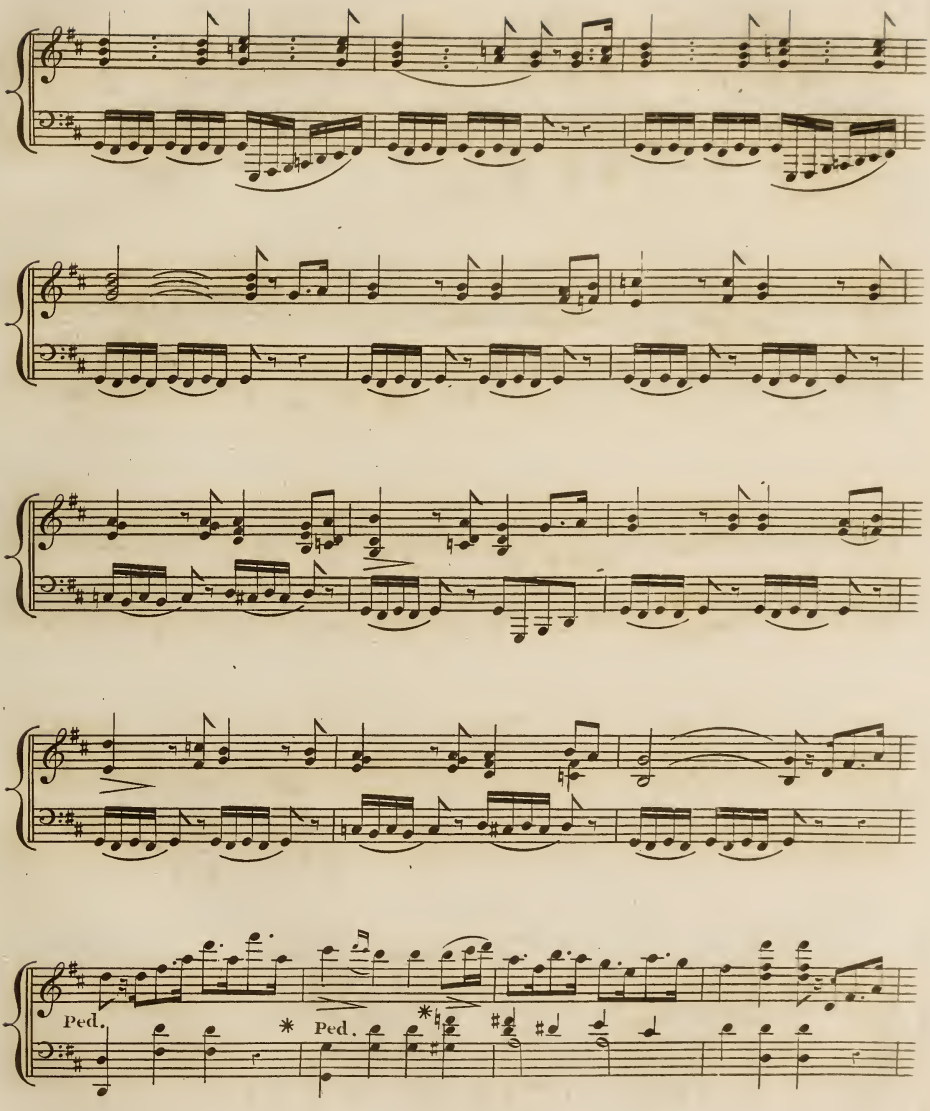
ARIA ALLA FRANCESE,

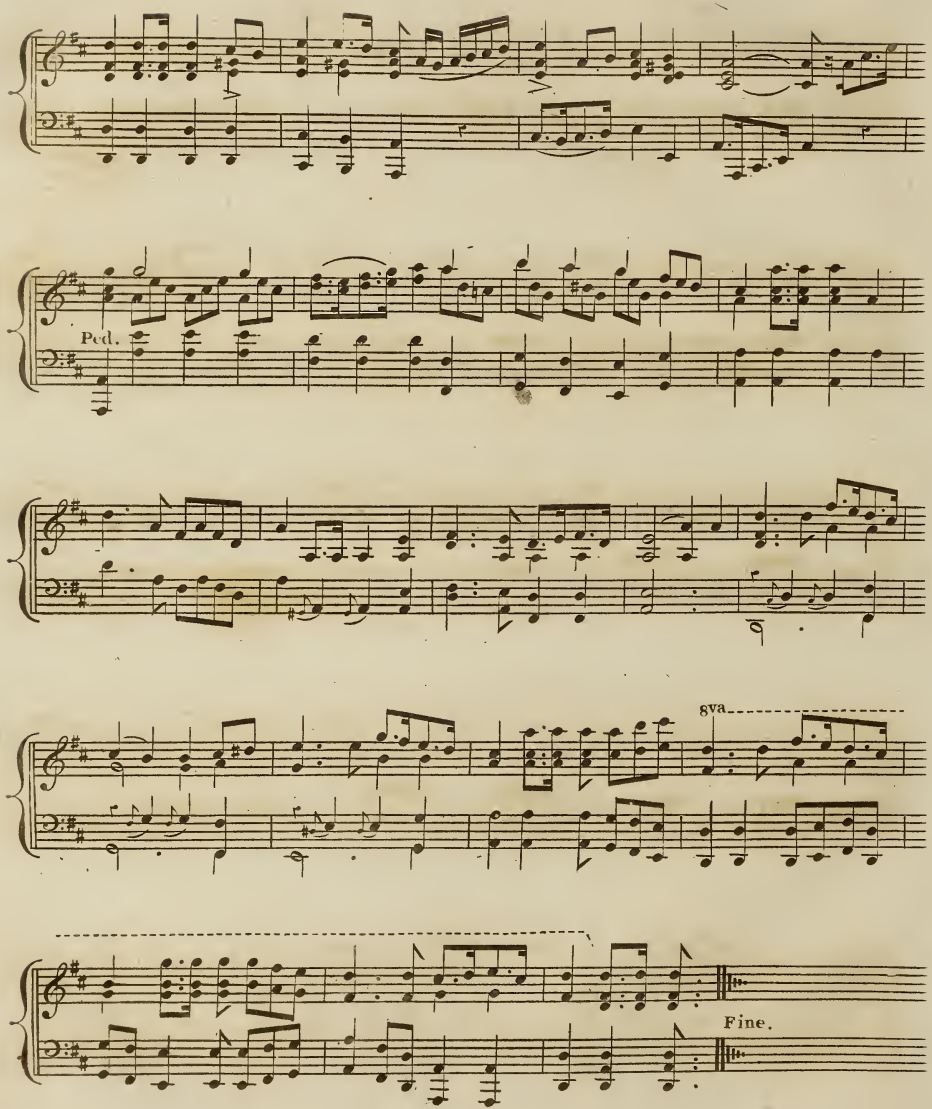
Composed by T. Valentine




Ped.
f
Ped.
Dim.
f
Tromba.
Corni.
ff Agitato.

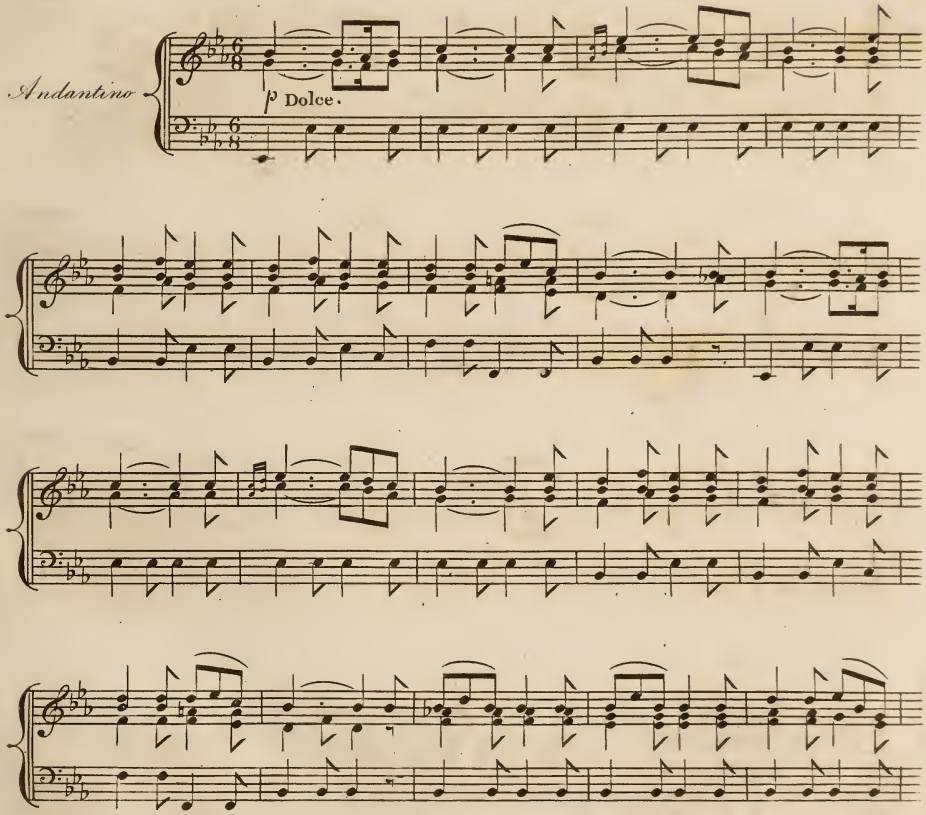

Smorzando.
Animato.
8va
ff
Sotto voce.
Cres.

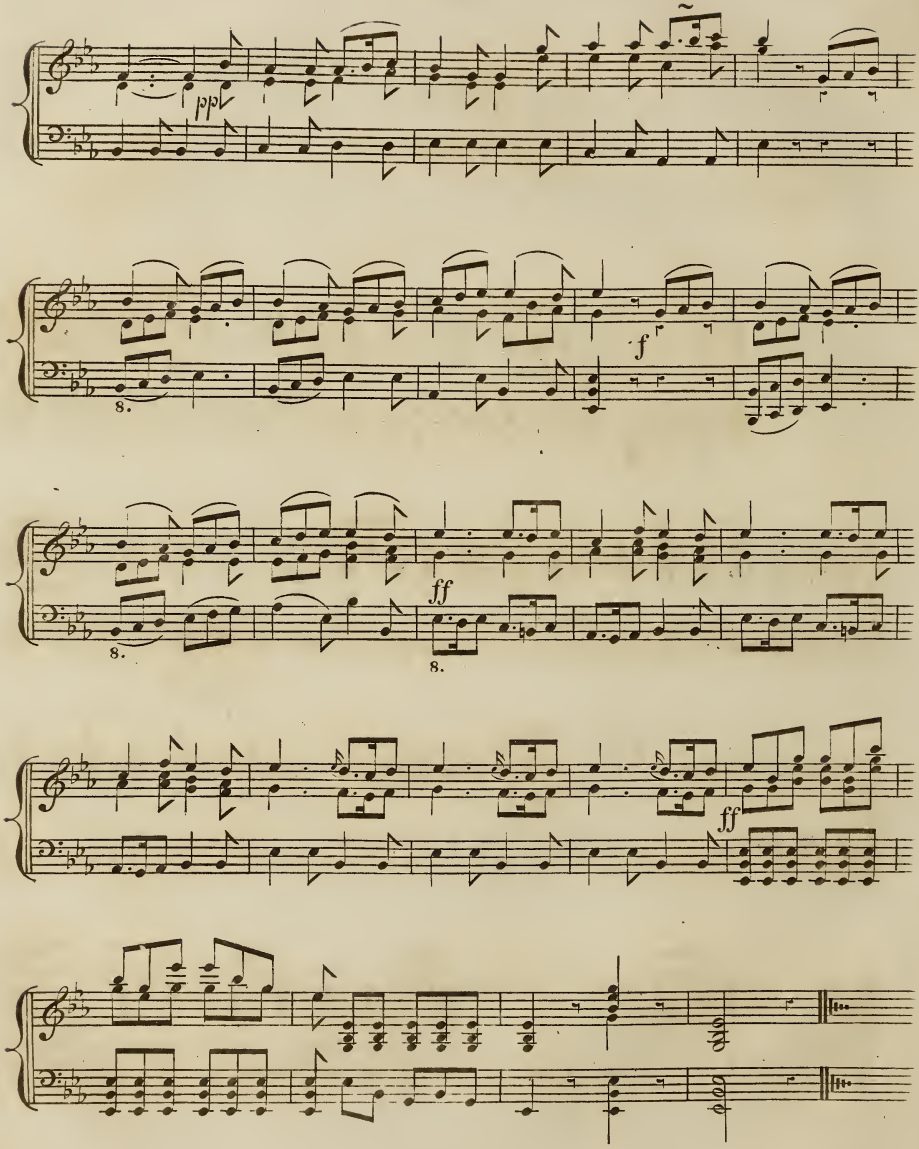

Ped.
*
Ped.
*


Ped.
8va
Fine.

AIR.

Composed by H. R. Bishop *Arranged by Vincent Novello*




pp
f
8.
ff
8.
8.
ff

THE POET'S BRIDE.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Oh! the love of a young heart—what is there on earth so bright—so beautiful? it breathes an atmosphere of its own, moves in a world peopled by its gorgeous imaginings, and looks upward to a sky rose-tinted by the reflection of its joy! But this love can be felt but once: it is the first gushing forth of the ground-spring, ere a falling leaf, or the wing of a passing bird has polluted its waters—other dreams of passion may succeed, but there will be a taint of worldliness in all; the heart must have been cast back upon itself, and like the rose, where a blight has fallen, it may indeed painfully unfold, but the traces of a canker will be upon its leaves:—how exquisite is the first day-dream of the spirit, when, as the deep feelings waken into life, it trembles at the power of the spells which it has called into existence, and yet clings to them with wondering delight;—other visions may rise in after-life, visions of power, and fame, and greatness, but these are the mere foliage of a heart from which the flowers have been shaken!

Ida was beautiful: her cheek was fair, not pale; it changed like the leaf of the hedge-rose, flushing, and fading in the light of morning: dark were her tresses as the wing of the raven, and her drooping, dove-like eyes were soft, and deep, and exquisite. Meet was she in her beauty to be a poet's love, with her calm brow, and her clustering hair—and her low voice—that voice which came softly on the ear like the breath of evening among roses, or the harpings of a distant minstrel sweeping over the still waters—she *was* a poet's love—and *how* he loved her! with all the first ardour of a spirit which had shaken from its bright wings the earthly vapours that would have settled there, and to which her love was as a rainbow linking it to the world whereof she was a denizen. How he gazed on her, that gifted boy! as she stood before him at a festival, her fair cheek crimsoning at the whispers of her courtly flatterers, while he knew that he alone was in her heart!

The love of a boy is very beautiful—there is in it a perfect devotedness, an utter abandonment of self, of which manhood is incapable; and when that boy is a poet, a being gifted with high impulses, and lofty thoughts—a creature whose world is not of this earth, whose hand is on the lyre and his eye on heaven, whose perceptions are mighty, and whose aspirations deep;—whose spirit has never answered to the touch of worldliness, whose feelings are fresh as they are glorious—who shall marvel that his passion is returned, though his song and his heart are his only heritage?

The festive crowd passed away; the light foot of the dancer bounded no more: the perfumed lamps shed their rays no longer on "fair women and brave men," but glanced down on faded garlands and empty desolate halls. Ida and her lover went forth into the clear moonlight, and none heeded them; the bird of sorrow was

soft, not loud in the distance;—they stood among roses, and a bubbling fountain threw up to the sky its sparkling waters, which fell back, bringing with them as it were, the myriad stars to earth, and then sank flashing like diamond particles into their marble basin! It was a lovely hour, and the hand of the boy wandered among the blossoms, and wreathed the brightest amid the gems which sparkled in the dark tresses of his beloved—rose and ruby, the sweet and the costly were above her brow—they were typical of the destiny they had designed for her; the flowers of passion fading beside the pride of rank—but they knew her not: what were the world's vanities to such a love as her's? Neither spoke; but he pointed to the clear sky, with its light clouds floating over it, like white sails on a summer sea, when it is bluest and most beautiful; and then, to the gorgeous earth, teeming with riches and perfume; and they listened to the soft whispers of the languid breeze as it swept over the vale-lily and the violet, or sighed among the roses, and then swelled into fuller melody with the song of the distant bird —fireflies flashed around them, like gems detached from the coronal of the night-spirit—and they stood there amid sounds and sights like these, hand-in-hand, in silence—what has the heart to utter which is not profaned by words?

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

The scene of their existence changed. Ida had fled from a stern father and a proud home with her minstrel-love, but he was a boy no longer—they sat together in a cottage: his arm was around her, and her head was pillowed on his bosom—care had passed over his brow, and the trace of its iron hand was there—Cain-like, the mark was on him—the poetry of life was gone—the world had been busy with him—he could no longer sit at the feet of his beloved, and breathe out his passionate soul for her only; the cares of earth had blended with the brightness of his spirit, and its finest charm was gone, but still he stood in the pride of his genius, and of his hope, and struck his harp among strangers, and smiled as he remembered that he did it for *her* sake—and sometimes they talked together of an immortality won by his glowing song, for him, and for her who loved him; and she looked up with her dove-like eyes on her poet-bridegroom, and a doubt never entered her spirit—but the world responds not to the gushing out of a full heart—it responded not to his—day by day his hope waned and his soul sickened, but he entered his cottage home, and breathed an atmosphere of flowers, and looked into eyes which loved him, and listened to tones which, to him, were always music, and would not think of ruin—but the curse of unappreciated, unrequited genius clung to him, and would not be shaken off—it haunted him in the night-watches, and by day it was for ever before his eyes! The dark hair of Ida was no longer wreathed with jewels, roses were yet there, for he loved them; but the wasted cheek looked still paler beneath their blush: beautiful and graceful as it had ever been, her form was more fragile, and her step less firm—poverty was beneath their roof-tree, and he felt it—bitterly felt it for the sake of her who smiled on amid ruin, and murmured not. The soul of the minstrel darkened,—the wings of his spirit drooped—the icy gripe of the world had fastened on his heart, and frozen it!

He walked forth one night of beauty; such an one as that on which Ida had left the festival and wandered with him among flowers and fountains—and he remembered that hour as he went forth; the sea, "the dark blue sea" was before him—the boundless world of waters! the sun was setting gloriously, and the ocean glowed like a plain of liquid fire,—there was not even a ripple: it grew paler, and the surface swelled beneath the action of a faint uncertain breeze, curling it as little as though it had been skimmed by the wing of a butterfly; the moon at length rose, and the gale freshened as she ascended the heavens; and when she had reached her diamond-studded throne, the wide waters answered to the springing breeze, and reflected back her silver lamp on a hundred and a hundred waves—it was a glorious illumination—heaven's own hallowed workmanship! and on the bard it failed not in its effect—again the spirit woke in its strength, and poured itself forth in his last,

loveliest song—like a rushing whirlwind, the lay swept over his soul, and shook it even to its depths—beauty and power, love and pride were there—the wild and the wonderful! He returned to his cottage home, and breathed it to his bride; and she stood before him on the narrow floor with clasped hands, and bowed-down head, trembling at the visions which his spells had raised: his hand was on his instrument, his kindled eye flashed like a tempest meteor, terrible in its brightness—he told the tale of his blighted powers, of his withered hopes, of his high aspirations, of his unfaded love—he gave a voice to every blossom and to every breeze—a spirit to the darkness and to the sea—he painted what he was, and all he might have been—and this was breathed in poesie: song and music were with him, and beauty was beneath his eye—beauty which his song had won, gloriously won! Passion shook the minstrel to which he had been long a stranger, and the bowed heart burst amid the tempest.

Ida looked up as the strain ceased:—the fixed eyes were turned on her, the lips parted, as when the last sound escaped them, the graceful arm hanging listlessly over the lute, but the tuneful spirit had spread its wings and was borne away on the breath of its own melody—the world had done its work on the child of song, and he had paid the price of genius—the canker had been long gnawing at the heart of the blossom, and now the storm-breath had severed it.

The poet's bride was widowed: *she* was desolate of whom his lute had loved to breathe—what was the world to her, when they led her forth from poverty to her lordly home, and bade her wreathe her lips with smiles to meet the relenting clasp of her father?—no, no, they knew her not. She trod again the proud hall of her ancestors, she wandered over their green hills, and among their forests, like the creature of another world; but from the voice of song, and the breath of music, she started with a pang, and fled—she could bear all but this.

Months passed over her thus, and they talked to her of a second bridegroom—a noble, to replace her poet-love, gold for song, and pomp for poesie—strange, most strange!—at first she scarcely heard them when they spoke to her so wildly, but when they urged, persisted, threatened, she answered them with a laugh—the laugh of madness! She, who had lived so long among the day-dreams of genius could not struggle for ever against the waking miseries of the world; and now she sits upon the poet's grave, and murmurs out his own sweet sorrowing strains, as though he could yet listen and reply—she will do it till she dies!

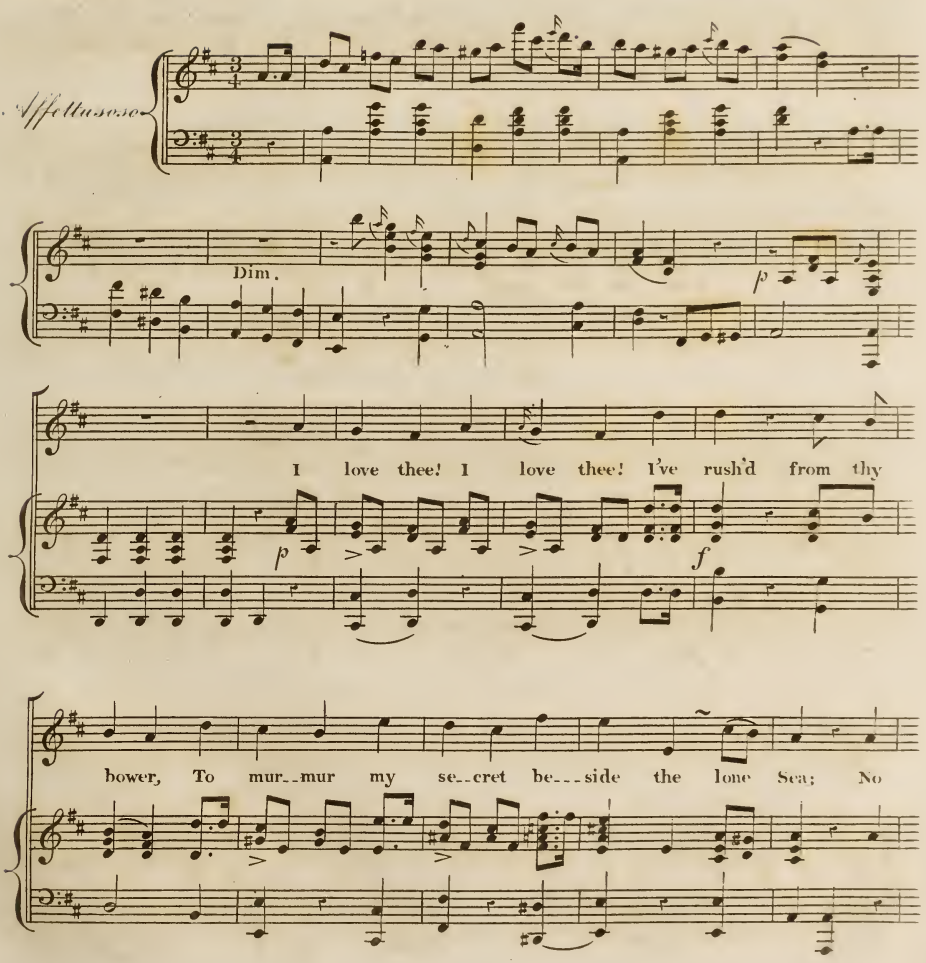
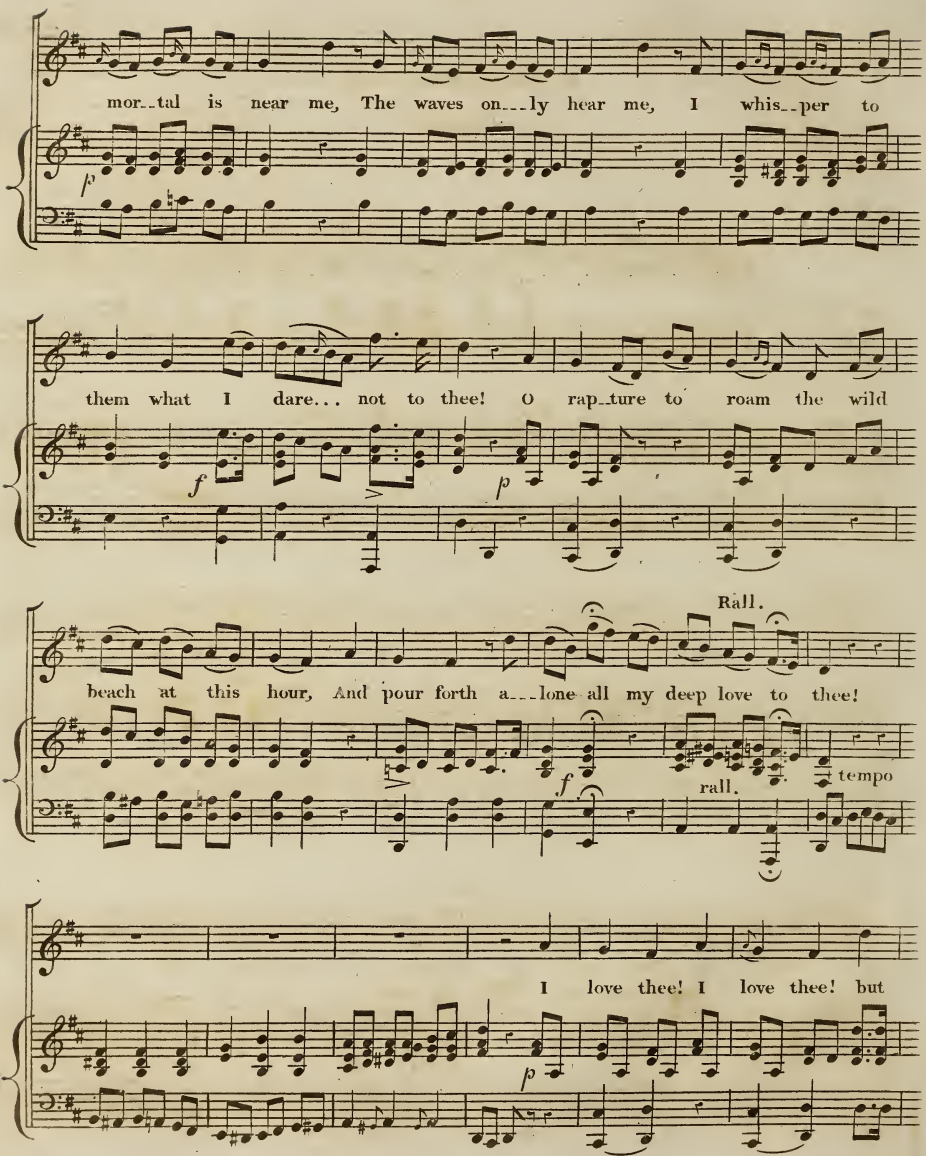
I LOVE THEE!

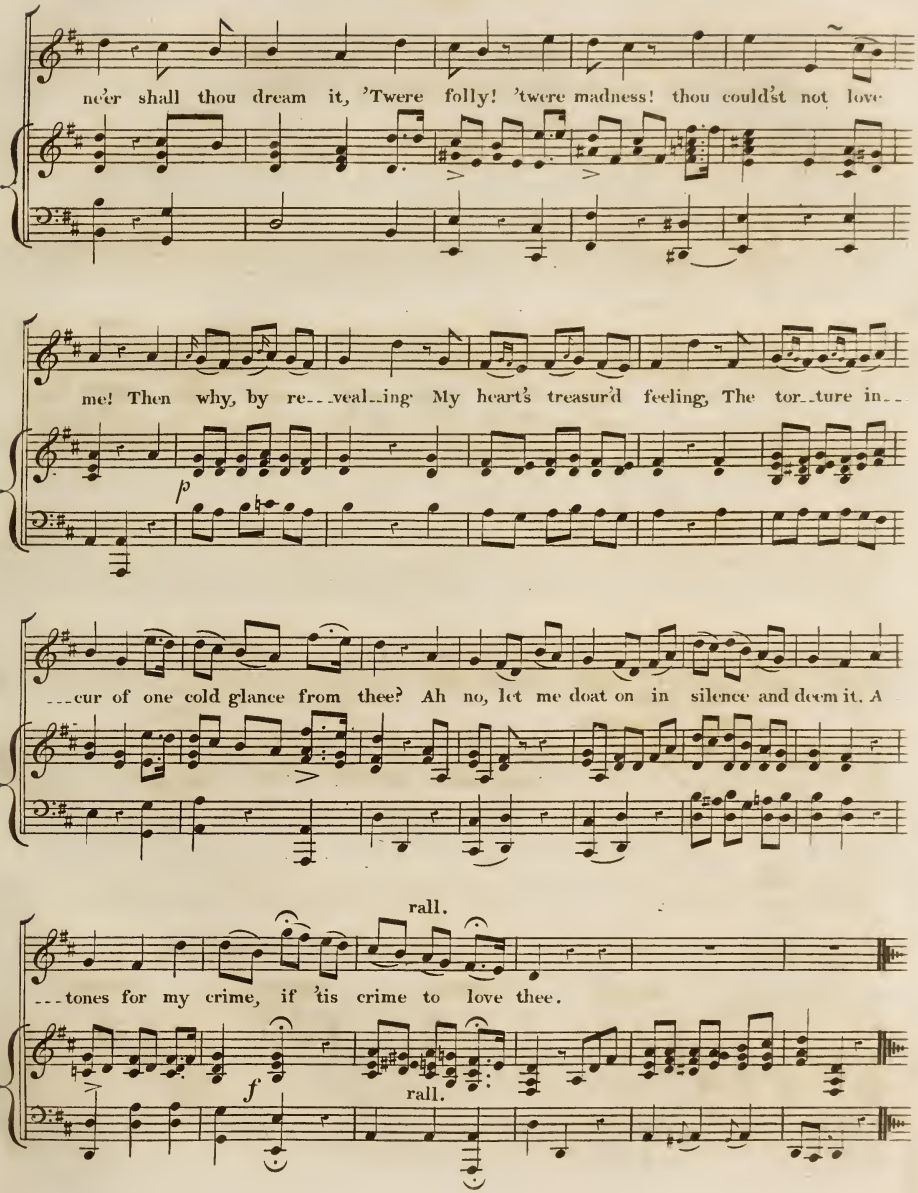
BY J. R. PLANCHE.

I LOVE thee!—I love thee!—I've rush'd from thy bower,
To murmur my secret beside the lone sea.
No mortal is near me—
The waves only hear me—
I whisper to them, what I dare not to thee!
O, rapture! To roam the wild beach at this hour,
And pour forth *alone* all my deep love for thee!

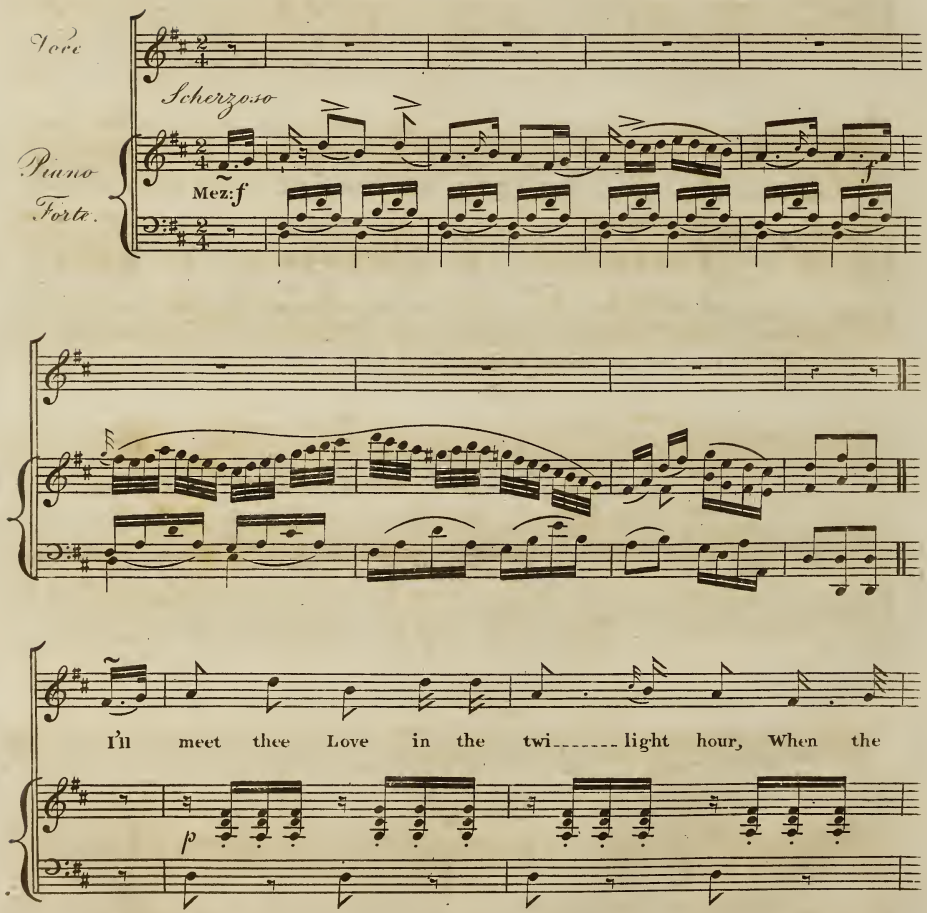
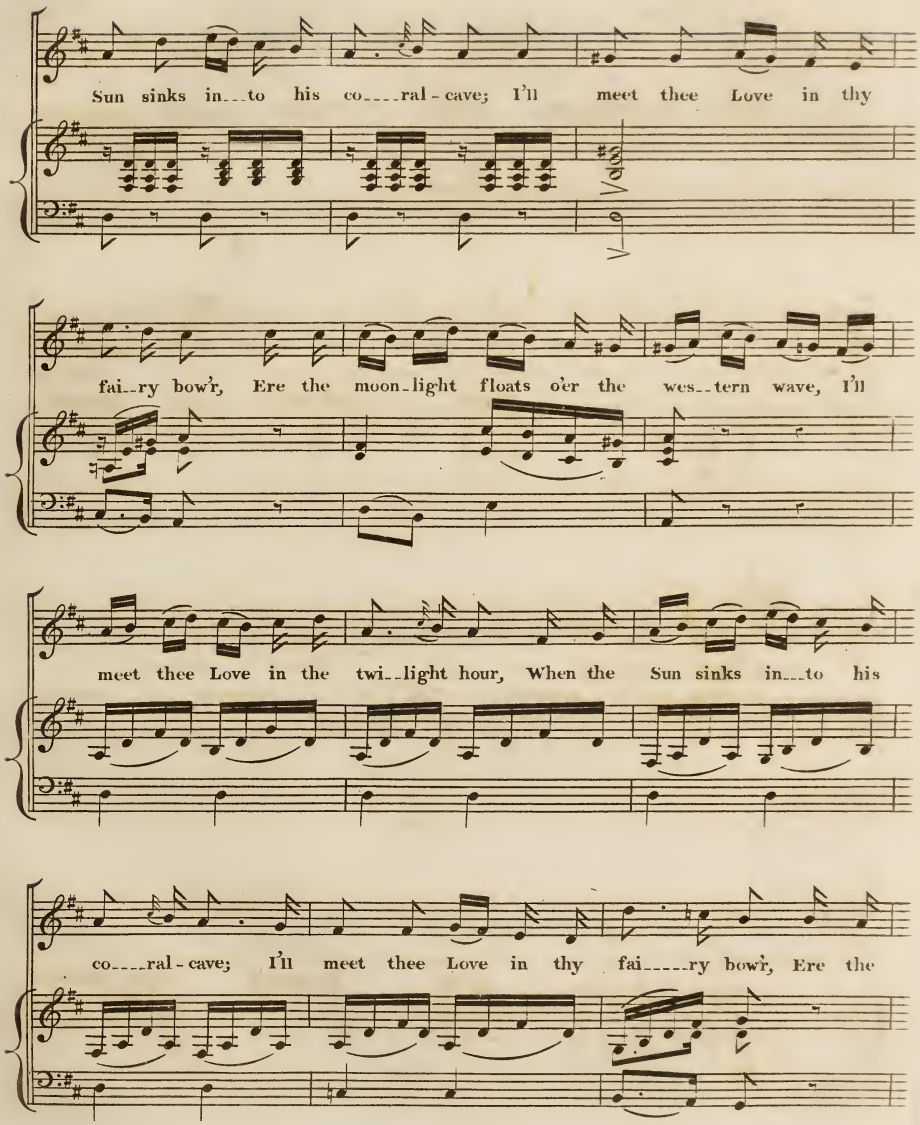
I love thee!—I love thee!—But ne'er shalt thou dream it!
'Twere folly—'twere madness!—Thou could'st not love me!
Then why by revealing,
My heart's treasur'd feeling,
The torture incur of one cold glance from thee?—
Ah no, let me doat on in silence and deem it
Atones for my crime—if 'tis crime to love thee!

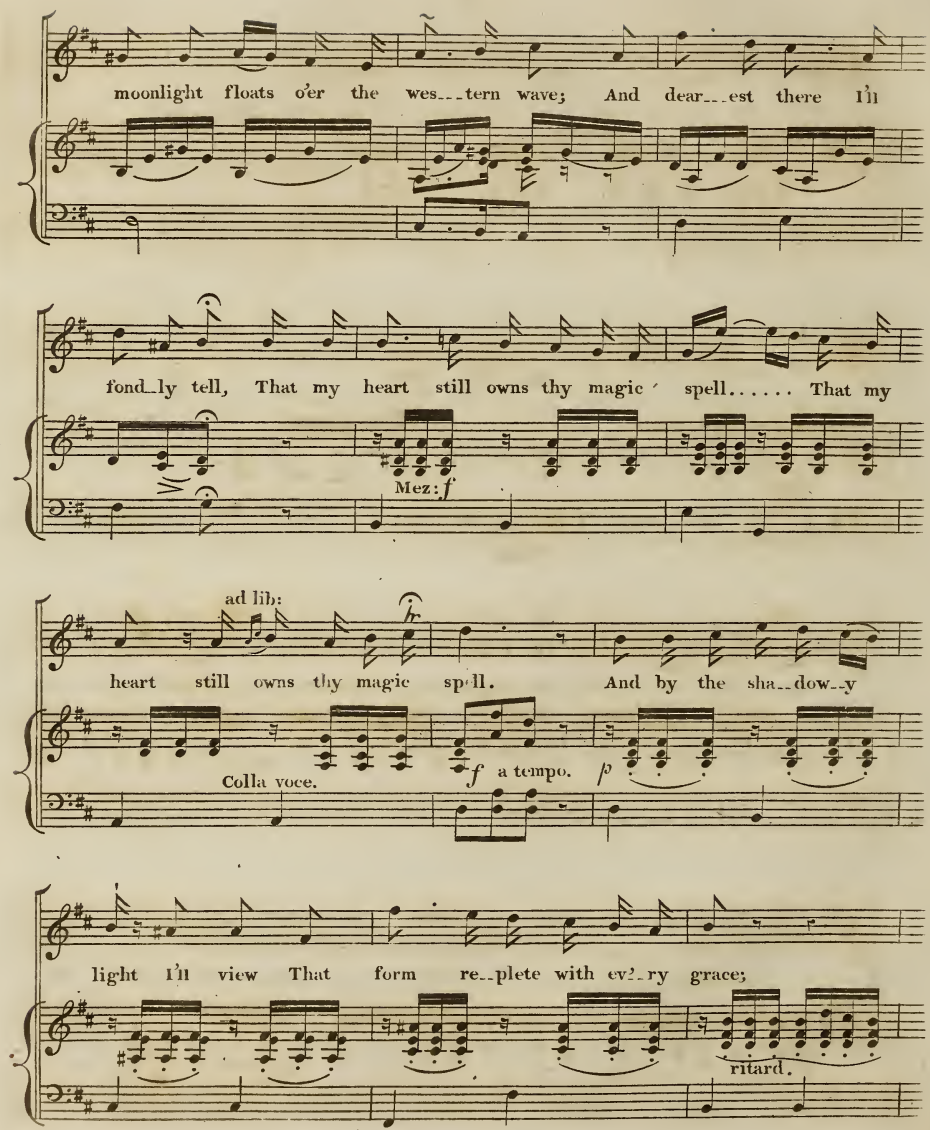
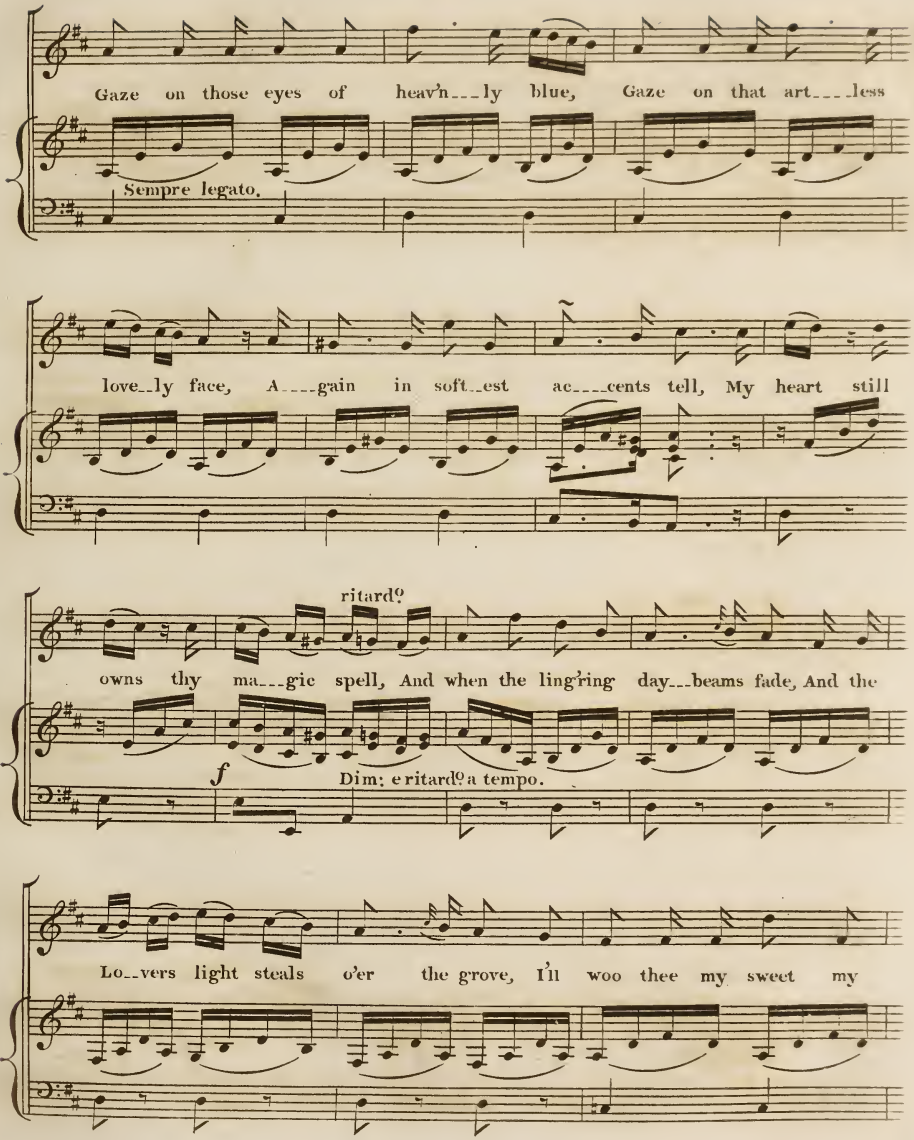
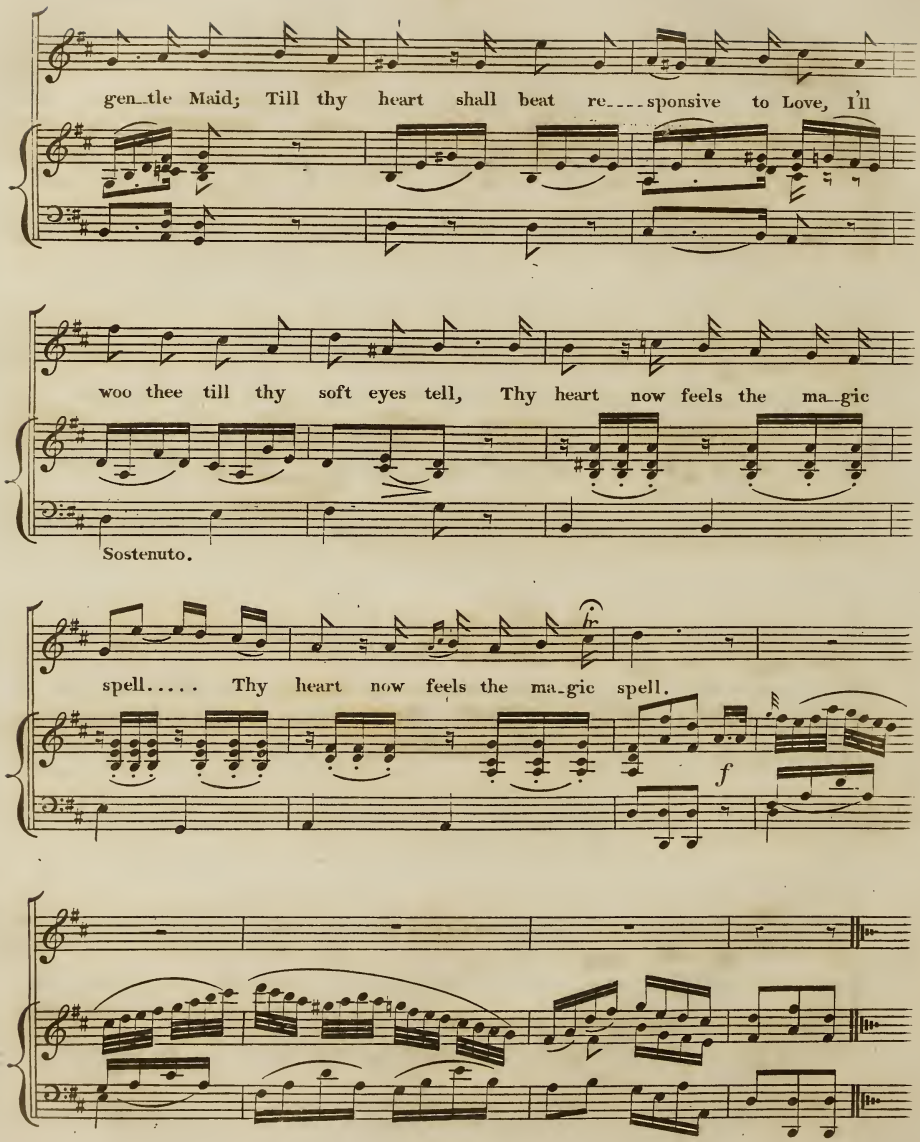
I LOVE THEE!

Composed by Miss Dance.


mor_tal is near me, The waves on___ly hear me, I whis_per to
p
them what I dare... not to thee! O rap_ture to roam the wild
f
p
Rall.
beach at this hour, And pour forth a___lone all my deep love to thee!
f
rall.
tempo
I love thee! I love thee! but
p


ne'er shall thou dream it, 'Twere folly! 'twere madness! thou couldst not love
me! Then why, by re--veal--ing My heart's treasur'd feeling, The tor--ture in--
p
---cur of one cold glance from thee? Ah no, let me doat on in silence and deem it, A
rall.
---tones for my crime, if 'tis crime to love thee.
f
rall.

I'LL MEET THEE LOVE.

Composed by Charles Smith.


Sun sinks in_to his co_ral-cave; I'll meet thee Love in thy
fai_ry bow'r, Ere the moon-light floats o'er the wes_tern wave, I'll
meet thee Love in the twi_light hour, When the Sun sinks in_to his
co_ral-cave; I'll meet thee Love in thy fai_ry bow'r, Ere the


moonlight floats o'er the wes--tern wave; And dear--est there I'll
fond-ly tell, That my heart still owns thy magic spell..... That my
Mez: f
ad lib:
heart still owns thy magic spell. And by the sha--dow--y
Colla voce.
f a tempo. p
light I'll view That form re--plete with ev'--ry grace;
ritard.

Gaze on those eyes of heav'n---ly blue, Gaze on that art---less
Sempre legato.
love--ly face, A---gain in soft--est ac---cents tell, My heart still
ritard°
owns thy ma---gic spell, And when the ling'ring day---beams fade, And the
f
Dim: e ritard° a tempo.
Lo--vers light steals o'er the grove, I'll woo thee my sweet my

gen_tle Maid; Till thy heart shall beat re____sponsive to Love, I'll
woo thee till thy soft eyes tell, Thy heart now feels the ma_gic
Sostenuto.
spell..... Thy heart now feels the ma_gic spell.
fz
f

I'LL MEET THEE, LOVE!

BY MRS. E. F. SMITH.

I'LL meet thee, Love, in the twilight hour,
When the Sun sinks into his coral cave;
I'll meet thee, Love, in thy fairy bow'r,
Ere moonlight floats o'er the western wave.
And, dearest, there I'll fondly tell,—
That my heart still owns thy magic spell.

And by the shadowy light I'll view,
That form replete with ev'ry grace,
Gaze on those eyes of heavenly blue,
Gaze on that artless lovely face—
Again in softest accents tell,—
My heart still owns thy magic spell.

And when the ling'ring day-beams fade,
And the Lover's light steals o'er the grove,
I'll woo thee, my sweet, my artless maid,
Till thy heart shall beat responsive to Love.
I'll woo thee till thy soft eyes tell—
Thy heart now feels the magic spell.

MELANCHOLY MUSINGS.

BY RICHARD RYAN.

When I'm lain where the Willows sigh,
And the Grass that now stands waving high,
Over my breast shall fragrant lie,
And be my only canopy.

Then many a light foot there will trace,
The maze of the Dance with youthful grace,
And over my Verdant resting place
Swing round most merrily.

And many a song will there be sung,
And many a Wreath with sweets among,
Will there be wove and flaunting flung,
On Beauty's Tresses wantonly.

Dance on, Dance on, ye fair and brave,
For ne'er in my gloomiest fits did I crave,
One sigh of regret to deck my grave,
From heart breath'd mournfully.

Sing on, Sing on, let my fellows speak,
If ought I lov'd like the crimson streak
That Nature hath plac'd on Woman's cheek,
To bloom so lovelily.

Shout on, Shout on, I, from my birth,
Till the moment I left my Mother Earth,
Was fond of all sorts of noisy Mirth,
And wine clad revelry.

Yet hold ye, hold ye, Time, with his glass,
Shews us how fleet the short hours pass,
And soon all ye with me, alas,
Will sleep most heavily.

The Songs, tho' sweet, will be heard no more,
Nor the Dancers, tho' light, again trip o'er
The spot where so oft their feet before
Have fled exultingly.

And Beauty, thy cheek and snowy breast,
Which kindred lips alone have prest,
On them Earth's foulest Worms will rest,
And twine in Mockery.

STANZAS.

To a Lady who accused the writer of Toryism.

BY THE RIGHT HON. LORD ASHTOWN.

Yes—I confess myself a Tory—
While Beauty rules by right divine
Submission is my Pride and Glory—
Command is *your's*—Obedience *mine*.

Royal prerogatives belong
To *all* your Sex—I'll tell you why,—
The Young and Fair *can do no wrong*,
The Old and Ugly *never die*.

NIGHT AND DAWN.

A SCENA.

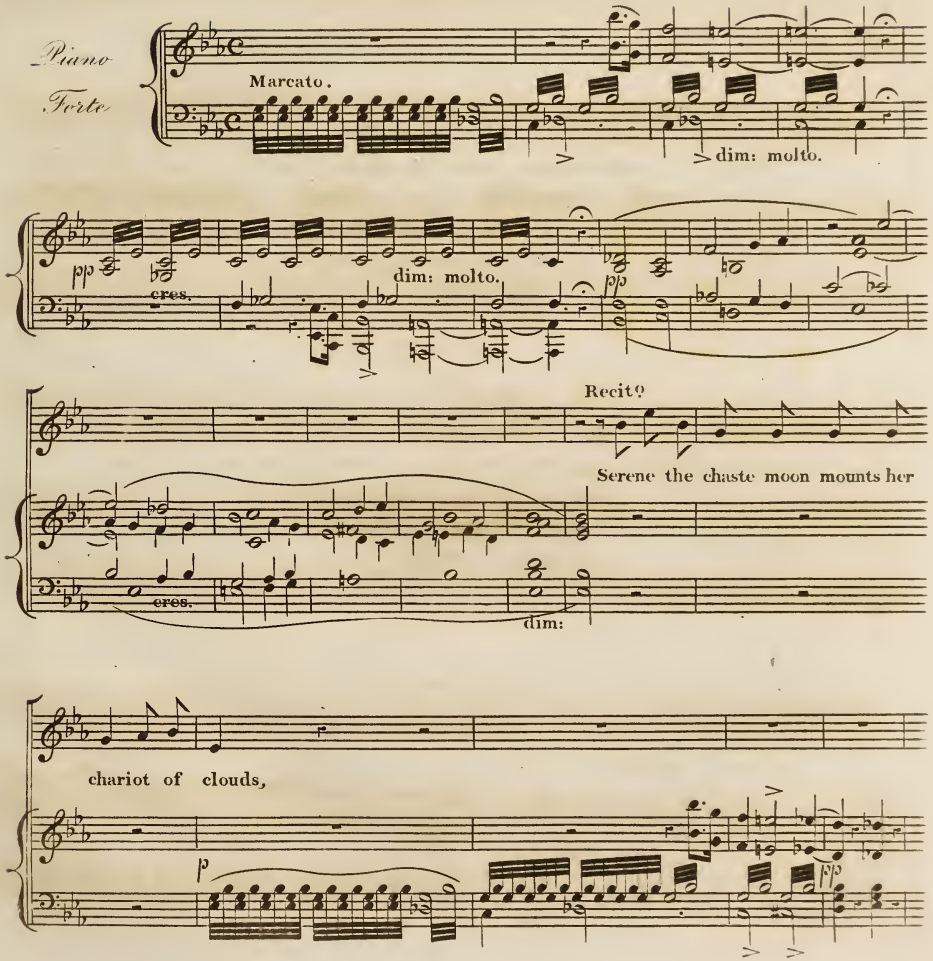
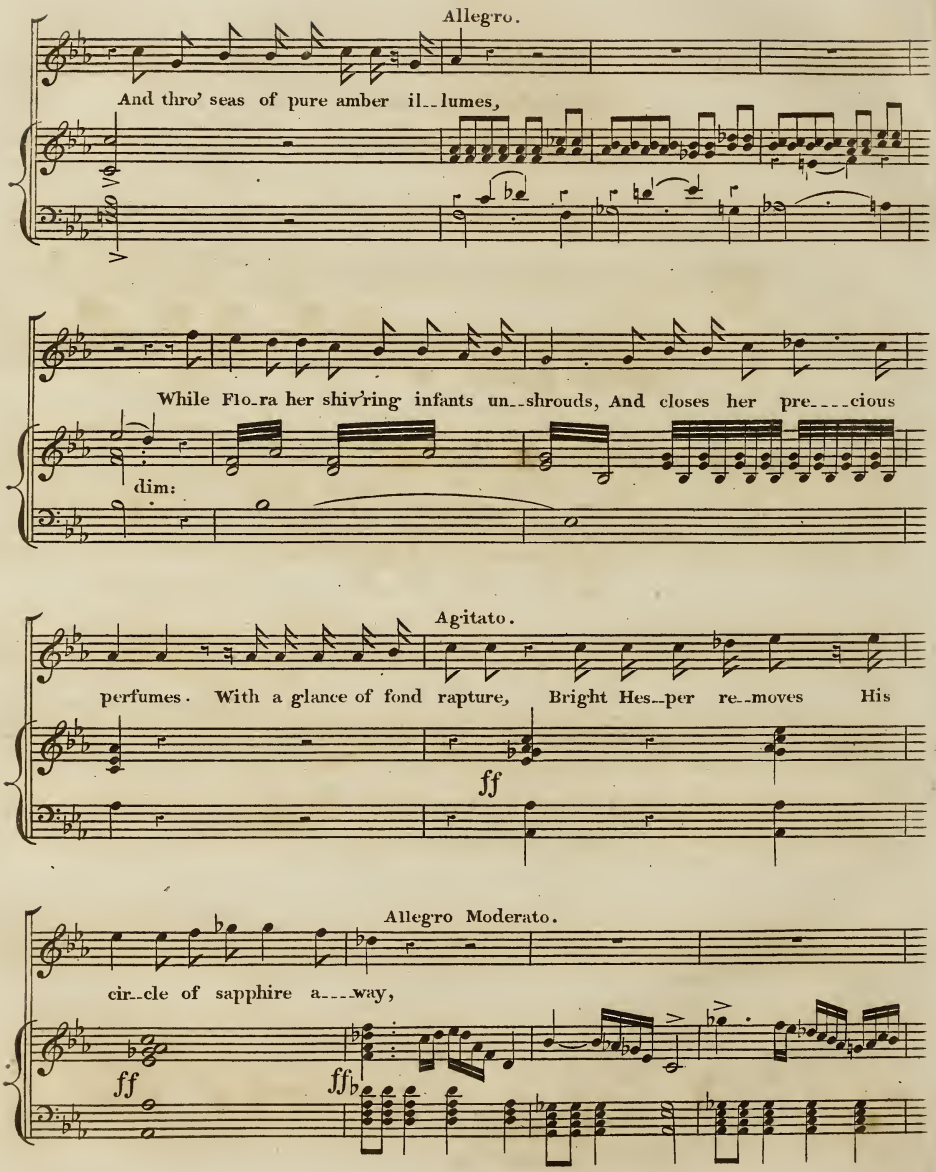
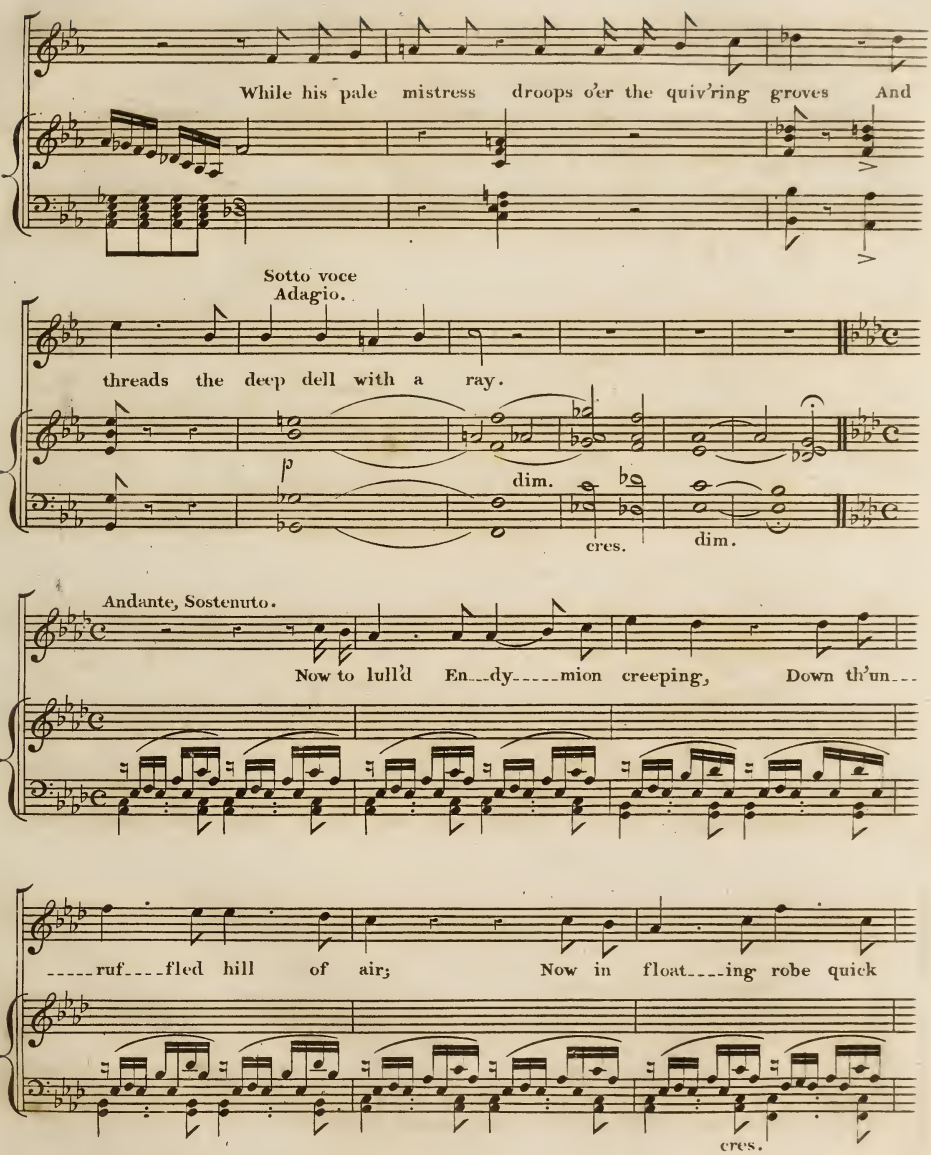
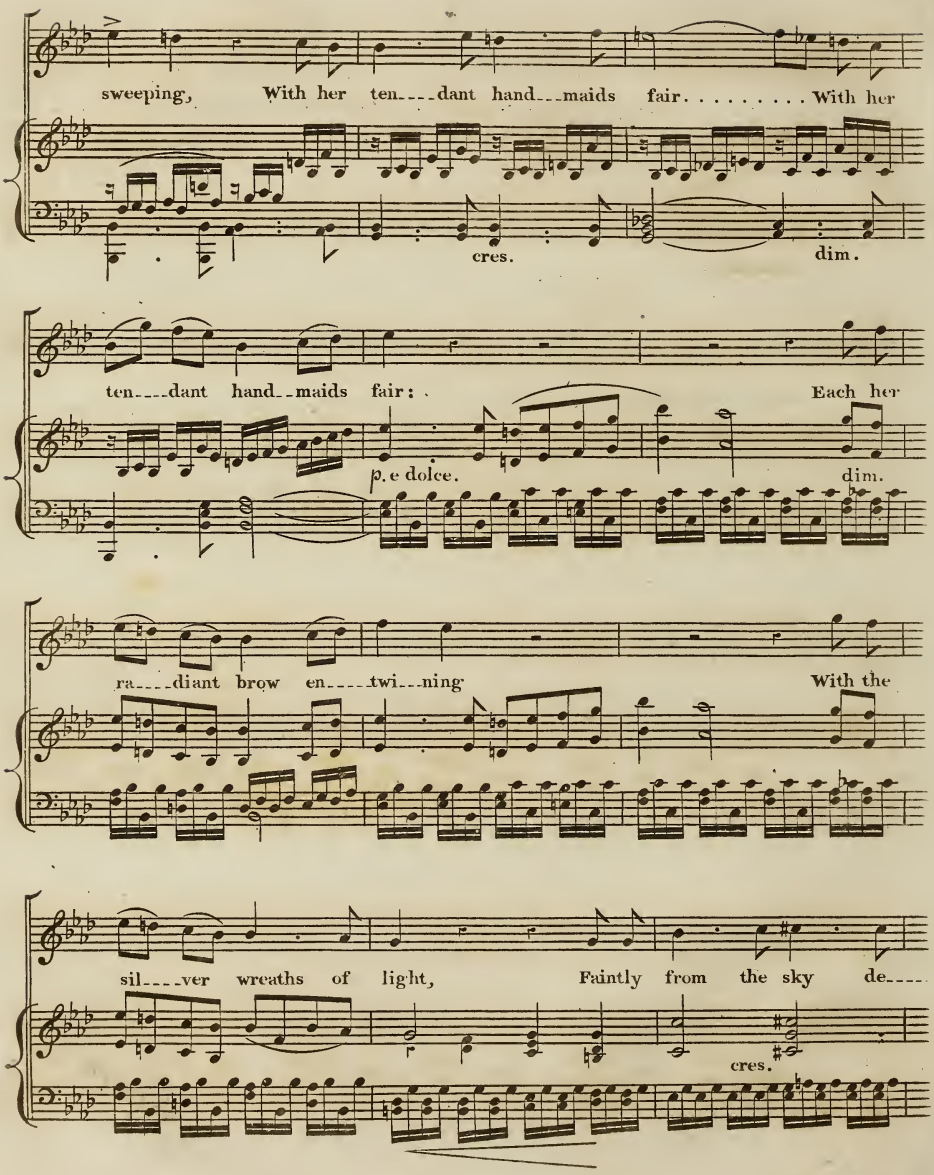
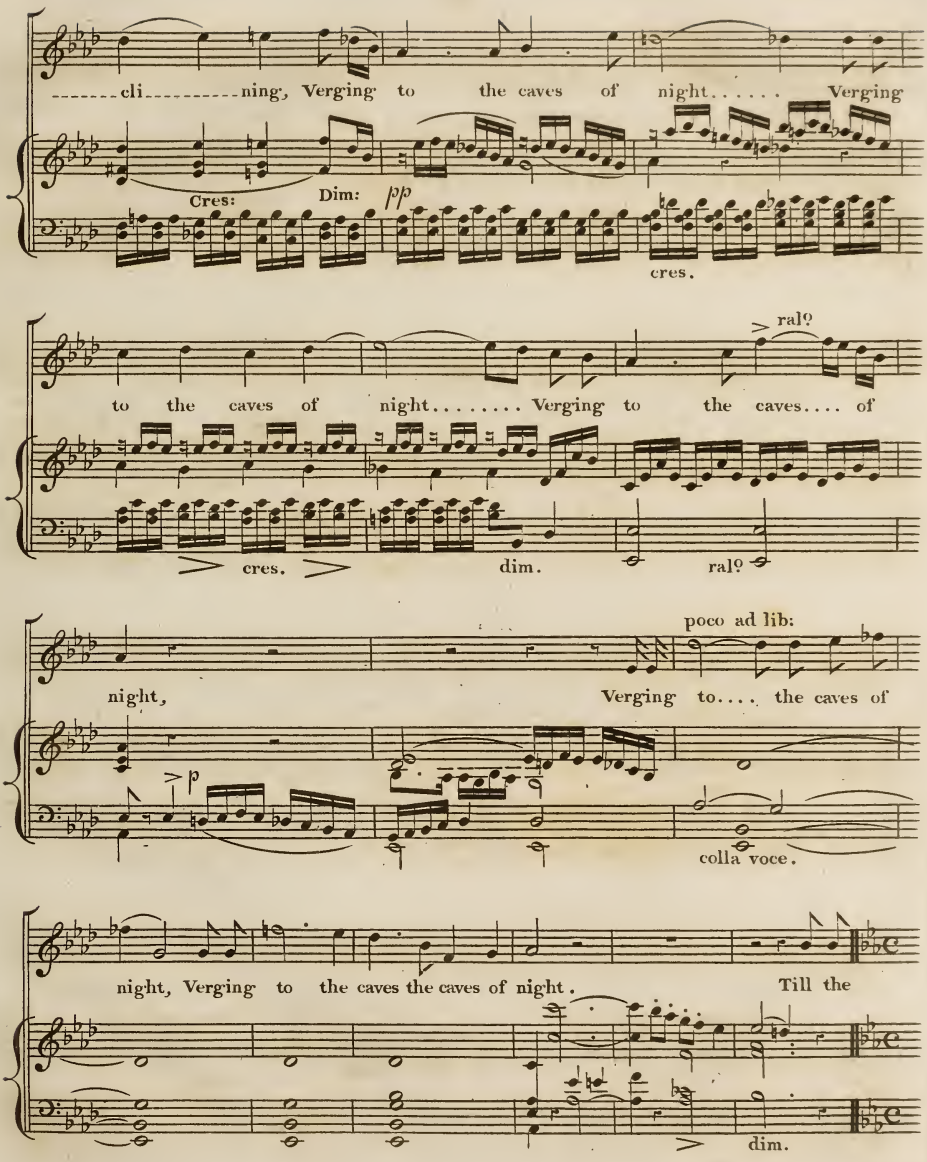
BY R. J. RAYMOND.

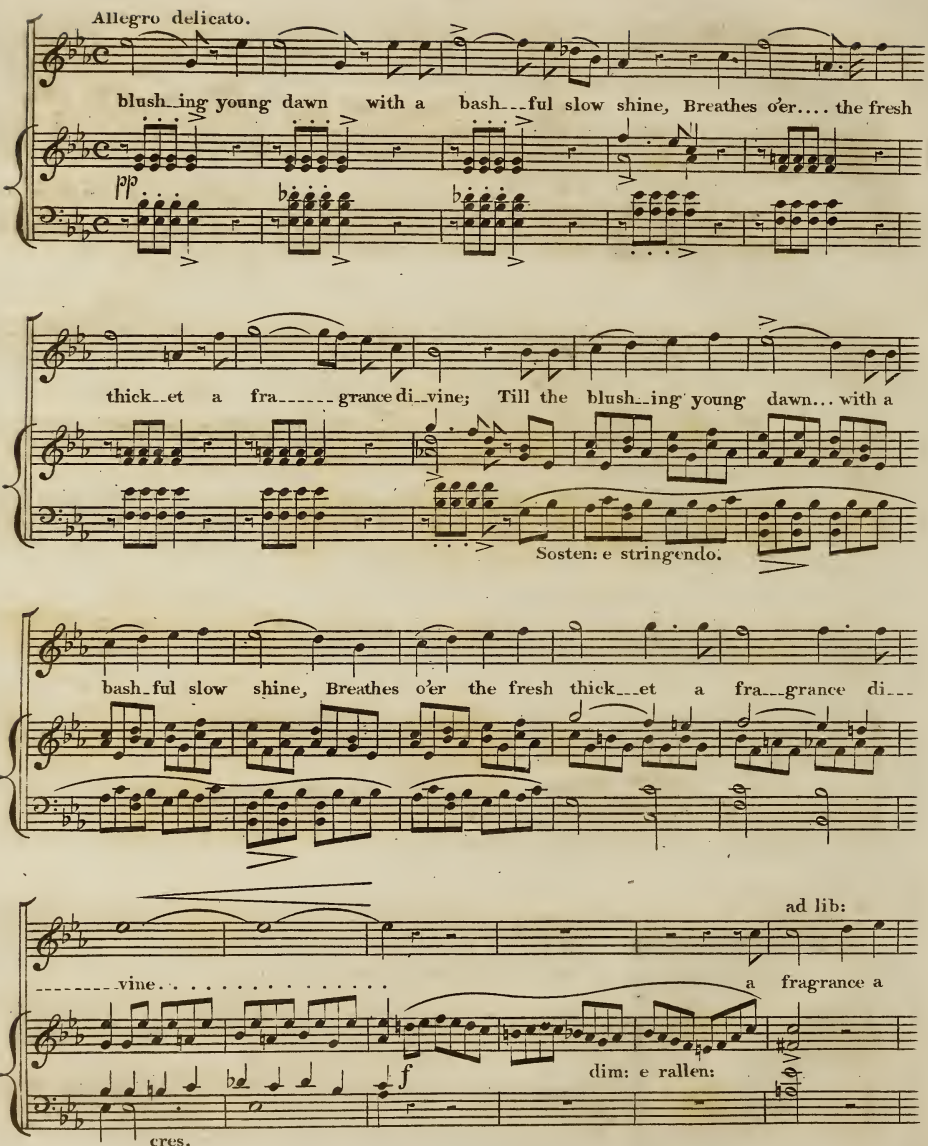
SERENE, the chaste moon mounts her chariot of clouds,
And through seas of pure amber illumes;
While Flora her shivering infants unshrouds,
And closes her precious perfumes:
With a glance of fond rapture, bright Hesper removes
His circle of sapphire away;
While his pale mistress droops o'er the quivering groves,
And threads the deep dell with a ray!

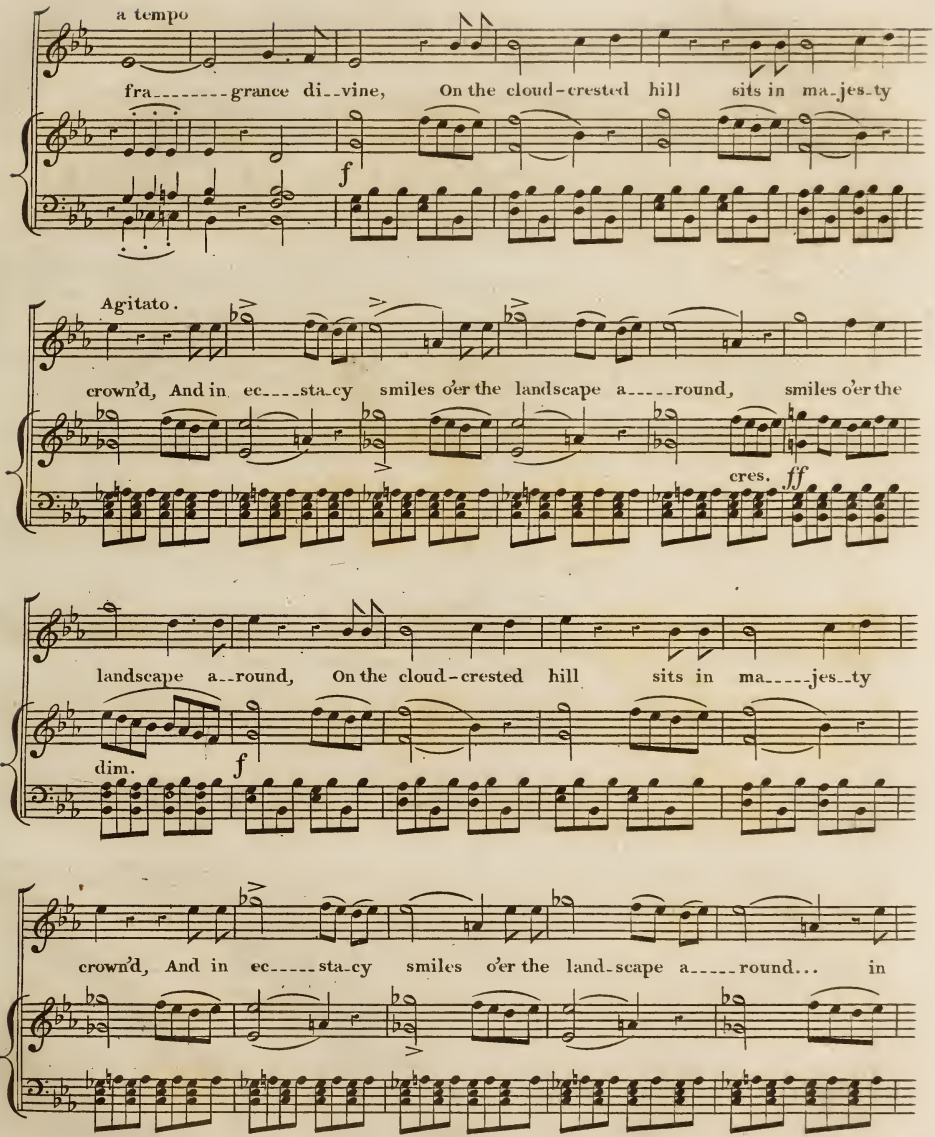
Now to lull'd Endymion creeping,
Down th' unruffled hill of air;
Now in floating robe quick sweeping,
With her 'tendant handmaids fair;
Each her radiant brow entwining
With the silver wreaths of light;
Faintly from the sky declining,
Verging to the cave of Night!—

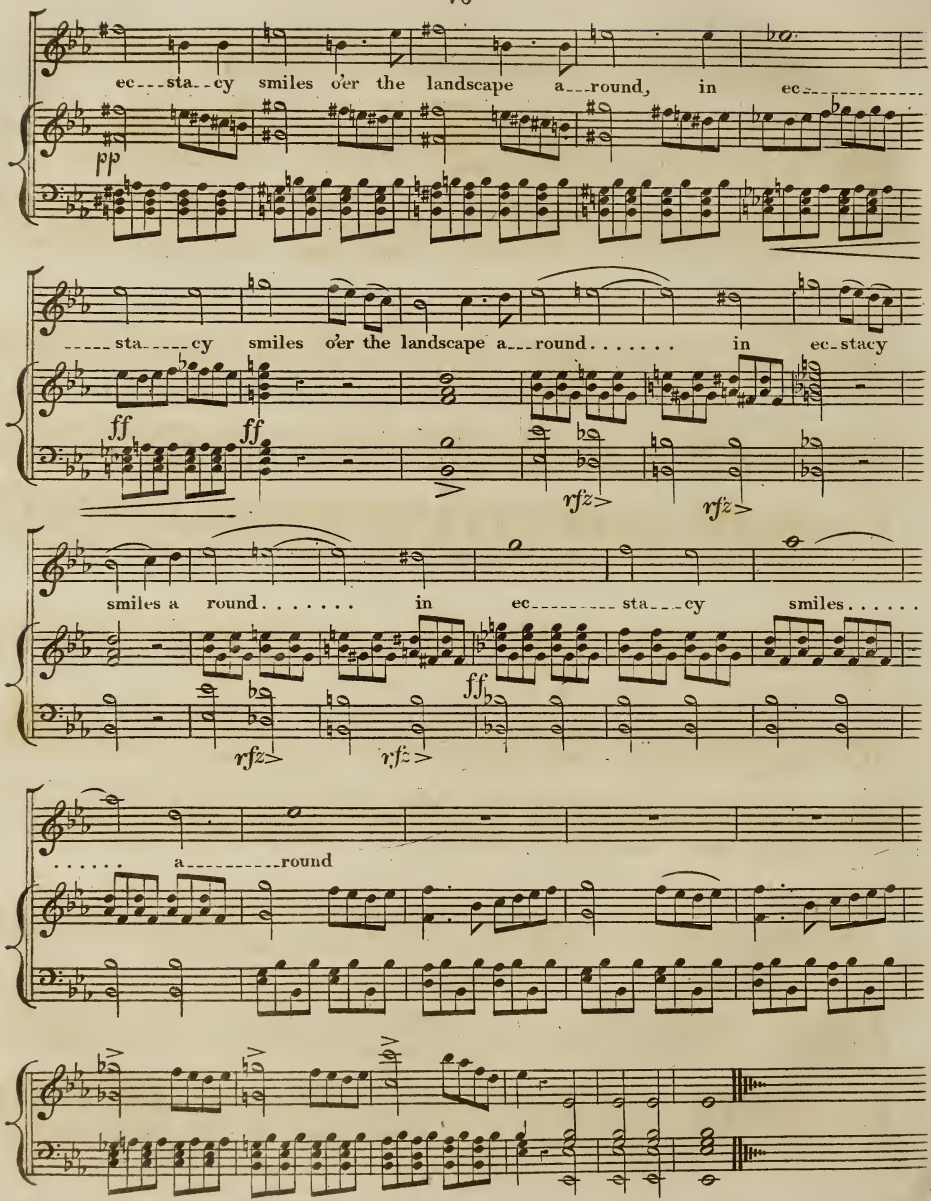
Till the blushing young Dawn, with a bashful slow shine,
Breathes o'er the fresh thicket a fragrance divine;
On the cloud-crested hill sits in majesty crown'd,
And in ecstacy smiles o'er the landscape around!

NIGHT AND DAWN,

Composed by John Barnett.

Allegro.
And thro' seas of pure amber il--lumes,
While Flo-ra her shiv'ring infants un--shrouds, And closes her pre----cious
dim:
Agitato.
perfumes. With a glance of fond rapture, Bright Hes--per re--moves His
ff
Allegro Moderato.
cir--cle of sapphire a----way,
ff
ff

While his pale mistress droops o'er the quiv'ring groves And
Sotto voce
Adagio.
threads the deep dell with a ray.
p
dim.
cres.
dim.
Andante, Sostenuto.
Now to lull'd En---dy-----mion creeping, Down th'un---
-----ruf----fled hill of air; Now in float----ing robe quick
cres.

sweeping, With her ten---dant hand---maids fair. . . . . With her
cres.
dim.
ten---dant hand--maids fair: Each her
p. e dolce.
dim.
ra---diant brow en---twi---ning With the
sil---ver wreaths of light, Faintly from the sky de---
cres.

cli ning, Verging to the caves of night..... Verging
Cres:
Dim:
pp
cres.
ralº
to the caves of night..... Verging to the caves.... of
cres.
dim.
ralº
poco ad lib:
night, Verging to.... the caves of
p
colla voce.
night, Verging to the caves the caves of night. Till the
dim.


Allegro delicato.
blush_ing young dawn with a bash___ful slow shine, Breathes o'er.... the fresh
pp
thick__et a fra_____grance di__vine; Till the blush__ing young dawn... with a
Sosten: e stringendo.
bash_ful slow shine, Breathes o'er the fresh thick___et a fra___grance di___
ad lib:
_____vine. . . . . a fragrance a
f
dim: e rallen:
cres.


a tempo
fra-------grance di--vine, On the cloud-crested hill sits in ma-jes-ty
f
Agitato.
crown'd, And in ec----sta-cy smiles o'er the landscape a-----round, smiles o'er the
cres.
ff
landscape a--round, On the cloud-crested hill sits in ma-----jes--ty
f
dim.
crown'd, And in ec-----sta-cy smiles o'er the land-scape a-----round... in


ec---sta--cy smiles o'er the landscape a---round, in ec-
pp
-----sta-----cy smiles o'er the landscape a---round..... in ec-stacy
ff
ff
rfz>
rfz>
smiles a round..... in ec---------sta---cy smiles.....
ff
rfz>
rfz>
.....a----------round

THE STRANGER'S GOOD NIGHT.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

Good night—I have no jewels
As parting gifts to bring,
But here's a frank and kind farewell,
Thou gay and gifted thing.

In the lonely hour of midnight,
When the face puts off its mask,
When the fevered day is over,
And the heart hath done its task;—

When the spirit weeps the vanities
That stoop the lofty will,
Till every rock of worldliness
Is struck—and yields its rill;—

Then, then, I think of *Thee* friend,
With soft, sad, earnest thought,
As of a child from fairy land,
Into the desert brought.

Forgetting there the visions,
That made of childhood part,
And singing fairy melodies
Without the fairy heart.

As of a rose at noontide,
Waving proudly to the view,
Yet wanting in its crimson depths,
The early drop of dew.

As of a tree in Autumn,
With its green leaves turned to gold,
Yet having on the nursing bough,
A faint, decaying hold.

As of rills that run in summer,
With bright but shallow glee—
Wilt thou blame me, gay and gifted one,
If *thus* I think of thee?

I would my home were lovely,
As some that thou hast sung,
I would there were around it,
Nature's brightest beauty flung.

I would bear thee to its bosom,
Thou should'st walk in woodlands free,
And the dew of early thankfulness,
Should soon come back to thee.

Thou should'st sit beside the firelight,
Among the calm and kind,
And morn should make each mountain top,
A Memnon to thy mind.

Alas! Alas! my dwelling,
Is, like thine, deep in the world,
And my vision, like a banner,
Was but opened to be furled.

Good night! Good night! the revel
Calls thee from me—why delay?
I can give but truth and kindness,
Wreathe thine hair—and go thy way.

Thou art flashing through the pageant,
What should home-born friendship be?
But when the masque is ended,
And thou grievest—come to me.

THE MOTHERLESS.

Drawn on Stone by C. Childs, from an original Drawing by John Wright.

Printed by Engelmann Graf Colindet & Co.

Published by Goulding & D'Almaine, 20, Soho Square

THE MOTHERLESS.

Ah ! say not thou art lonely *now*,
While I am by thy side !
Nor hope that smiles would light thy brow,
Won by a new-made Bride !
Oh stay ! till Time its balm hath pour'd,
And pass'd with healing wing
O'er our wrung hearts—ere to our board
That Stranger thou shalt bring !

Not for myself ! for *I* could bear
A Step-dame's cruel thrall,
I ask thee, Father ! yet to spare
This—bitterest pang of all !
'Tis that I feel, thou'lt soon repent,
A choice in rashness made,
That which thy *Fancy* charms has lent—
Thy *heart* would soon upbraid.

I know thou'lt never bear to see,
Another fill the place,
Which with calm ease and dignity,
Her smile was wont to grace !
Look round—each object speaks of her—
She lingers with us yet;—
And *can* thine heart its love transfer?
Its faith so soon forget?

Here are the birds she used to love,
The flowers she used to tend;
There hangs the web her fingers wove,
Where varied colours blend.
The open book—the vacant chair,
The now forsaken lute,
Tho' voiceless tell thee, "she *was* there"—
Is *Mem'ry only* mute?

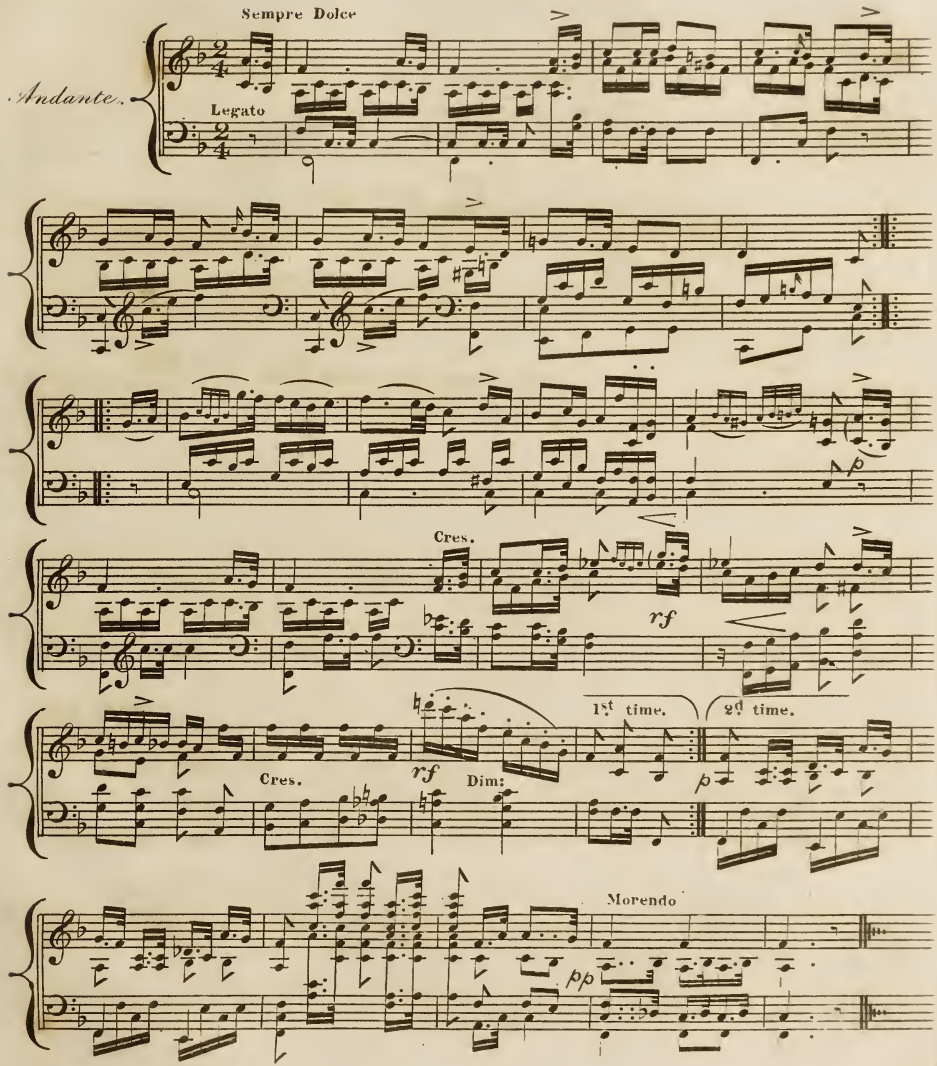
I'LL learn the Songs *she* used to sing,
The Songs that were thy choice,
For thee retune each broken string,
And bid thy heart rejoice.
Or if while Music's accents speak,
A silent tear should stray
Down the pale furrow of thy cheek,
I'll kiss the drop away!

Look on her semblance—'tis the shield
That next my heart I bear:
And ask thy Love if it could yield
ANOTHER'S chains to wear?
Gaze on that meek, upbraiding brow,
Where Heav'n its seal has set—
Then go—and if thou *canst*—allow
Thy bosom to forget.

Thou wilt not, Father! no, I see
The Orphan's prayer is won,
Thou wilt not link our destiny,
With that ungentle One!
No! by the tear that gems thine eye,
This long and dear embrace,
I feel the CHILD will still supply
The MOTHER'S vacant place!

REVERIE MUSICALE.

Composed by F. Kalkbrenner.



CAVATINA,

from

ROSSINI'S OPERA

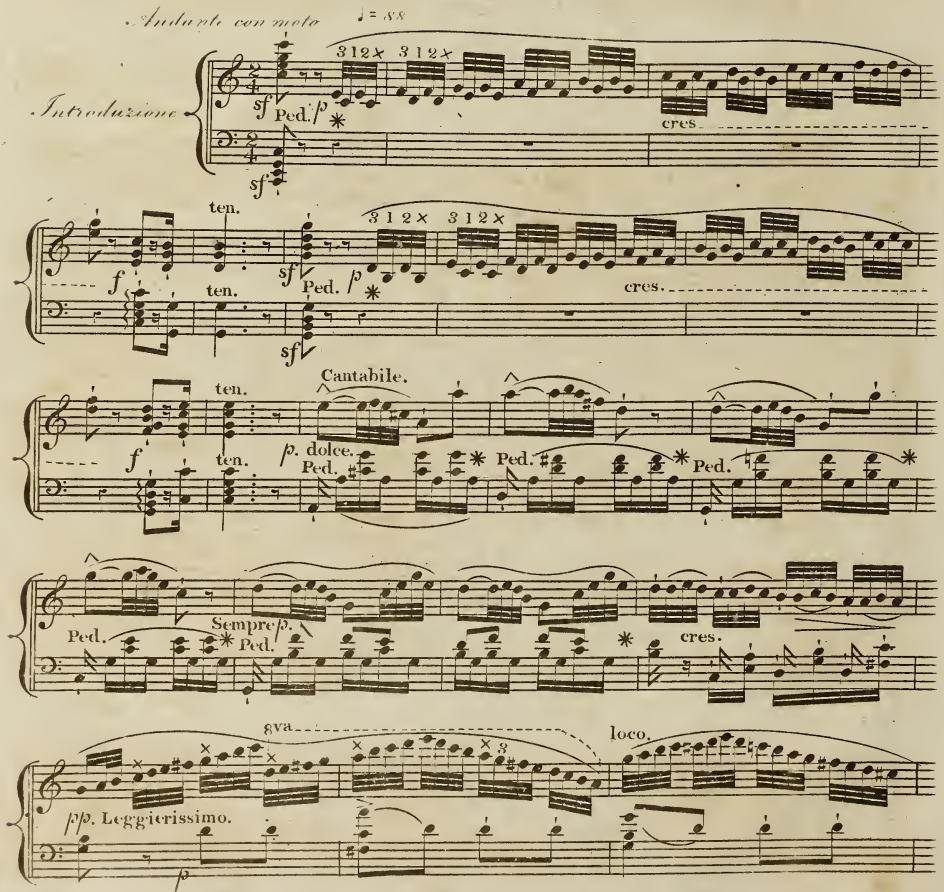
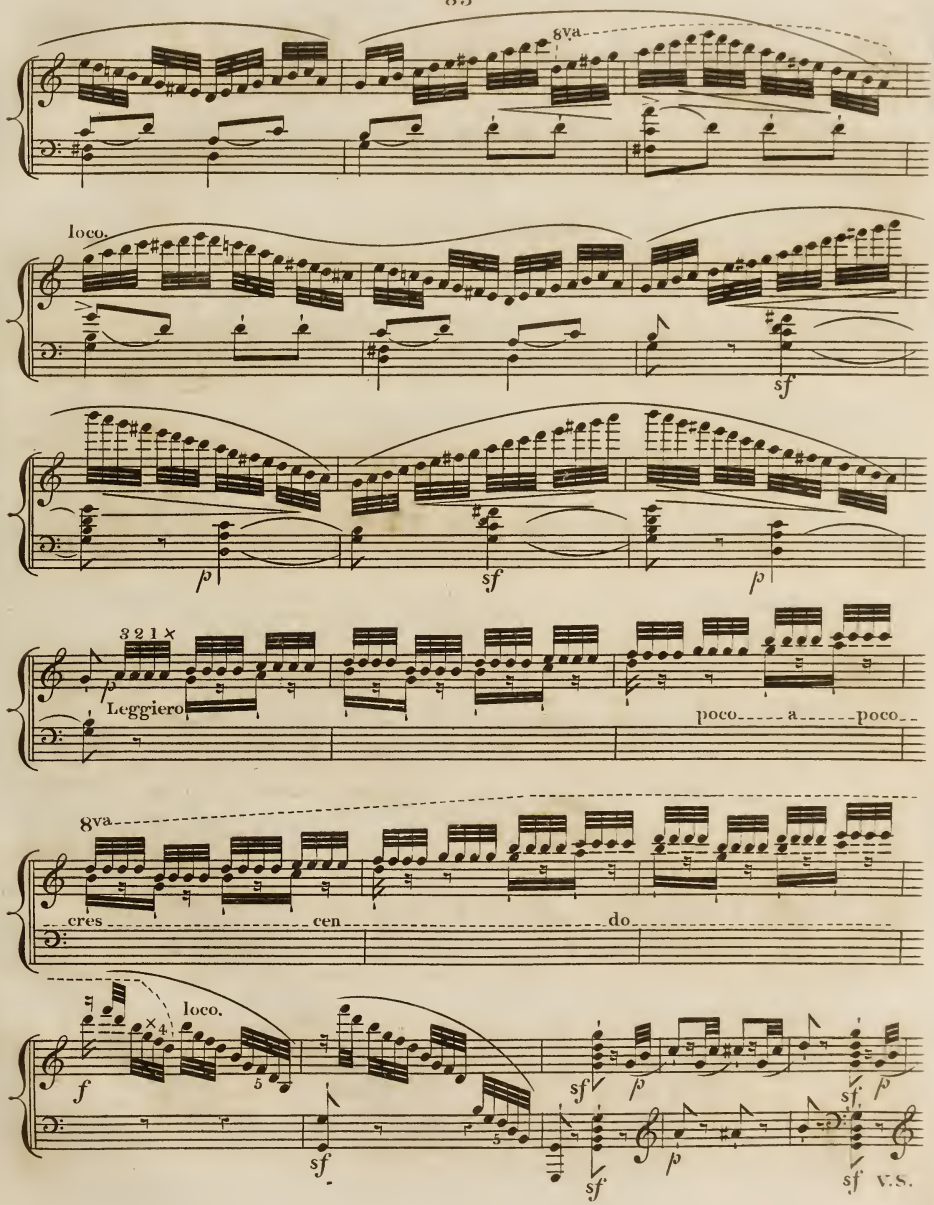
La Cenerentola,

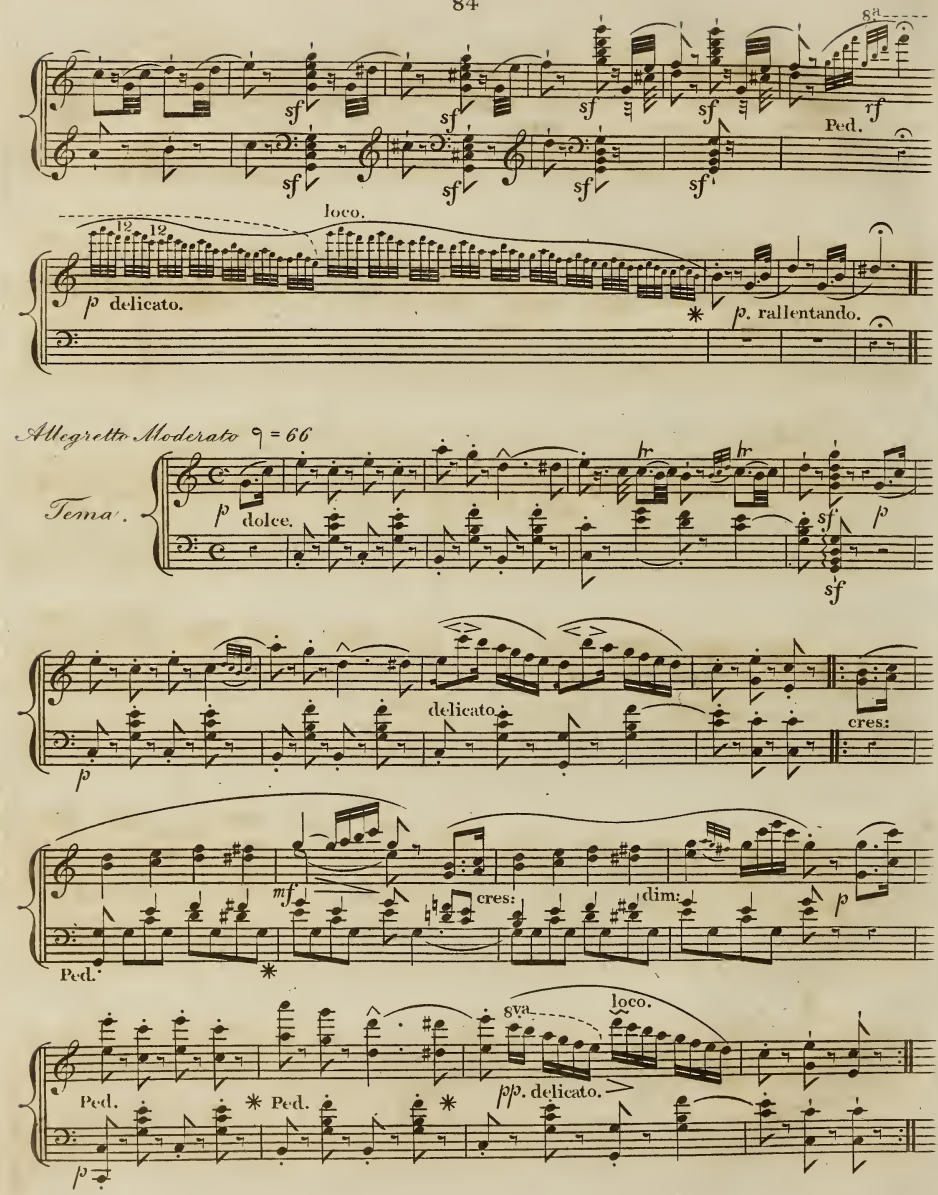
Arranged with Variations

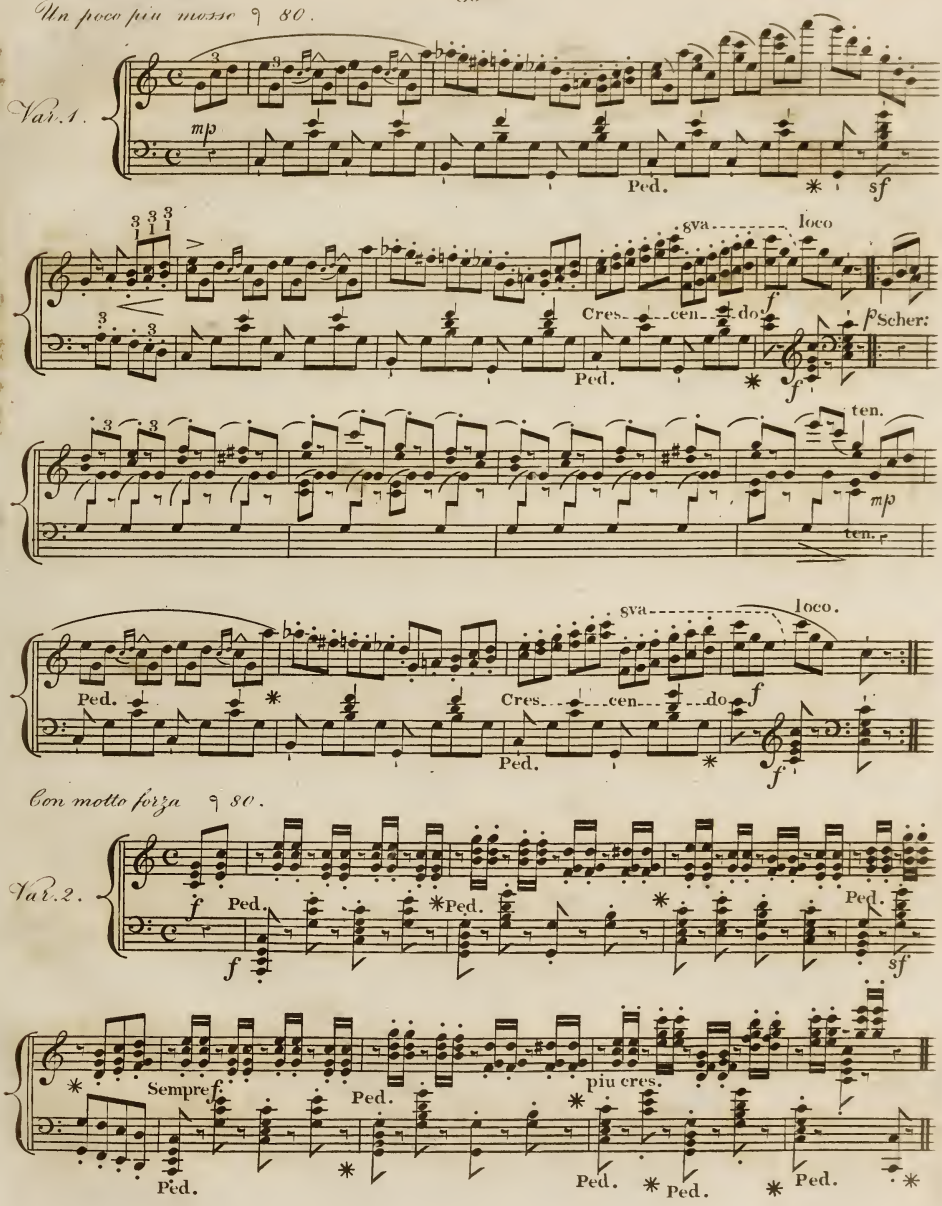
by

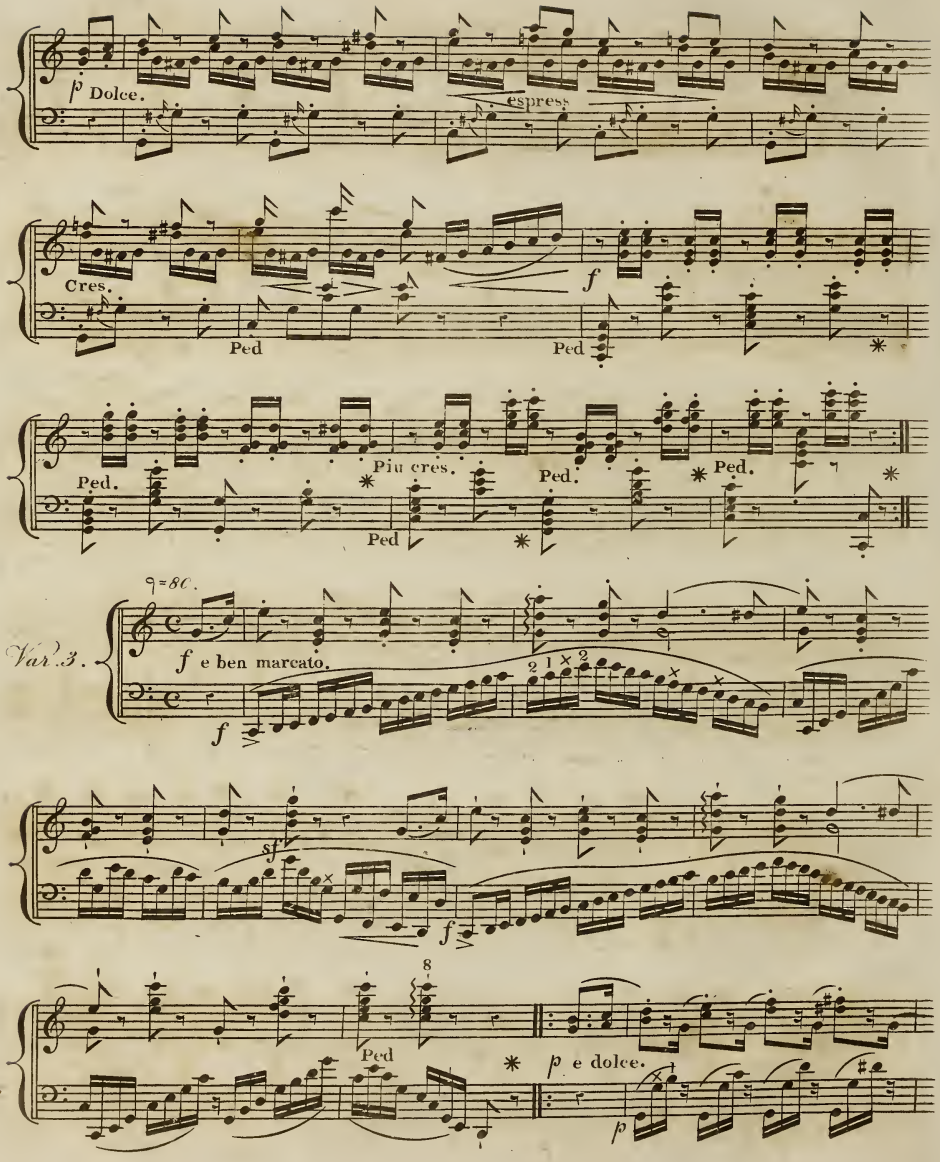
HENRI HERZ.

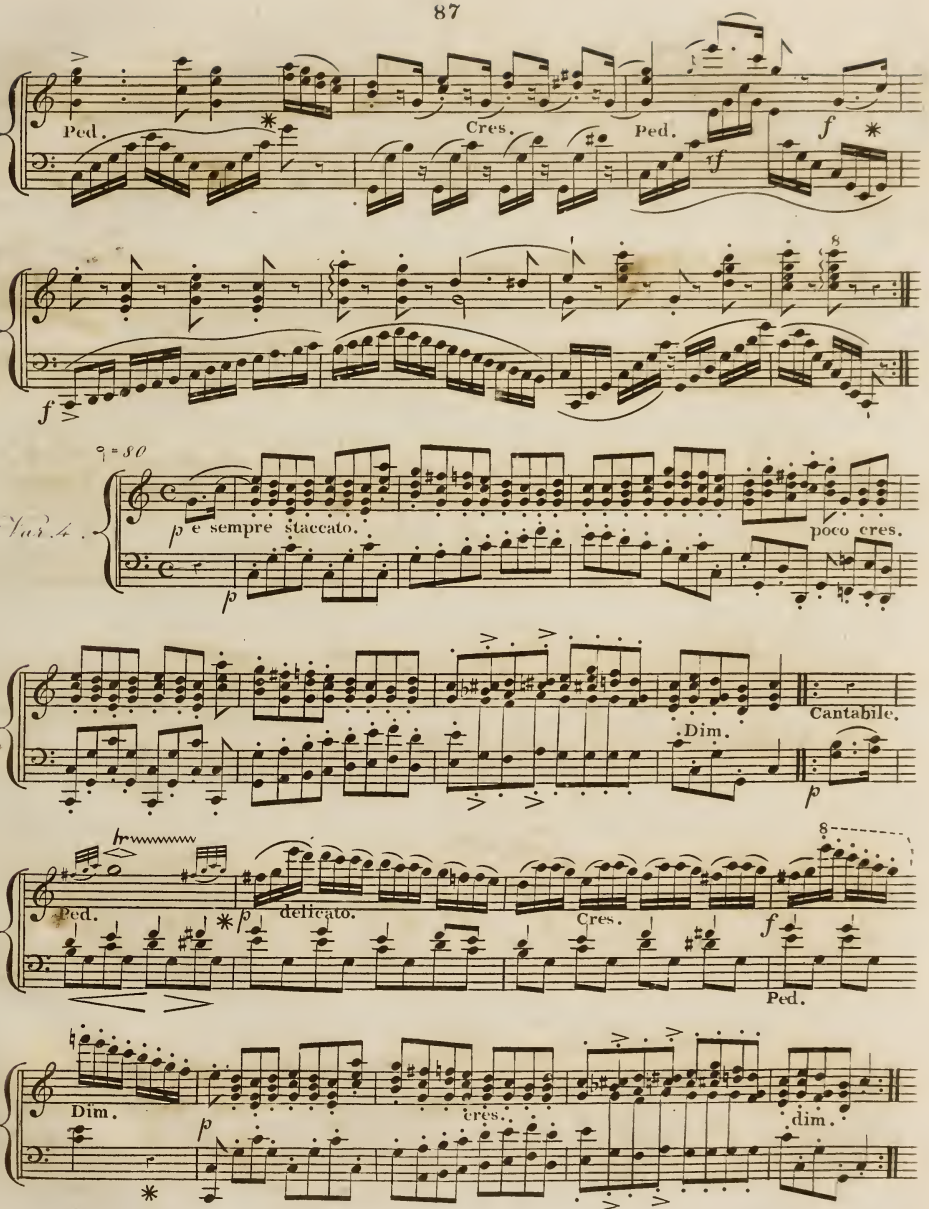
OP. 60.

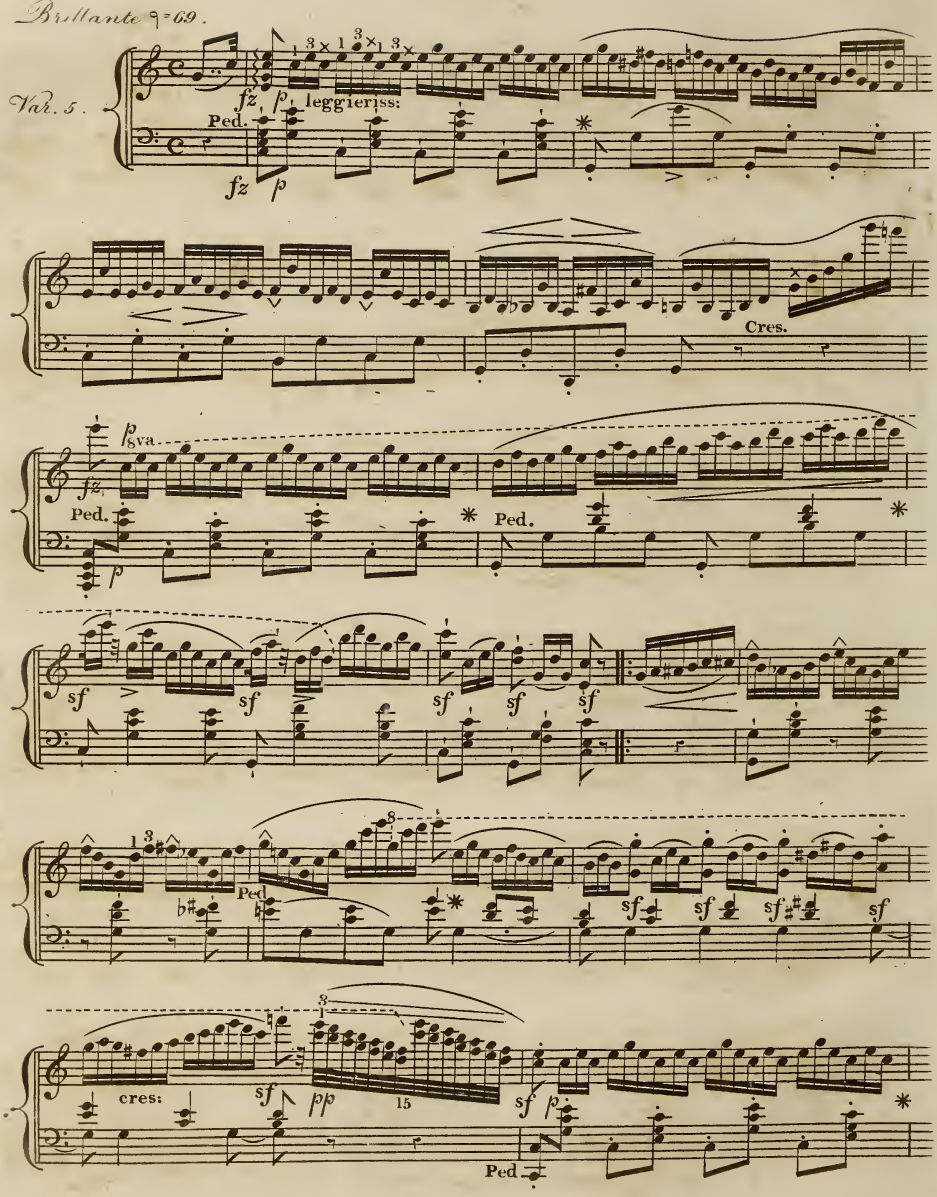


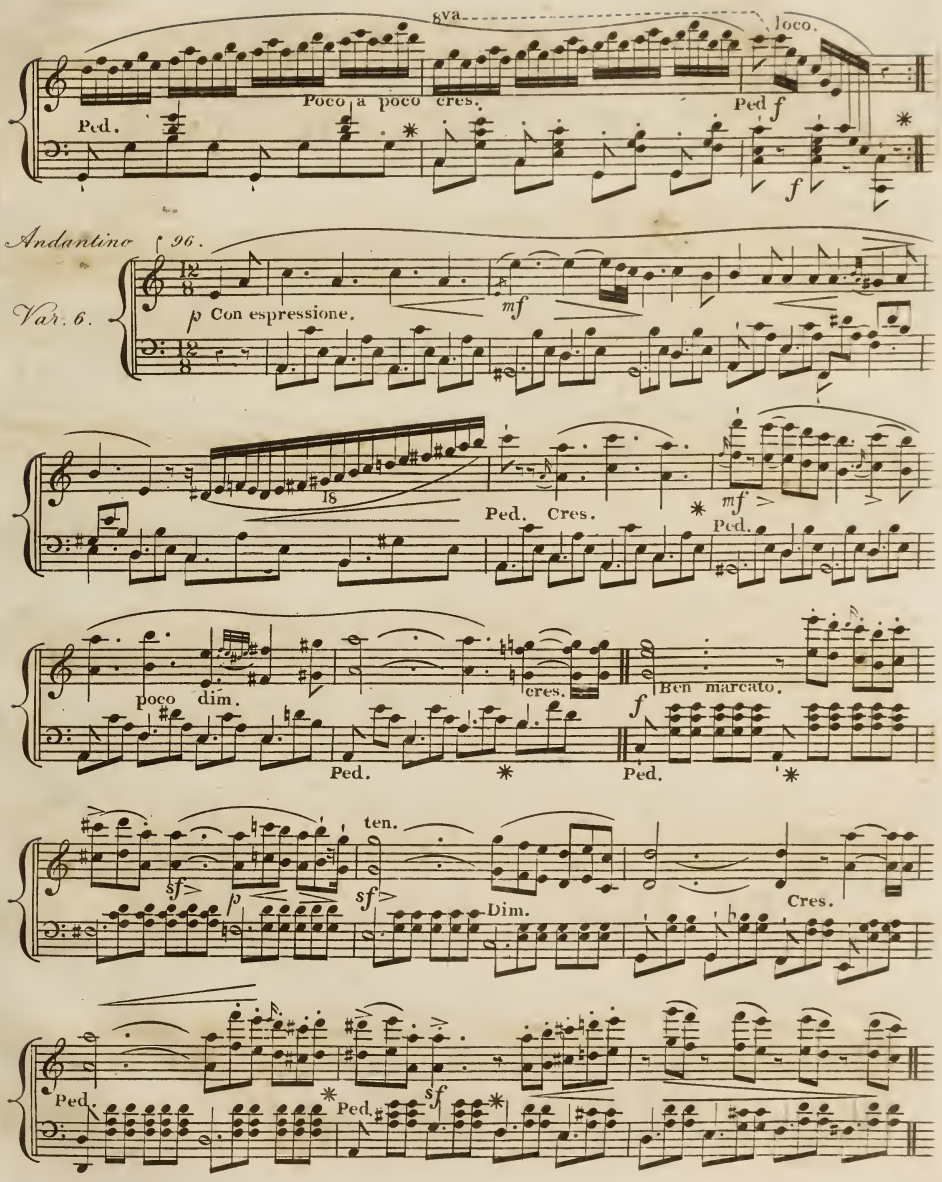
8va
loco.
sf
p
sf
p
3 2 1
p
Leggiero
poco a poco
8va
cres cen do
loco.
f
5
sf
sf
p
sf
p
sf
p
sf
sf
V.S.

8va
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
rf
Ped.
loco.
12
12
p delicato.
p. rallentando.
Allegretto Moderato ♩ = 66
Tema.
p dolce.
hr
hr
sf
p
sf
delicato.
cres:
p
mf
cres:
dim:
p
Ped.
8va
loco.
pp. delicato.
Ped.
Ped.
p

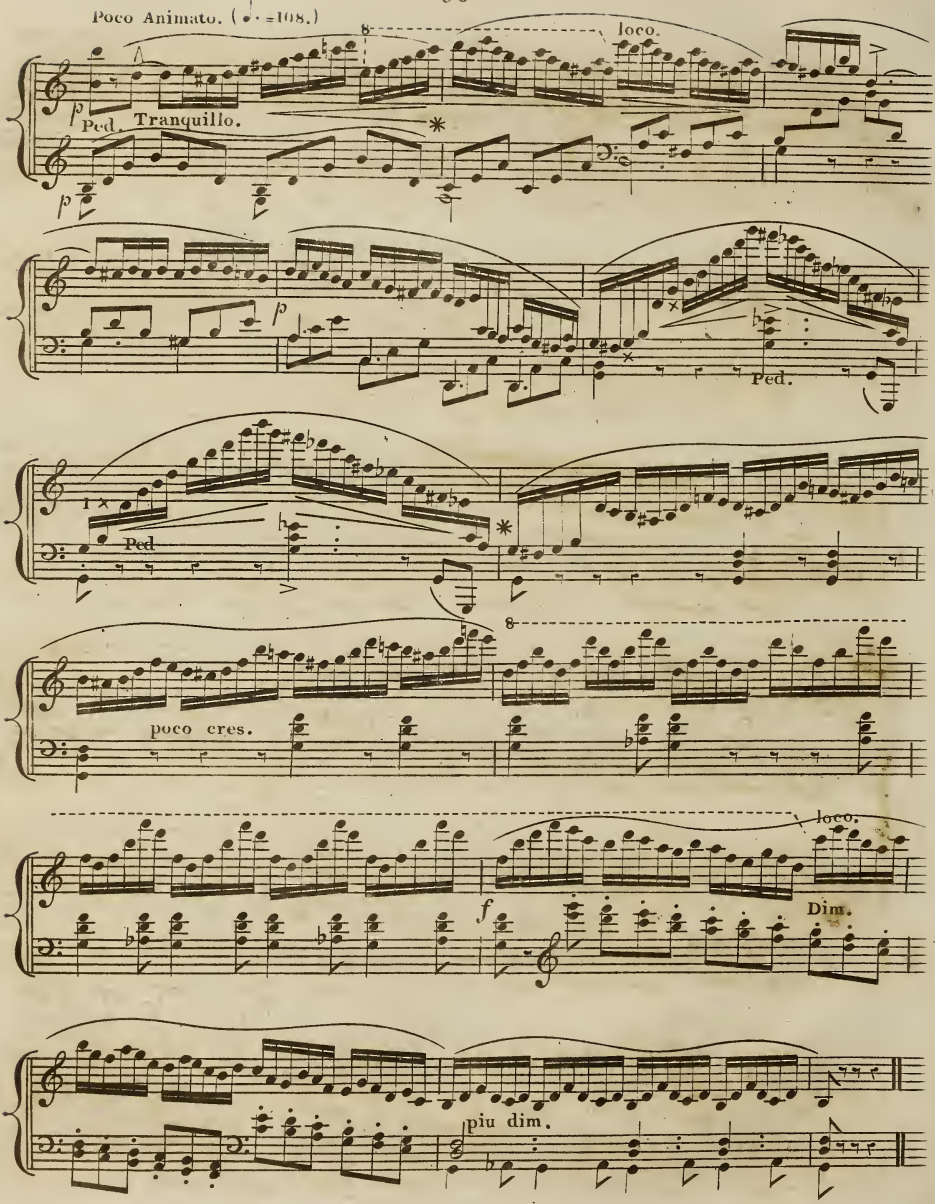

Un poco piu mosso ♩ 80.
Var. 1.
mp
Ped.
sf
gva
loco
Cres. cen. do
f
p Scher:
ten.
mp
Con motto forza ♩ 80.
Var. 2.
Sempre f.
piu cres.

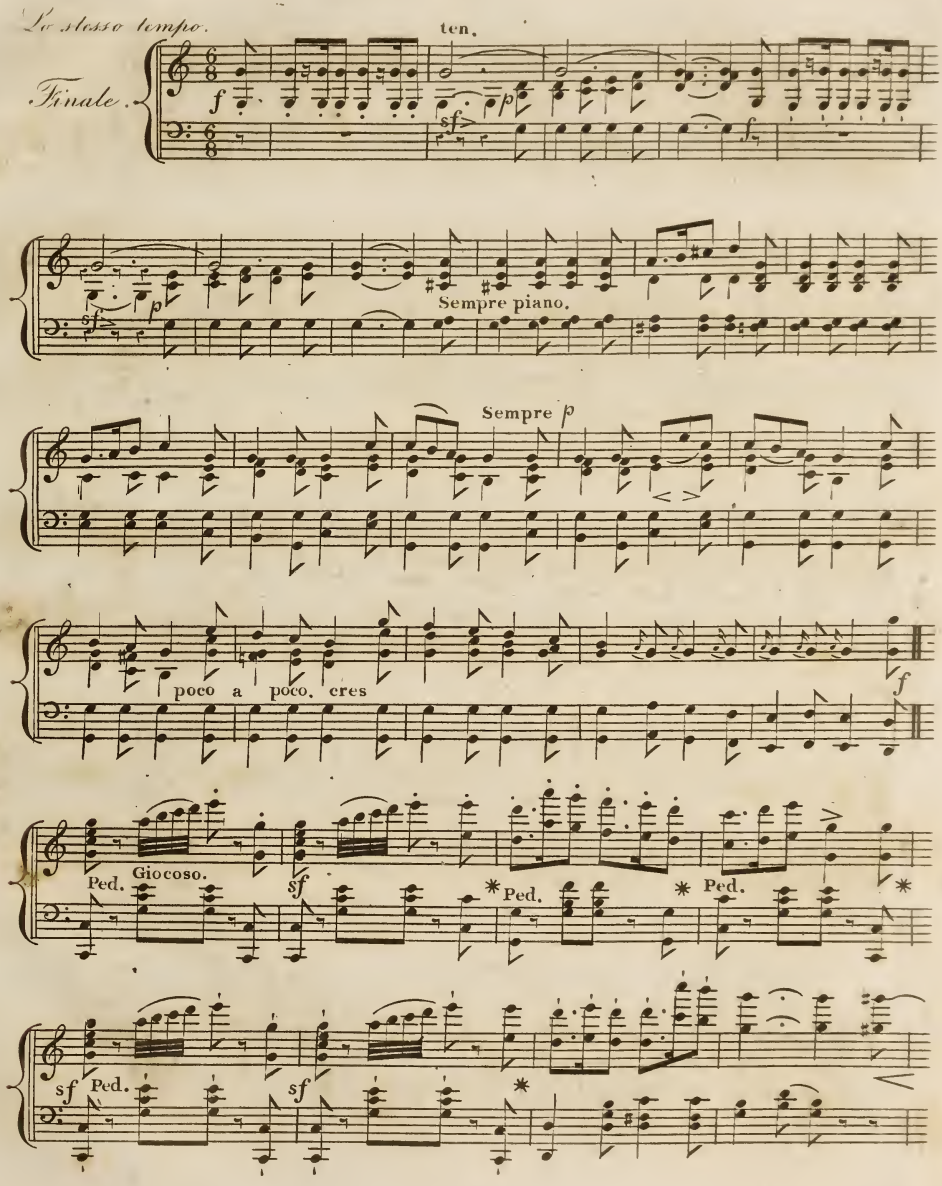

p Dolce.
espress
Cres.
Ped
Ped
f
Ped.
Ped
Più cres.
Ped.
Ped.
Var. 3.
♩=80.
f e ben marcato.
f
sf
f
8
Ped
p e dolce.
p

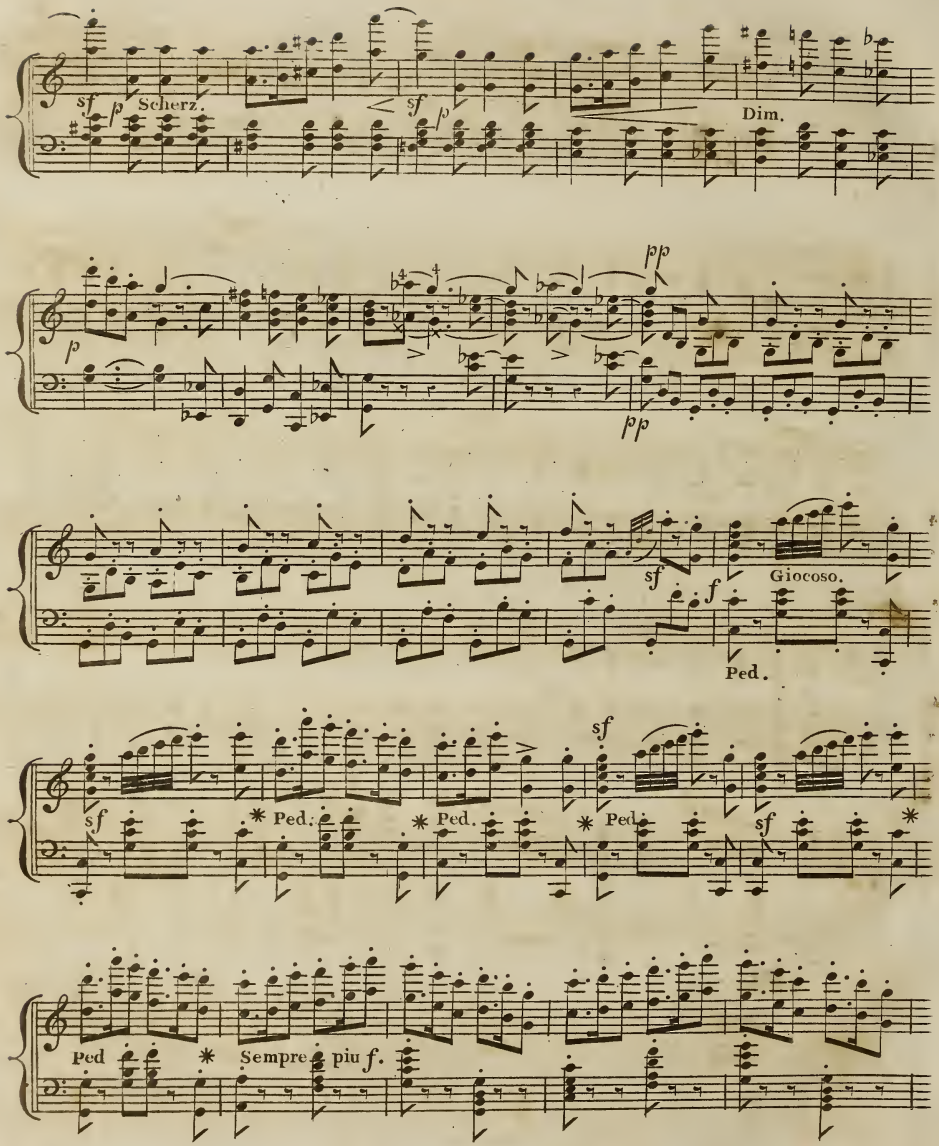

Ped.
Cres.
Ped.
f
f
f
Var. 4.
♩= 80
p e sempre staccato.
p
poco cres.
Dim.
Cantabile.
p
tr
Ped.
p
delicato.
Cres.
f
Ped.
Dim.
p
cres.
dim.

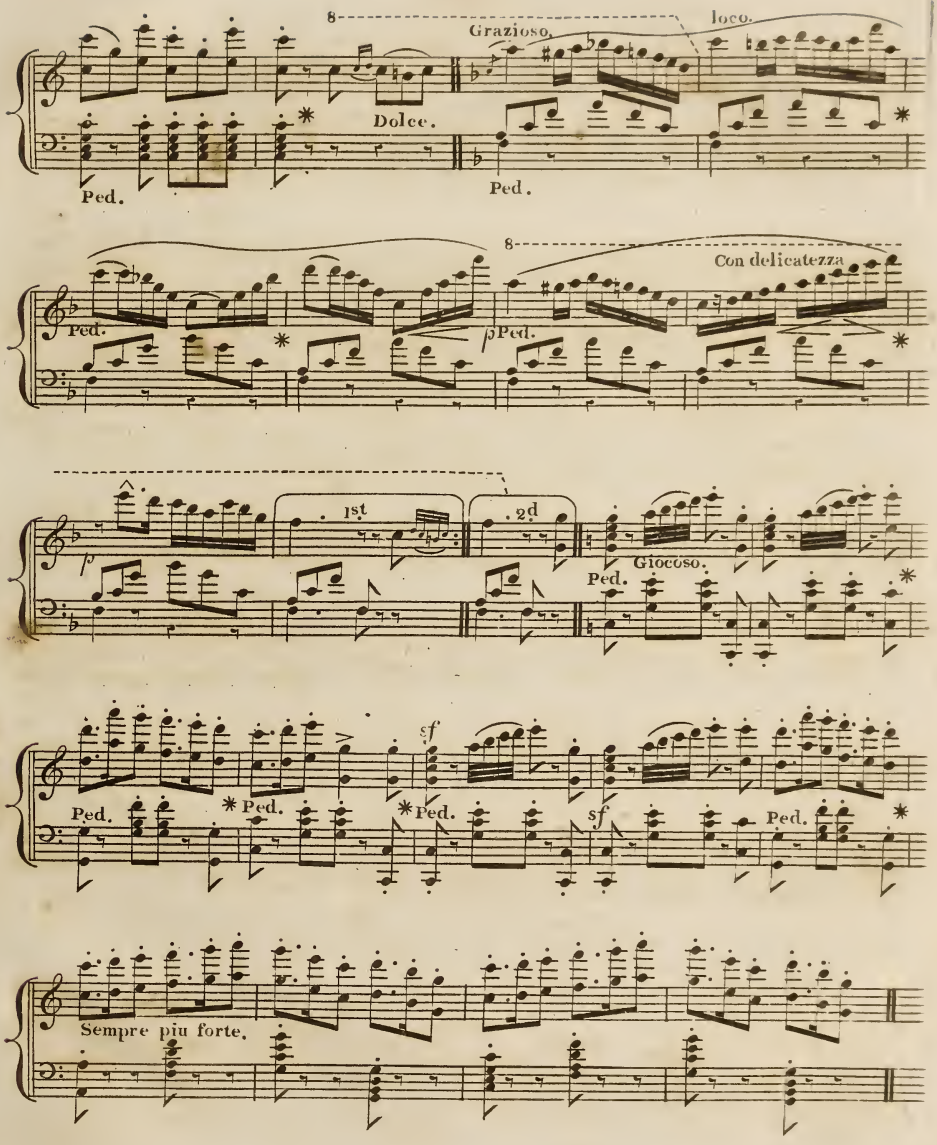

Brillante ♩=69.
Var. 5.
fz
p
leggieriss:
Ped.
Cres.
gva
sf
cres:
pp
15

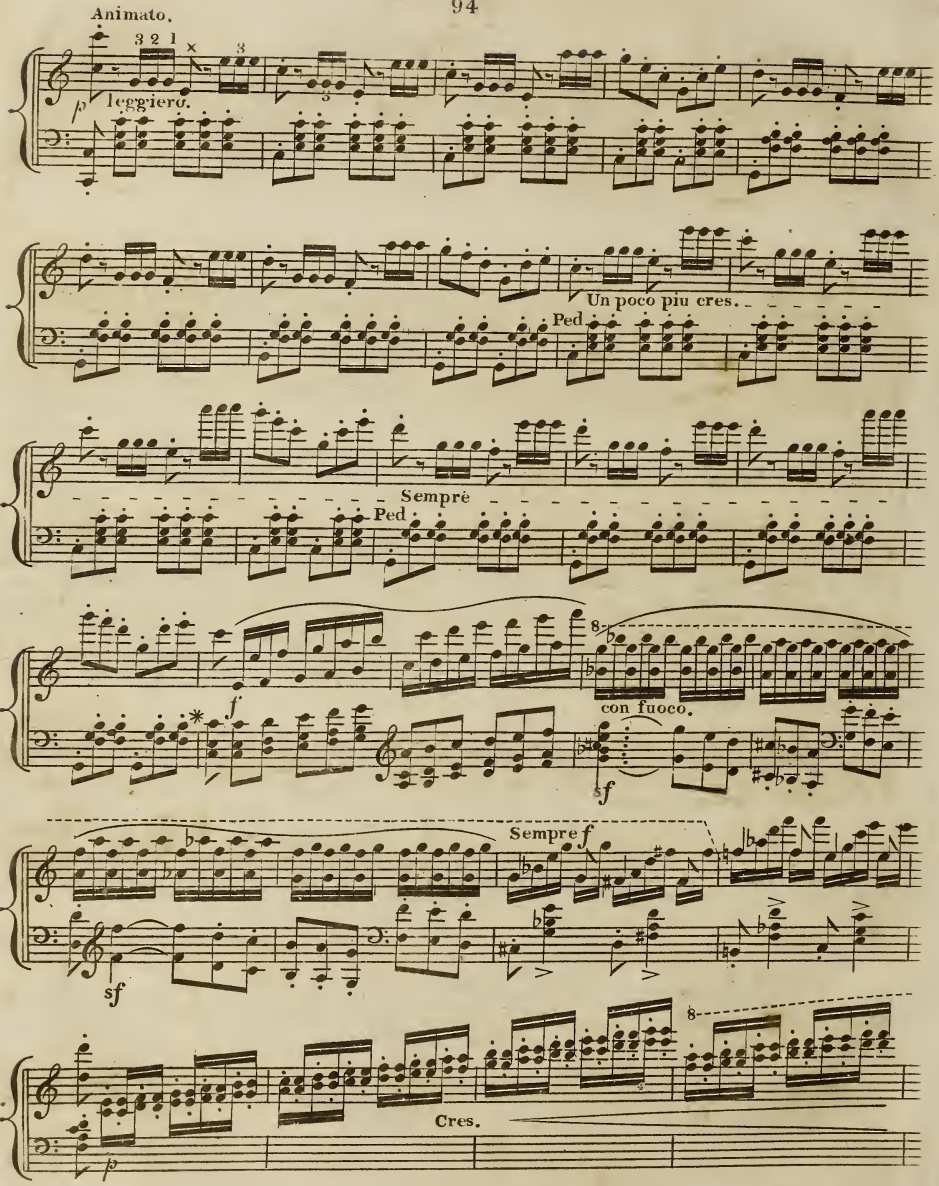

8va
loco.
Poco a poco cres.
Ped.
Ped
f
f
Andantino ♩ 96.
Var. 6.
p Con espressione.
mf
18
Ped. Cres.
mf
Ped.
poco dim.
cres.
Ben marcato.
f
Ped.
Ped.
ten.
sf
p
sf
Dim.
Cres.
Ped.
Ped.
sf

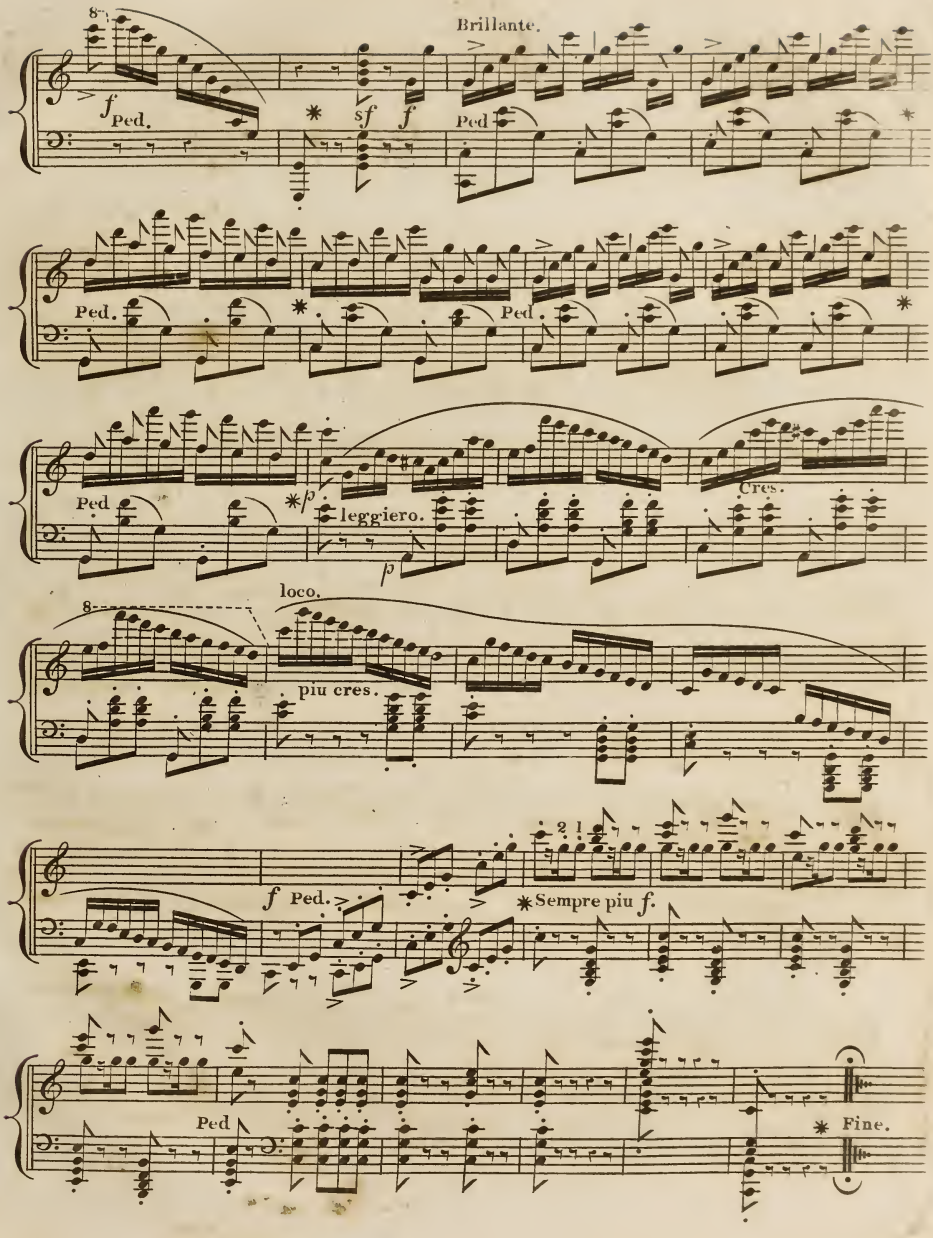

Poco Animato. (♩.=108.)
loco.
Ped. Tranquillo.
Ped.
Ped
poco cres.
loco.
Dim.
piu dim.


Lo stesso tempo.
ten.
Finale.
f
sf
p
sf
p
Sempre piano.
Sempre p
poco a poco. cres
f
Giocoso.
Ped.
sf
Ped.
Ped.
sf
Ped.
sf


sf p Scherz.
sf p
Dim.
p
pp
pp
sf
f Giocoso.
Ped.
sf
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
sf
sf
Ped
Sempre più f.

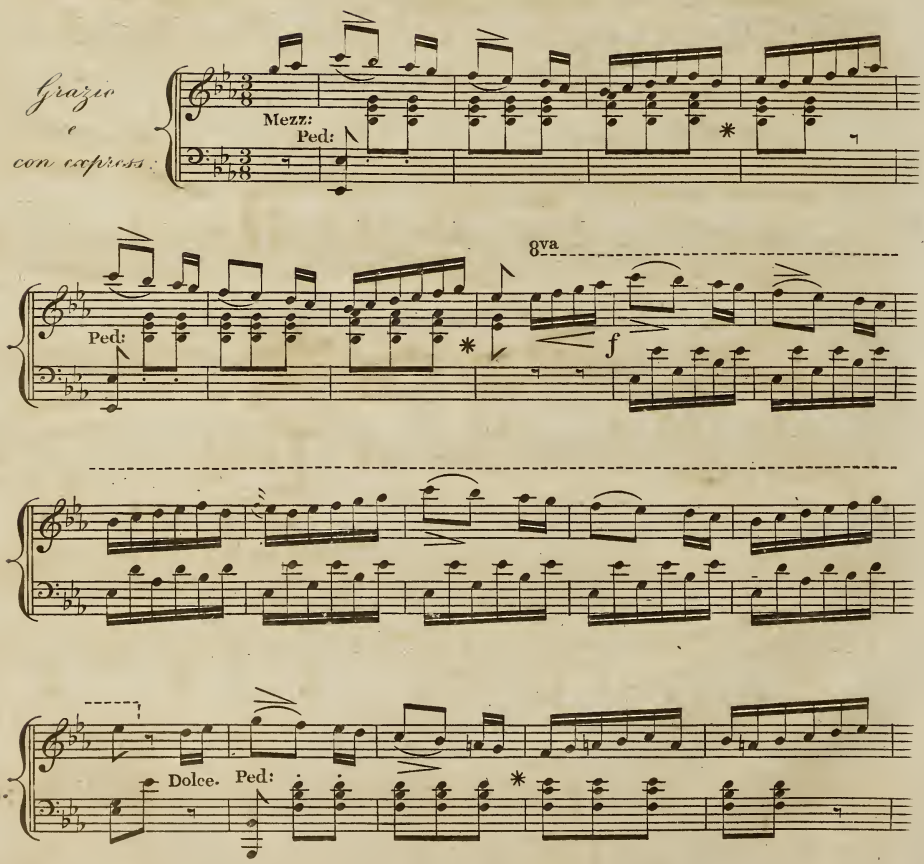

8
Grazioso.
loco.
Dolce.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
8
Con delicatezza
Ped.
Ped.
1st
2d
Giocoso.
Ped.
sf
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
sf
Ped.
Sempre più forte.

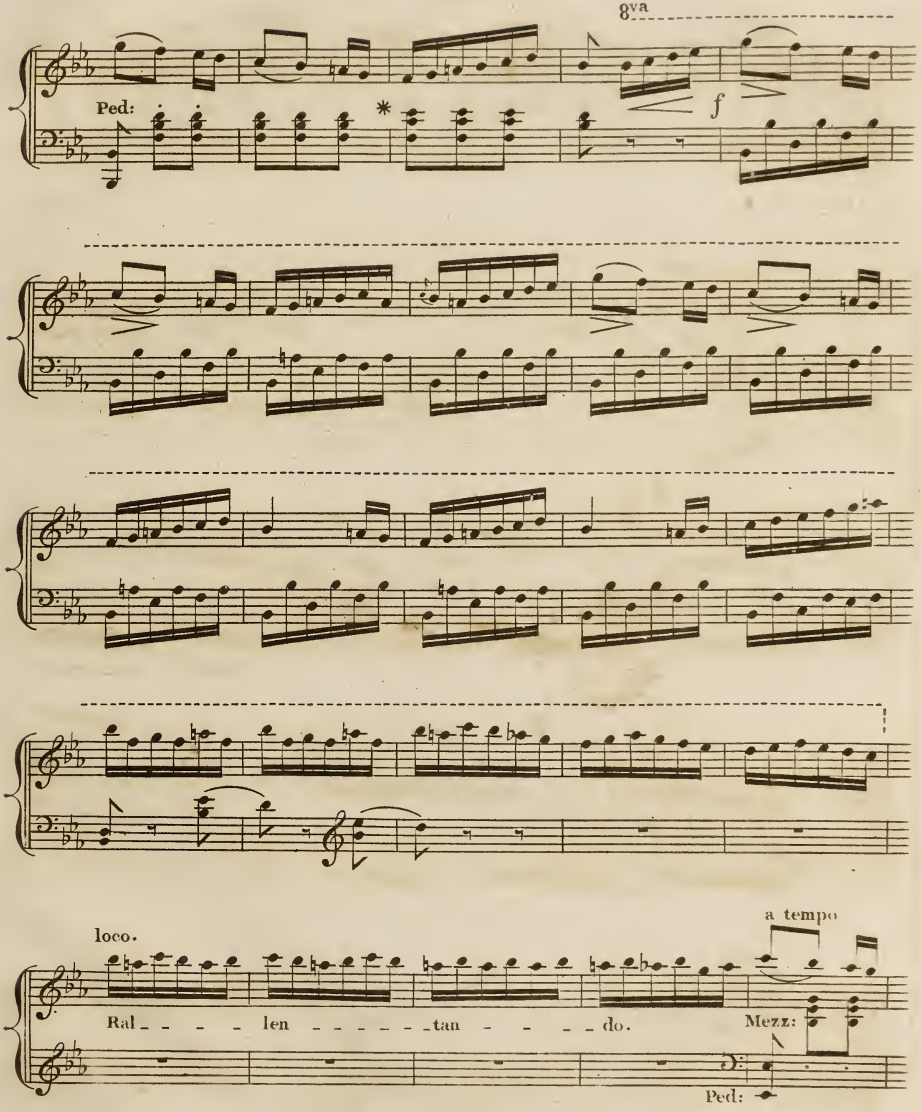
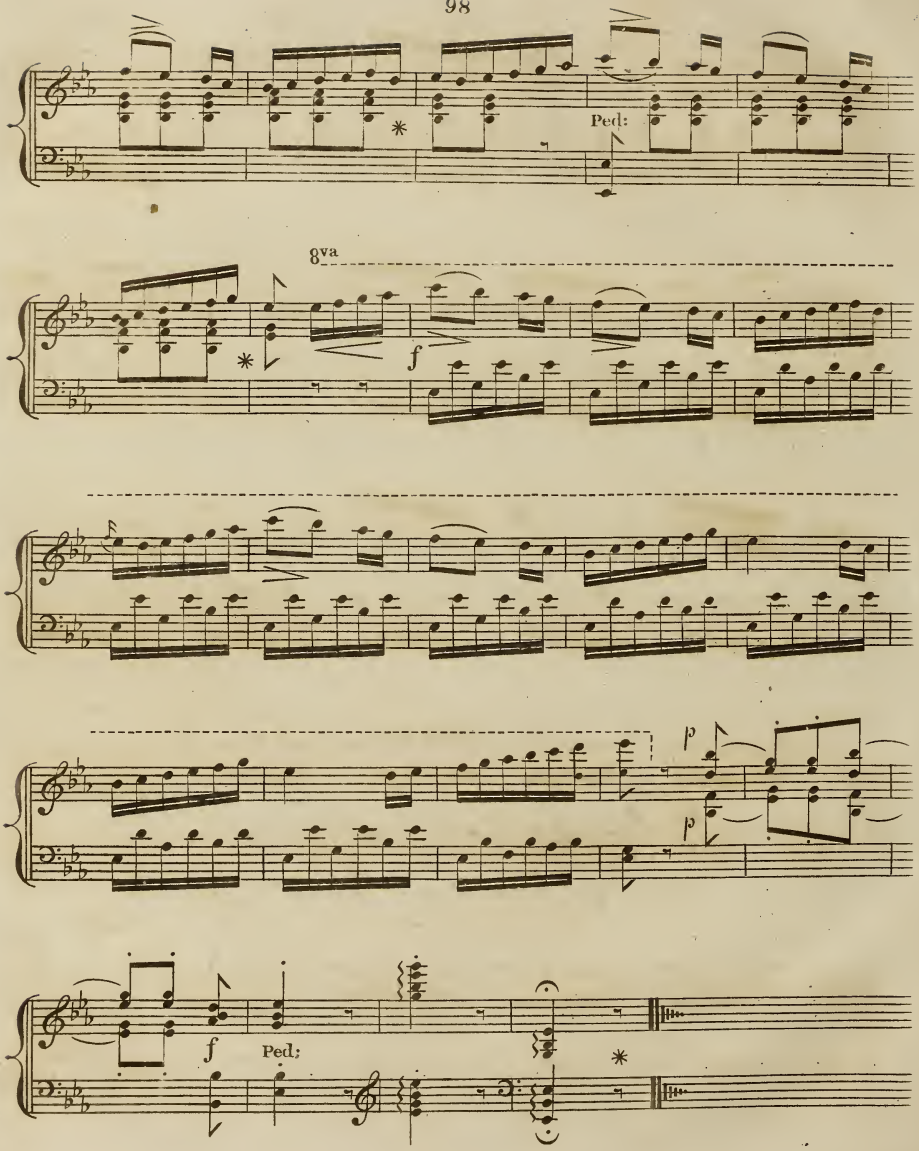

Animato.
3 2 1
3
3
p
leggiero.
Un poco piu cres.
Ped
Sempre
Ped
8
f
con fuoco.
sf
Sempre f
sf
8
Cres.
p


8
Brillante.
f Ped.
sf
f
Ped
Ped.
Ped.
Ped
*p
leggiero.
p
Cres.
8
loco.
piu cres.
f Ped.
*Sempre piu f.
Ped
Fine.

IMPROMPTU.

Composed by T. A. Rawlings.




8va
Ped:
*
f
loco.
a tempo
Ral - - - - len - - - - - - tan - - - - do.
Mezz:
Ped:

Ped:
8va
f
p
p
f
Ped:

THE BIRTH AND PROGRESS OF MUSIC.

BY T. C. N.

Long ages since—when time was young,
Ere sin and sorrow dimm'd its birth,
Music, from heaven, delighted sprung,
To seek a resting-place on earth.

In Eden's vale, 'mid brighter flowers,
And fairer scenes than man can dream,
She pass'd those sunny joyous hours,
We picture from the Poet's theme.

Happy awhile, there dwelt the maid,
Her home a rose-tree by the spring,
Her draught, beneath its cooling shade,
The dew brusht from an Angel's wing.

Her matin song—her vesper lay,
Ascended from that lovely bow'r,
Like incense, which the sun's warm ray,
Drains in rich perfume from each flow'r.

A blight at last fell o'er the world,
I blame not woman's wayward will,
For when with man from Eden hurl'd,
She was his joy—his blessing still.

Music deeply mourn'd the change,
Her note of joy awhile had flown,
'Mid rocks and caves she lov'd to range,
On earth as echo only known.

As time roll'd on, the silent grief,
That first within her bosom burn'd,
Found from her magic art relief,
Her smile and song at last return'd.

Tir'd once with idly straying,
Through the forest and the glade,
Or with sportive zephyrs playing,
The maiden wander'd from the shade.

Genius saw her straying near,
His foot was swift, his spirit brave,
Half won by hope—subdu'd by fear,
She yielded and became his slave.

With him her step from clime to clime,
Past o'er the earth the joy of all,
Spreading around her art sublime,
From humble Cot to stately Hall.

Her voice was heard when Greece was free!
When Persia's banner kiss'd the sun,
Was heard at fam'd Thermopylæ!
And on thy plain, oh, Marathon!

Was heard in Patmo's lofty Tow'r,
Echo'd through Schio's perfum'd grove,
Cursing the tyrant-ruler's pow'r,
Breathing Ionia's songs of love.

Italia too hath heard the strain,
Breath'd on the Adriatic Sea,
Unscath'd by Austria's galling chain,
And wept, fair Venice, wept for thee.

Albion hail'd her Lay at last,
The refuge of the brave and free!
The Song of Greece, each danger past,
Revives and breathes again with thee!

THE WITCH.

A TALE.

BY LORD NUGENT.

"Nowe, as touchinge Wytches, conynge Weomen, and the lyke, I closelye cherdge ye, (the quhilk I doute not indede ye houlde to be y^{r}· dutyes,) to make alle convenient diligence for y^{e}· better exfodiatinge and bringinge to lyghte soche leude and filthie deuilries of darknesse. Bot mete yt is, for the more discretelye declaringe forth, and, as it wer, scentinge out, of the same, that ye sholde knowe they are of eighteene sortes and qualityes. Of the most manifest and ordinarye sorte ye sal be given to understond in quhat followeth hereupon."

Mayster Justiciarye Baldocke. Tractate of Wytches and other Papistryes—1609.

Of the fruitfulness of this enquiry no one can doubt. For my witch I must travel back, it is true, at least forty mortal years of my life. A toilsome road, which, nevertheless, now, at seventy years old, I wish lay before me still in prospect, rather than behind me in memory. But I think her worth the journey, for she was a very witch indeed.

My ancient school-fellow and friend, Mr. H., when a very young man, came into possession of a rather large estate in the North of England, as heir-at-law to an old solitary gentleman, of whose existence he had indeed been aware, but of the degree of whose relationship to himself he had been wholly ignorant. Mr. H. was already rich. Born to the expectation of a large fortune, and having very early inherited the same, he had never felt any incitement to exertion, and he was one of that large class who consider the prerogative of idleness among one of the most valuable gifts to be enjoyed by man. His habits and tastes confined him to London and its neighbourhood. At the time of which I am speaking, idle young gentlemen could not travel with the same luxurious dispatch as now. Roads were bad, improvement still in its infancy, M'Adam in a go-cart, carriages awkward, highwaymen in plenty, and good inns scarce. A journey, therefore, which any fool can now achieve with comfort in a few hours, was then a rather dangerous and toilsome undertaking of some days to the most considerate. Mr. H. would have given away the whole estate in question sooner than contemplate for a moment such a pilgrimage at an inclement season of the year. Nor was it in my power at any season to convince him of the folly he was guilty of in never taking upon himself to look into his own affairs, and the alleged improve-

ments for which he was paying so largely. For his agent in the North was gradually encreasing his demands for repairs and other outgoings on the estate up to the amount of the whole of the rents. Of this agent he knew nothing personally. He had found him in that character on his first accession to the property; hereditary agent. And the former proprietor, an infirm old man, had for years left the place to the mercy of this stewardship. In short, I, who, without priding myself on my knowledge of business, fancied I understood it a little better than my friend, had suspicions that he was wofully plundered, and did all in my power to inspire him with like doubts. His constant answer was, " then, if so, why does the fellow plague me in all his letters to go and visit this out of the way place ?" I own the agent's letters often conveyed a wish, faintly enough expressed, that Mr. H. would visit his property. But this advice was always prefaced by the most uninviting descriptions; and generally given at times when snow was on the ground, or recent rains had swelled the rivers and rendered the roads nearly impassable, and when it required some strong motive to stir any man, especially a lazy man, from his fire-side. I observed that, in summer time, the agent was invariably silent on this topick.

At last an accident effected what my eloquence had always failed of. Disputes had arisen respecting my friend's right to this property on the part of sundry counter-claimants styling themselves heirs-at-law to the deceased. The usual consequence followed. What had lately been so entirely valueless in the eyes of Mr. H. while his title to it was unquestioned, suddenly became matter of infinite interest to him. He shook off his national indolence, and set to work in good earnest to meet the claims of his opponents, with a determination to assert his right and defend it to the last. I now felt it proper to give him advice of an opposite sort to that which I had so often given before; but with as little effect. I reminded him of the annoyance which the very mention of this estate had so long cost him; that it had long been a source of expense to him, and never of profit; and I entreated him to give way, upon even his just claim, if it should appear likely to cost him much of either trouble or money in the proving. No. He was resolved, even to his last shilling, to try the issue. But my apprehensions as to the difficulty of substantiating his title had been groundless. The attacks appeared to have been wantonly begun in a presumption upon Mr. H's. well known indolence of character; and they were easily defeated. Again he was left in undisputed possession of the manor of D.

In the course of this contest, many things occured to arouse in Mr. H's. mind the same suspicions which I had so long felt respecting the integrity of his unknown steward; and the success with which the contest had been crowned had given him not only a taste for the enquiry but a spirit of industry to pursue it; and at length he proposed to me to accompany him on a visit to D. Too happy was I at his tardy inclination towards so reasonable a measure to thwart him by a refusal; and, accordingly, we were soon on our road to the North. He wished not to announce his intention, but to see men and things on his property unprepared for his arrival; to see all with his own eyes, and to judge of all with his own judgement. We travelled therefore, under feigned names. In a few days, we reached the little town of B. which was the nearest resting place to D. manor. For, although there stood a capacious mansion on the estate, it had been described as uninhabitable, and as having been for many years shut up as an unfit and unsafe abode for any human creature.

It was about the middle of October when we started upon this expedition. We reached B. about the noon of the fourth day; fortunately for our enterprize, the agent was absent from the neighbourhood; and, having engaged rooms at the only public-house which the place afforded, instead of sitting down to stare at each other across the small ricketty table on which, in due time, we were to dine, Mr. H. proposed that we should walk to the manor. We enquired our way of some persons in the street. " You will be clever to miss it," was the reply, as our informant pointed towards a flinty road which ran straight across an open flat country, leading, as far as the eye could reach, without tributary branch or impeding circumstance of

any sort, to one object. And this object was the mansion at D., distant about four miles from the town. We walked towards it at a good pace, and, as we neared it, it did not indeed present an inviting aspect.

A story is told of Mr.——of gambling notoriety, that, on his first visit to a most unpicturesque part of the county of Waterford, he was asked by a friend at whose house he was staying what he thought of the country. The country, though verdant, was flat and treeless, and no object was in sight but his friend's white cubick house with two rows of windows, and, at a short distance from it, a neighbour's house of the same shape and dimensions. "I like it of all things," said the old gambler, "it puts one in mind of throwing sixes on the green baize."—— But D. manor was a flat without green, and the house was like sixes cast one on the top of the other. It was a high oblong, with nothing to break the bluff mass of masonry. The chimnies had fallen. The roof, like the face, was without break or excrescence; and of windows, all of one size and shape, four regular rows were to be counted.

Within half a mile of the mansion, the road turned abruptly into another direction, and we then had to walk over marshy ground, till we fell into a narrow, but regularly trodden, sheep walk, which led close under the walls of the house. Nothing could be more dreary. Tree or even shrub there was none; not even a wild crab with its sour golden fruit tempting the wandering schoolboy to visit the spot and sometimes to break its stillness with the gladsome notes of his voice or whistle. A few black leafless thorns, on which the torn spoils of the sheep's fleece here and there fluttered in the wind, stood at intervals among the thistles, to mark the lines of what had once been hedge-rows.

But I was describing the mansion. The windows on the ground-floor, and the door, were bricked up, and, by the marks of time upon this work, it appeared that they had been so closed for many years. Broad lines of broken stones and mortar ran parallel with three sides of the house, shewing that a wall which, from its remains, must have been high and thick, had once nearly surrounded the building. This was confirmed by the evidence of two ponderous gates of worked iron. They still maintained their station opposite to what had probably been the principal entrance, while the wall, which of old had embraced them on either side, now lay so low in its ruins by them that a child of a year old might have crawled over any part of it. The huge bolt had long rusted in the lock, and docks and nettles had bound them with all their tangled might to the threshold, over which they had, time out of mind, been closed.

On the only side of the building which had formerly lain open was the deep bed of a large square pond. It was now entirely dry. Here, it appeared, the shepherds folded their flocks. At a short distance from this, and further from the mansion, was a broad dusty ditch, which once had served as an outside moat to this well-guarded place. Our crossing this ditch had already excited the wonder, perhaps displeasure, of the few inhabitants of some miserable hovels which clustered on the outside bank of it; these hovels belonged to the peasants who looked after the flocks; but seemed as little fit to shelter human beings as the poor creatures who issued from them seemed fit to represent humanity. Our arrival had occasioned a stir amongst them which was expressed by looks and gestures the more particular meaning of which it was hard to comprehend. I never before saw a convention of such squalid sickly looking beings. The scene on which we had before been gazing was so despiriting that we should have gladly turned to one of life and motion. But here life and motion, if they did form a contrast with stillness and solitude, formed but a melancholy one indeed. Poverty, want, the most abject, was stamped in traces too severely true upon their wasted careful visages. They were mostly women and children. Women? Alas for woman-kind that it ever can by penury and degradation be brought to look so! And the children—even they presented a melancholy picture. One looked in vain for the playful smile, and ruddy cheek of infancy, the rounded yet vigorous form, beautiful even in the bareness of its rags. All was blighted by the desolating genius of the ruined place.

We joined this wretched crew. We could collect but little of the subject of their half ideas expressed in their confused provincial jargon; but were given to understand that their men were at a distance, with the sheep, which at sunset they would bring home to fold in the place I have described. An old grey-headed shepherd, who sat on a stone at the door of one of the huts, and who, by gestures of the more seeming cordiality, motioned us towards him, appeared to be the most reasonable and social of the group. He was bent double by age and infirmities. He bowed his head as we approached, and would have even risen to receive us. But we spared him so tedious and painful an exertion. He concluded us to have lost our way; for who but strayed strangers could be expected to visit such an abode? And he offered to send a child to guide us into the high road. But, when he understood that we desired a few particulars respecting the place, he was equally ready to satisfy our curosity,—and, asking Mr. H. to seat himself on another large stone placed on the opposite side of the door of the hovel to that where he himself was established, he began his history in the simple but strong language of truth and feeling. Supported by the evidence of the surrounding scene it formed one of the most striking pieces of natural eloquence I ever listened to.

I must give a mere abstract; for it was long. Far from suspecting who it was to whom his tale was addressed, the old man first spoke of the proprietor of the manor himself. Mr. H. made signs to me to be silent, and then, his face buried in his hands, sat to hear himself described as the cause of all the unhappiness and all the desolation he witnessed; as a hard landlord, and a bad man; as one who, insensible to all the woe he had created, and at a distance from it, was fattening on wealth extorted from the ill paid labour of those whose poverty fixed them to a spot where all those comforts were denied them which man has a right to claim from that fellow-man whom Providence has entrusted with the sacred duty of providing for his wants; as one, lastly, who had instructed his agent to harass and oppress beings who had in his estate an interest far older, more natural, and closer, than his own, and as one who caused the remonstrances and petitions of those who had none to help them to be punished as the outbreakings of insolence and mutiny. And the old man raised his withered hands, and almost sightless eyes, to Heaven, as he called upon that Power which is present to listen to the poorest, and dreadful to judge the proudest, to lay its chastening hand on the selfish and cruel oppressor.

The prayer was already granted. My poor friend writhed in anguish. He felt, he magnified, the guilt of having so long delayed acting for himself where he had the privilege and the duty of conferring happiness, and where he had recklessly inflicted so much suffering; and he recollected, with shame and remorse he recollected, that his presence even then had been the effect but of accident and caprice.

To relieve him, and to give another turn to the old shepherd's eloquence, I asked concerning the mansion. He said it had long been uninhabited and shut up. That he had never known it otherwise than as it now appeared; and that he was the oldest inhabitant of those hovels, now living,—save one. That he had heard strange things of the mansion. That it must have known far different and better times; "when those gates," said he, pointing to them, "were gilded with gold, and never opened, as I've heard, to less than coaches and six. That was long, long, before my day. When I was a lad, and when many, now gone, were lads too, there we used to stand, as the boys do now o' days, on the brink of that ditch, hurling stones at the old gates. But never cared we to go any nigher. It *is* said, gentlemen, that the place is an awkward one to meddle with, and, perhaps, the less that's said about it the better."

"What," said I, for I always had a dear fancy for a ghost, "is it haunted?"

"God forgive us our idle talk," replied the old shepherd. "I had rather not say that, Sir. But this I will be bold to say—all is not as should be about that window." "What window?" cried I and my friend at the same moment; and, with suitable action, we turned from the old man to look. But there were many windows. All,

as I have before said alike in size and shape. And we turned again to the narrator. Pleased, as a man who, in whatever circumstances, believes that he has found, not one only, but two, attentive listeners to his oldest, his longest, and his favourite, story, he replied, with an expression that brightened even his sunken countenance, "What?—Have you never heard of the window?"—"Never," we both answered. "Nor of the Witch?" said he, with increasing energy.—"Never."

The old shepherd chuckled with pleasure. He then set himself to recollect the story he had thus engaged for. But, as his mind journeyed back through years of hardship and of gloom, the dim lustre died upon his features like the cold light of a wintry sunset, which has glistened for awhile upon a ruin, but soon leaves it again to the encreasing shadows of night, which it before so faintly and momentarily repelled.

This is the outline of what followed. That, when he was a boy, his father and mother would speak of the great house having been inhabited in their youth by a man and woman at that time far advanced in years and very infirm. No one then knew how long they had lived there, who had placed them there, or what they did there. They lived in the centre attick. This was known; for their tottering forms were occasionally seen through that window, and a light would often glide and glimmer there, and sometimes at very unseasonable hours of the night. It seems that, amongst these ignorant and unobservant people, (squalid, and miserable, and unfriended, and uneducated, then, as now,) some curiosity had been awakened concerning the old couple in the mansion. For, as time went on, the occasional appearance of the figures and of the lights had ceased, yet no one had marked precisely the period at which they had ceased to appear, and nothing had occurred to date the death or departure of either of these strange inmates. Yet it was clear that they, who were old in the days of the parents of the oldest now alive, must long ago have mingled their dust with that of the mouldering tenement in which they had so long and so strangely lived.

Had all traces of inhabitancy ceased in the mansion, the dwellers in the hovels would long ago have acquiesced in the conclusion that the old couple had quitted it unseen, or that their bones were bleaching in their attick; and the whole mysterious story would have been forgotten. But all traces of inhabitancy there had not ceased. Still one window of the old house, and only one, was regularly opened as soon as the first rays of the sun appeared above the horizon to make every object distinct and clear; and with the same regularity was it closed at sunset. And this, every morning and evening of the year, and year after year; whatever was the season, and whatever the weather. And this was the same window, the attick window, through which, of old, (it was traditionarily said,) the last human forms had been seen to glide and the light to glimmer. And still was the heavy casement set open to the dawn of each succeeding day—and still was it closed each night at sunset. Yet never could the hand be seen which performed this regular, but apparently unnecessary, ceremony. I say unnecessary, because the old casement was entirely destitute of glass, and must have admitted the weather as freely when closed as when set open to the utmost stretch of its rigid hinges. One thing only was certain—The old couple must long have been dead. Who then or what can open and shut that window?

Such was the tardy but irresistible reasoning of these poor creatures. The natural inference drawn by ignorant and superstitious minds, (and I say not this in scorn, for daily experience shews that one needs not be born in a hovel to draw such inferences,) was that what was to them unintelligible must be, therefore, supernatural, and that providence was going out of the ordinary lofty path of its wisdom and its goodness, to shew its power by what?—"perplexing monarchs?"—No, but by frightening and annoying paupers, and their wives, and children.

Soon the little community became agitated by those undefined and painful excitements which the wonderful and unexplained is sure to awaken. Various were the solutions which arose in men's minds, and some found

their way, full four miles off, to the town of B. But, as is usual on these important occasions, the solutions became much too extravagant to deserve attention, and the really unexplained truth was lost or forgotten in a crowd of false wonders. Use reconciles us to most things, not to all. But all other feelings arising out of these things had subsided into a general one of awful reluctance to approach the old house. And this explains the surprise shewn by the women and children upon our crossing of the dry ditch. For that ditch had long been the boundary beyond which it had been judged prudent never to proceed. The bed of the old pond being the only shelter for the sheep in winter-time, the practice of folding them there was, perforce, continued. But care was had that the sun should be well seen to rise, and the mysterious window to open, before the flocks should be released of a morning, and as regularly they were secured for the night before the sinking sun should disappear, and the closing window give token that the reign of powers beyond mortal reach had begun. These tasks were performed not by individuals but by parties. One man alone would not have ventured; and often has a poor lamb been left to bleat, unfolded, and disregarded, if it happened to stray beyond the hour when it was safe for the more timourous animals on two legs to guide it to its home. The children were nursed in the fears of their parents. If a peeled stick, or round pebble, or any other such treasure from the magazine of their simple sports, chanced to fall into that ditch, there did it remain unredeemed among the other wastes and strays of many generations; and the most daring urchins, under the strongest impulse of mischief, was never seen to cross that bourn.

To this effect was the old shepherd's history of the house and the window. His history of the Witch was in this wise. One very ancient woman, the oldest inhabitant of those parts, had long dwelt alone, in a hovel which was distinguished from the others only by its being at a little distance from them, and upon the inner edge of the fearful ditch. All considered her able, if she were but willing, to tell many and strange things. Her own existence indeed was a mystery. None knew how she procured the means of supporting life. She had never been known to offer help or kindness to any one; there was not a human creature for whom she seemed to care. She never was known to ask help or kindness; for she seemed to think there was not a human creature who cared for her. She was the only one whom the reports about the window seemed never to concern or astonish; so she was believed to know all about it. She appeared but rarely on the outside of her wretched dwelling; when she did, her bearing remained unaltered, amid the alarm, the commotion, and the abuse, of her neighbours, and, strangest of all, she seemed ever as eager to avoid their company and observation as they were to keep at a secure distance from her. She was very old and very decrepit; she did not complain though she was very poor; but what settled the question of her being a witch was that she lived alone on the side of the ditch which no bobody else dared approach, and she had no fear. This was all the Shepherd had to say against her. But was it not enough?

By this time the sun was getting low, and we began to think of returning to our inn. Mr. H. took leave of the historian, promising to pay him another visit, and we walked slowly towards the town. When at a little distance from the mansion, we stopped to take another view of it. Our eyes rested mechanically on the mysterious window. The sun was now sinking fast; and,—as the last narrow segment of its blood-red disk departed below the line of the horizon,—the casement closed slowly but firmly without any appearance of human agency to move or fix it!

Our looks met, and again instantly were withdrawn. I believe neither of us wished the other to observe the whimsical degree of solemnity with which the looks of both were impressed.

We walked quickly towards the road over the coarse long grass now wet with the heavy dew. The mansion at D. faced the east, and was backed by the short lived glories of an autumnal twilight, lingering awhile in the

quarter where the sun had set. The sky was full of leaden coloured clouds, which shewed like a distant range of mountains, capes, and bays, darkening with each passing minute, and becoming less distinct till land and sky seemed joined in one. One long narrow line of yellow light still marked the west, and against its bright light was still seen the outline of the huge oblong building. But soon even this light vanished; a fog rose around us; and we were heartily glad to reach our little inn.

Mr. H. continued silent and grave; a prey to the gloomy thoughts which all he had seen and heard that day served to inspire in a feeling and reflecting heart. He retired early to bed; and I was glad to follow his example.

The next morning we met, over the breakfast table, in a very different mood. The sun shone so gaily, it was impossible to be melancholy; and a fresh and frosty air invited to exercise. Mr. H. had settled all differences with his conscience before he slept; no hard matter with one who has sinned only from carelessness and in ignorance, He had promised himself large amends for his sufferings of the day before, in executing the good and kind resolutions he had formed; and now, contented with himself, and eager to give happiness to beings till then strangers to it, he was jealous of every moment he lost till we should return to D. Our walk was delightful. We knew that there were no beauties of scenery; we did not therefore regret the absence of what we did not look for. But the sky shone brightly on us, and the birds sung gladly, and my friend's terrier dog was our companion. He was just set at liberty, having been four days imprisoned in a post chaise, and then tied for a whole afternoon and night to the leg of a table at the inn. And he seemed to wish to communicate his joy, and he succeeded, as he ran and barked and snapped, in pursuit of the dry yellow leaves from the hedges as the eddies of light wind bore them round and round in circles along the road. Even the ill-omened aspect of the old house failed to frown us into bad spirits; though there it stood in all its awful dullness, and the casement, which we had seen closed the preceeding night, now again stood open as the day that beamed in glory upon it.

On reaching the abodes of the shepherds, we found that enough curiosity had been excited by our visit of the day before, and our promise to repeat it, to cause several of the men to remain at home to receive us. They suspected us, as we were afterwards informed, to be persons deputed by the agent to discover, if possible, new means of adding to the profits of the estate at their expense; and it was easy enough to perceive in the sullen countenances of starving men, whose resentments, if not their wits, had been thus aroused, something that bespoke a spirit of ferocious resistance already swelling up against its barriers and ready to break forth upon any further provocation. By minds which have been thoroughly debased to ignorance and wrong, every thing will be submitted to while ought can be gained, or saved, by submission. So it was with these poor creatures, who had, till then, bowed tamely beneath the rod, and had borne, without resistance, the extreme of insult, want and oppression. But, now, when patience and life must have sunk together under harder trials, they had become desperate. Nor was this feeling abated, when Mr. H., calling them about him, declared himself owner of the land on which they stood. His name had been too often used among them by his agent as ordering and approving his own acts of injustice for his first appearance to inspire any other but feelings of fear and hatred. Not a hat was raised, and not an eye was turned upward upon him that did not speak savage anger. With great presence of mind he spoke aloud. " My friends I come among you to judge for myself and for you. I only wish I had come sooner, for I see that you are in want of many comforts, and it shall be my study to make you happy. We will no longer be, as we have been, strangers to each other. I will henceforward, live often among you, and you shall all have reason to rejoice that I have at last become acquainted with you and with your wants. That house is mine. It shall soon come down to the ground to make place for one that shall better suit a man who will live on his estate. I will now give a guinea to any one who will follow me and

help me to examine it." All were silent. The men hung back irresolute. Not one offered to earn the tempting bribe. Suddenly there rose a murmur of surprise and dismay. The women caught up their screaming children, the men retired behind the women, and " the Witch! the Witch!" was heard echoed from mouth to mouth, as a very old woman, wrapped in a man's tattered great coat, approached, supporting with a crutch stick her slow and feeble steps. Mr. H., seeing the crowd retiring from around him, repeated his words; but without effect. They, who, but a few minutes before, were meditating and muttering projects of outrage against one armed with the authority of a master, and supposed to be an oppressor, now quailed before, they knew not what, under the form of a helpless, palsied, old woman.

We were soon left alone with this remarkable person. She raised an old black hood, which shaded her face, surmounting the rest of her strange epicene attire, and she gazed intently upon Mr. H. At length, in a voice cracked with age, and hoarse with strong and stern energy, she thus bespoke him. " Sir,—I heard your offer, —I accept it.—Such as I am, will you go with me?"

Something, as much in the old woman's eyes as in her tone of voice and manner of accepting the challenge, for a moment confounded my friend, and he appeared irresolute what to do. Taking it for granted, however, that the poor creature's shew of zeal and spirit was but the effect of the proffered bribe, he told her kindly that he would take her good-will for the deed, and, excusing her a fatigue to which she was so unequal, would give her the guinea.

She drew up her withered frame, till, in spite of its infirmities, for a moment she stood almost erect. She pushed aside, with indignation, the hand which held the money, and, raising her voice to a pitch at which she seemed to have cast off all the weakness of age, and to have gathered at once eloquence and power from the dignity and passion of her feelings, " I will," she said, " be true to my word. My word has been given to others as well as to you, and I never yet broke faith with created man. Keep you your promise as I will be true to mine. Give me the gold when I shall have earned it—Sir:" (and, with an action of strange and foricble meaning, she struck her crutch repeatedly on the ground as she uttered these last words) " I am old, poor, wretched, hated, feared, perhaps *to be* feared if provoked, but *I* only can, or dare, go with you where you wish to go,—and I *will* go with you!"

There was that in her words and mien that filled us with astonishment. We knew not whether to think her deranged in her wits. But it was plain she would not be refused, and there was enough in what we remembered of the old shepherd's story to make us think her at least worth attending to, as a companion, if not as a guide, in our progress. She moved towards the mansion. Mr. H. followed her, and I, of course, followed him.

When we were close under the walls, a question arose how we were to enter. The brick-work, which blocked all entrance below, being as substantial as the walls themselves, the nearest practicable opening was through a window of the first floor. But the whole neighbourhood could not furnish a ladder. We stood irresolute, while the old woman watched us shrewdly. I began to advise desisting from the enterprise that day, and returning on the morrow with better means, and with workmen, from the town. But, my friend, and the old woman, were now not in a temper of mind to be daunted with difficulties. She pointed to the mixed masses of bricks and stones which lay near us, and asked if we could not make a heap high enough to enable us from its top to break an entrance, and even pointed to one window that appeared to be in a more shattered state than the rest. Mr. H., ashamed of finding himself surpassed in energy and invention by his feeble companion, set to work, without loss of time, to move to the spot the materials for his crazy mount. I assisted, while the old woman was eagerly and impatiently observing our progress.

We had soon raised a pile of rubbish sufficiently high, and, after standing on it together to try its power of

supporting us in our effort, I helped Mr. H. to place himself on the broad window sill. The iron work was deeply worn with rust, and the leaden bars which joined the small squares of broken dingy glass, had, many of them, already yielded to the visitings of the wind, and remained bound together by little more than thickly matted cobwebs and hardened dust. He soon made good his entrance into the room, having cautiously tried the strength of the floor, and then invited me to follow. But the old woman had already ascended the pile on which I stood, and impatiently called upon me to aid her to reach the window. This, with Mr. H.'s help from above us, was not difficult to effect, and she was soon safely by his side. But my exertions to place her there, without injury to her frail and decrepit frame, had caused great disturbance in our works below. They had given way, and I was now lower by some feet than I had been at first. Neither had I any one to lend a hand to my ascent. After witnessing some ineffectual and hopeless struggles of mine at an impracticable escalade, Mr. H. laughed heartily at my discomfiture. I fancied that the old woman enjoyed it too, and that a very peculiar look of malicious satisfaction darted from her wild eyes, as Mr. H. and she turned to leave the window, without waiting for the elaborate process that I had again undertaken, but singly now, of rebuilding the pile, from which stones had rolled down too large for one man's strength to replace.

Still I continued my work. But the foundations were now loosened, and the masses that I was able to bring had neither breadth nor weight to support themselves or each other against the wall. In this disheartening labour I persevered for some time, occasionally going to some distance from the face of the house for materials. On my return from one of these trips I became aware of a very strong and overpowering smell of smoke. I judged that some weeds were burning in the nearest fields, and the symptoms encreasing, and the utter hopelessness of my project of following my companions through that window being now evident, I proceeded to reconnoitre another side of the house. Here I was met by a stronger and more stifling smell, and a still thicker smoke, and I returned to my old quarters. By this time I perceived small wreaths of smoke issuing from several crevices in the lower parts of the mansion. I was now very much alarmed, and, running towards the window by which my friend and the old woman had entered, I called loudly to apprize them of the strange, and unaccountable, but very plainly imminent, danger. The house had certainly caught fire; and it seemed to spread with astonishing rapidity, and on all sides. Soon a thin white vapour began to appear from the upper windows, as it had at first done from the ground-floor, while through the chinks below a red flame was here and there indistinctly visible, like flashes through a thunder cloud, adding its horrors to the black billowy volumes that now rolled within; and a faint crackling sound at intervals told the quick advances of the conflagration. I ran round the house, almost frantick with my fears for my friend. I returned to the window. No one appeared, and I knew not how to act. In vain I again betook myself to my desperate and impotent efforts to reach the opening. I only displaced still more the heap, and was thereby adding to the difficulties he would find in his descent, if by heaven's mercy he should again reach the spot where I had last seen him. Not a soul from the hovels would come to my assistance. I shouted, I gesticulated, I believe I knelt; but all in vain. A little crowd had assembled on the further edge of the dry ditch to gaze at the sight in stupid wonder. But no signs, no entreaties, no threats, (for I threatened them all with the gibbet for petty treason, as accessories in the murder of their lord, —fear, like necessity hath no law,—) nothing could induce one of them to approach, and I dreaded to quit my post lest my aid might be wanted there before I could return. I knew and recollected with sad foreboding the generous kindness of my friend's nature, and it was with dismay I thought of the infirmities of his companion, for I knew he would not desert her. And how was she to second any effort he could make for her safety? An active man, with only his own life to provide for, might, by a desperate spring, and at the expence of perhaps the fracture of a limb or two, save it at once. But, clogged as he was with the fortunes of that unlucky old

creature, every thing was to be feared for him. In alarm, as in wrath, it is consolatory to find some victim to accuse; and I was unjust enough to vent a hundred imprecations against that helpless being. I could scarcely breathe, from agitation and from the suffocation occasioned by the smoke and the black dust which fell thick around me. At length, with feelings of extacy proportioned to the horrors I had endured, I perceived the forms of both Mr. H. and the old woman, at the window which I had been so long and eagerly watching. Not an instant was to be lost in doing all that was practicable to extricate them from a situation of rapidly encreasing peril. Mr. H. was unwilling to attempt his own descent till he should have secured that of the old woman. But this it was impossible to accomplish without causing a severe fall. She too, as is not unusual in such a dilemma, seemed to dread this slight danger more than the dreadful one that raged so near her; and she refused to stir. She bade Mr. H., however, strip off his coat, and, applying her whole force, she held on by one sleeve doubled over the window sill, while by the opposite end of the hanging garment he lowered himself from the window sufficiently to be able to drop the remainder of the distance without material injury, and, I standing with my back to the wall to break his fall, we only rolled together, unhurt, among the stones and rubbish. Our next work was instantly to set about raising the heap by piling upon it large blocks and masses, such as only the joint strength of two men could raise. At last, after great and rapid toil, we were enabled, one standing on the summit, and the other on his shoulders, very nearly to reach the sill. We then earnestly called on her to trust herself to the upheld hands which were stretched to receive her. Had she been young and beautiful we could not have longed with more ardour to feel the descending weight of that precious burthen. But now,—madness, sheer madness, it seemed,—she sat on the edge of the window still hesitating, objecting, to the means offered to her of rescue from a certain, instant, and dreadful death. And while Mr. H., whom I had raised on my shoulders, was actually endeavouring to climb up once more to where she was, to force her from the approaching fate of which she seemed unconscious or heedless, a sheet of fire burst out behind and around her. She threw her arms up wildly,

> Like a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
> Upon a parchment; and against this fire
> Did she shrink up. SHAKSPEARE,—K. JOHN.

Then, with a cry of pain, mingled with a yet louder laugh of something like exultation, she fell, or rather flung herself, backward into the flames!

At the same dreadful moment a loud crash was heard within. We both dropped from the heap and ran unconsciously from the building, gasping for breath.

All time for exertion, or for hope,—all was over! The crash had been occasioned by the falling in of floors and ceilings, and for some moments, the building itself could scarcely be distinguished through the thick masses of smoke mingled with dust, and the showers of sparks, and then jets of pure flame, which followed. At intervals the blaze seemed to receive a check from the weight of beams, parting walls, &c. falling in from aloft with tremendous noise. But it was only to burst out again with a fury on which the eye could scarcely bear to gaze. After a time, it raged almost without check or hindrance, and the old mansion shewed like a huge furnace, all within glowing and roaring with a white heat, sometimes a waving upward tongue of flame, and the whole canopied by a rolling shrowd of smoke which settled into a dark cloud high in the midst of the still bright atmosphere. A scene appalling even in recollection, but of strange magnificence and beauty.

Besides the impression of deep melancholy produced by the frightful spectacle we had just witnessed, we felt that we had become in some sort publickly answerable for the life of a fellow-creature. We thought it prudent at

once to hasten to B., and tell our own story, before it should be told for us with all the imperfections and all the additions inseparable from any story to be narrated by such historians as those who had been the distant spectators of our enterprize and its result. People too were now flocking from all the neighbouring parts, attracted by the conflagration which must have been seen for many miles round that flat country.

As soon as we reached our inn, we despatched the landlord in quest of a few of the most respectable inhabitants of the town, among whom was a magistrate, entreating their attendance on a matter of public importance. Four or five gentlemen soon joined us. Mr. H., in their presence, declared his name and purpose in coming to B., and then detailed all that had passed, concluding with the disastrous fate of the poor woman. His declaration was taken in writing and signed. I must here mention the few particulars to which I was not witness, which occurred during the brief period when Mr. H. and his companion were within the mansion at D., as related by himself. They began by passing across several small square chambers, and along some narrow crooked passages. The dim windows admitting so scanty a light, and the floors being so much broken, that they were obliged to proceed very cautiously. Slowly as he went, however, his companion seemed hardly able to follow him. She complained much of fatigue. She seemed quite as much perplexed as he to find a way in the house through which she had offered herself to be his guide, and much more intent on finding a place to sit down and rest, than on the performance of what she had undertaken. More than once, he had lost sight of her for several minutes at a time, and was fain to return to look after her. At length they reached together a chamber, in the centre of the edifice, much larger and higher than the others,—but, like them, encumbered with the dust and rubbish of a century or more. The floor of this room was so decayed and dangerous that Mr. H. would scarcely have ventured upon it; but that he was tempted forward by seeing, nearly in the middle of it, a large square opening. This gave upon a flight of broken stone steps, which he descended in the belief that they would lead to the rooms on the ground-floor which had been so carefully closed, from without, with brick work. It was in descending this stair that he was suddenly met by so dense a smoke that he was obliged to retreat. And soon the smell began to be so oppressive, and the smoke to issue through so many parts of the rotten flooring, that he was convinced that some of the lower apartments were on fire, and burning rapidly. Had he been alone, the strange coincidence of such a circumstance, occurring within the first half hour of his first entrance into his own house, might have tempted him to investigate further. But fear for the safety of the feeble partner of his adventure overcame his curiosity, and he urged her to retire with her best speed. But fear seemed, in her, to have conquered for awhile all natural infirmities, and she shewed not only an activity of body, but a sagacity and power of resource, that astonished him. She had made herself mistress of every turn of the rather intricate progress they had made through the house, and now guided him back rapidly, with confidence, and unerringly. It was only when her own immediate safety remained to be provided for, and at the last moment, that the poor wretch seemed to lose her senses. I have already detailed that dreadful crisis, and I do not wish to dwell upon it again.

The result of our consultation with the gentlemen was an agreement that they should accompany us, next morning, to D. manor. Mr. H. was, more than ever, anxious to begin the works of justice and kindness which these events had so unexpectedly broken in upon. Accordingly, in the morning, we set forth, attended by several more persons than we had looked for. Curiosity was excited, and several recruits voluntarily joined our party. Many parts of the exterior of the huge building had fallen during the night. It was now a misshapen and blackened ruin; still smoking, and here and there the fire creeping still through its glowing hollows.

Little groups of the natives were gazing and gaping around, but a closer and larger crowd had assembled on the extreme edge of the broad ditch which separated them from the hovel of the poor old woman. Our arrival

caused some sensation, and a few of the men, and more of the women, approached Mr. H. with a petition to tear down what had so lately been the residence of her whom they had so long hated and feared. Mr. H. was not unwilling to do a popular act at so cheap a rate. " But first," said he, " I will enter it. For if the poor woman had any property it would be a pity it should be damaged. And I understand she had means of living you none of you could guess at." Without waiting for an answer, but taking, as in some cases it is very wise to do, consent for granted, he advanced towards the ill omened tenement. It had never before, within the memory of living mortal, been so closely reconnoitered. Window or chimney it had none. But an opening in the roof, whose form left it doubtful whether it was the effect of design or of decay, served the double purpose of an entrance for light from without and a vent for smoke from within. The door was fastened, and at first resisted the united strength of Mr. H. and myself, till, our efforts being redoubled, the old wood-work gave way, and burst from the strong iron bolts that had caused the opposition. It fell in fragments and yielded us an abrupt entrance into the miserable dwelling. Good heavens! How were we confounded! In a large stone chair, which occupied the centre of the place, there sat the old woman herself! Alive, but wretchedly scorched and wounded. Her withered hands clenched in anger and pain; and her wild eyes casting a glance of impatient remonstrance which accorded well with the querulous tone in which she muttered a few words, in themselves too unimportant to record, but which, under all the circumstances in which they were spoken, I never can forget. The last moments of her mysterious existence were numbered. Our surprize had been marked of the people without. The cause of it was soon known.

And now began a painful strife indeed. The most ungenerous and savage passions of our nature are those, alas! which are communicated the quickest, and quickly above all do they travel among minds which, like those of the poor population of D., have never, by education or by benefits received, been soothed down to emotions of forgiveness or pity. Among them, rage mastered even their servile sense of inferiority. They forgot even the presence of Mr. H. their landlord. They pressed rudely forward, declaring that they would come at the object of their fury, now that all her supposed powers of mischief and defence were in dissolution. They determined that her having escaped the fire was evidence, strong as holy writ, of all they had before believed of her, and they resolved now to haul her, dying as she was, to the nearest pond, to try if she were likewise proof against drowning. We had no door to oppose to these wretches. But, with the assistance of the gentlemen who were with us, we formed a circle round the unhappy victim, standing shoulder to shoulder to face the assailants. Thus repulsed, the mob set about the work of demolition, and we soon saw the mud walls fall in fragments round us. The full glare of open day broke in, for the first time for many years, upon that abode of twilight and mystery. The unusual sight seemed for a moment to affect the almost insensible being by whom we stood. She stared fearfully around, and at once took in a full and piteous sense of her danger. She drew her wasted form into a corner of her great stone chair. She caught our hands and grappled them with an expression of imploring helplessness. She seemed to know our purpose was to protect her from those fellow-creatures who had been born and bred in the neighbourhood with her, and by a few faint gestures and disconnected words she gave us to understand that our wish that the last struggle of her poor life were past could not be greater than her's to quit a world of misery, and in which all that now remained to her was the dreadful and immediate prospect of a violent end. We could not much longer have maintained our post. The yells of the mob became every instant louder and more portentous; and now an attack was commenced upon us by the hurling of fragments of the broken mud walls, the assailants approaching nearer and nearer after each volley. Mr. H. and I again turned to the dying woman. She appeared to suffer no more. She was regardless now equally of our attentions and of the assaults of the mob, or answered them by low moanings rather of weakness

than of apprehension or of pain. Her eyes were resting fixedly on the dark ruins of the mansion which stood in the distance high over the levelled walls of her cottage, and gradually something of a serene and satisfied smile took possession of her features. Suddenly with a violent rush the mob overbore us. They clustered round and over the stone chair, and Mr. H. and I found ourselves pinioned each by a couple of ruffians. We exclaimed, we struggled, in vain: we looked for the last time on the object of our solicitude. Heaven was kind to her in her utmost need. One convulsive sob,—and all was over.—She had escaped the hands of men.—Her lifeless form alone remained to gratify their fiendish but impotent rage.

Soon after these events, my fate called me to a great distance from my country and from the friends of my youth. While abroad, I settled, as the world has it when a man marries. But, my marriage bringing after it the cares of a numerous progeny, I became the most unsettled man alive. I wandered wherever I could find lucrative employment. I spent some time in India, and, from my first leaving my native land, I did not return for near thirty years. When I did return, my first care was to seek out the closest friend of my early life. An uninterrupted correspondence with Mr. H. had continued him in my mind as he was when we parted in our youth. But he had become a comfortable, corpulent, bald, country gentleman, a farmer on a large scale in every sense of the term, and a justice of the peace; eagerly pursuing improvements and experiments, and retaliating my foreign wonders with descriptions of his own agricultural discoveries at home.

He asked me one day as we sat together in a coffee-house in London, whether I remembered the journey we had once made in our youth to that formidable estate of his in the North. Could I ever forget it? He seemed pleased with the vivid recollection I retained of the place and of all the circumstances belonging to it. I enquired what he had done towards improving it, and I soon found myself engaged to accompany him, for the second time, to the Manor. It was arranged that I should pass one day at the house of a relation of his, which lay in our way to his own property, and at no great distance from it. Many many years had been added to our ages. We were altered men in every respect but in our friendship for each other. That was the same, and our pleasure in each other's society undiminished. It was a delightful journey. England, my old England, in her neat garment of green fields and clipped hedges, with the little varieties of solitary gentlemen's solitary seats, peaceful towns, hills without bandits, and jungles without wild boars or tigers. My country was fresh to me, but her features were familiar as those of the consoling genius of many a home-sick dream.

Much as I was pleased with every inch of the way, I was most gratified when we reached what Mr. H. announced to me as his relation's residence. And not a little glad was I to think we should spend at least twenty-four hours at that sweet spot before proceeding to renew the melancholy recollections of D. manor. Here, at our resting place, all was gay and smiling. Thriving plantations, waving cornfields, meadows of rich green, all was to my taste and liking. Mr. H. saw the pleasure I derived from the scene, and proposed our walking by a shorter road to the house through the plantations. We did so, our servants going round with the carriage to announce our arrival. At last, after a charming walk, we came in sight of the house. I was eager to see if its appearance corresponded with the gaiety and tastefulness of all the rest. It soon answered for itself, and confirmed my satisfaction. "You like this place?" said my friend. I turned to answer him,—and the secret was divulged by his glistening eye and by the kind pressure of his hand, as he welcomed me to his own happy home,—the manor of D. Such it was; and, after the first few moments of keen surprize and incredulity, (for an Englishman when convicted of being dull of apprehension generally thinks it right to console himself for a short time by being also hard of belief,) I began, under Mr. H's. guidance, to trace the principal and most repelling features of D. manor in those which were to be the most admired of this new creation.

"Look," said he, as he pointed towards the house, "look well at it, and you will see it is built upon the

very scite of the old mansion. The conservatory in front of it extends exactly to where the old iron gates stood when you were here last. And the flower garden, which now looks so gay and gaudy, and is edged by that little light paling, fills the space which was once enclosed by the wall whose ruins you remember but too well. Behind the house, I will soon shew you a fair little lake; and you must endeavour to spy through its clear still waters the formal edges of the deep dry pond. Now survey that little brook into which I have drained the marsh, and over which you see that rustick bridge with the ivy and china roses, and tell me if it takes not the exact line, still serpentining here and there, of the awful moat which lay betwixt the original mansion and the hovels of the Shepherds. I never will own that a village need be hid by artful plottings and plantings, if the cottages be such as it behoves a rich man to provide for the lodgement of those who look to him for the recompense of honest service. That cheerful little village, to the right of the bridge, stands in the place of the wretched hovels, but gives a better shelter to some of the very persons whom I found on that ground. They were all taken care of. Many, most, are since gone, I hope, to a still better home. But their children are their successors; and in those healthy urchins, who are playing on the lawn, and whose voices sound so joyously, you see many of their grand children. There is one spot more that will interest you, and which I see your eye is seeking. Yes,—you are right;—that little evergreen clump marks the spot where the poor old woman's hovel stood. Let us go there. You will still find her stone chair. It is big enough for both of us. And I will there tell you more about the Window and the Witch."

"More than ten years after those events," continued my friend, when we had taken our seat in the centre of what once was the Witch's cottage, "I received a letter from the governor of the jail at W———, informing me that a man, who was under sentence of death for coining, earnestly desired to see me. I hastened to W———, and saw the convict. He was somewhat advanced in years, and I certainly did not remember to have ever seen him before. By his desire, we were left alone together. With an expression of respectful earnestness, he took my hand between both of his, squeezed it, and, after gazing for some moments on my face in silence burst into tears. Naturally referring these emotions to the deplorable condition in which the poor fellow stood, I asked him how I could serve him, and why he sent for me. "You cannot serve me, sir,—" he answered firmly, "I am guilty and must suffer. But I wished to see you that you might receive a poor disgraced, dying, man's thanks. Sir, I thank you with all my heart." And his eyes again filled with tears. "You were kind to my mother in her last agony, and you saved her from the cruelty of those who, but for you, would have murdered her."—"The Witch's son!" exclaimed I, most inadvertently;—had I thought twice such words would not have passed my lips. The softened, penitential, expression of the man's features in a moment changed to one of mild and stubborn pride. It was one which alone, would have gone far to establish the kindred.

"I am," replied he, "son to an unfortunate woman who never did harm to mortal; who made a promise before the Almighty to three guilty sons:—and she kept it;—she sacrificed her life to save their's. She had suffered much and long, Sir, for that promise. The poor ignorant wretches of your once neglected village did brand and abuse and nickname her for what they did not and could not understand." I interrupted him—I do not know that in the course of my life I have been much in the habit of making apologies. But this I am sure of; that never was there a more hearty apology given in so few words for a hasty phraze than that in which I made reparation to the poor convict before whose high and kindling feelings I stood abashed. His countenance, his tone, his heart, were again subdued, and he entered into a detail of which these are the particulars.

He could tell nothing of this old mansion further back than when it was known to be inhabited by the old couple of whom the shepherd had told us. Their son lived there with them, but in careful concealment, for, within its protecting walls, he carried on, in connexion with a widely spread gang, the dangerous trade of coin-

ing false money. He had an only daughter, who, almost from her infancy, had been partner in his practices, but whose mother had always continued to inhabit the hovel on whose scite we are now sitting. This daughter became the wife of one of her father's associates by whom she had three sons. Her father and husband dwelt, often for weeks together, in the mansion, carrying on their business on the ground floor, which, you remember, was carefully bricked up. They would sometimes separate, and go to a great distance, and then meet again at the old house, which they entered at night by means of a passage under ground from this spot. By the same passage food was carried into the house, and the proceeds of their trade found their way out. The poor woman, in her turn, waxed old, and her three sons naturally succeeded to their Grandfather, and Father's mode of life. Her occasional departures from the hovel, no one knew whither or by what way, and her solitary and mysterious existence, may sufficiently account for the conclusions come to concerning her.

The mystery of the window was very simple. The casement of the room occupied by the original couple had been for so many years, during their lifetime, opened and shut every day, that, when they died, it became the care of the survivors to continue that practice, in order that no apparent change should attract curiosity to the place. The same process therefore was daily observed, only effected by the simple machinery of cords passed through the rotten boarding of the floors, to obviate the necessity of the appearance of new figures at the window. Soon all enquiry and all wonder subsided into the tranquility of a superstitious belief. But for the purpose of the opening and shutting of the window, each day regularly, at sunrise and at sunset did the old woman visit the mansion by the passage already described.

But these precautions were not all—Life was at stake, and the sons had taken care to place the means for instantly setting fire to the house if at any time it should appear to their mother necessary to do so in order to prevent a search. Trains of gunpowder were laid from several parts, communicating with heaps of dry shavings and other combustibles, so that she might, entering the building on any side, in a very short time set the whole in a blaze. This last resource was also to serve for giving notice to her sons, one of whom, during their absences from the mansion, was always in the neighbourhood. The house on fire, or in ruins, was to be the signal for them to fly, and never to return.

During the performance of this act the strong and excited feelings of the old woman gave no place to fear. She was doing what she deemed a great duty;—one that she had passed her word solemnly to do truly in case of need;—and on the success of which depended the safety of the beings who formed the only link between her and the affairs and affections of life. That work done, perhaps her mind may have failed her; perhaps it may have misgiven her that the work was imperfectly done. Whatever caused her to hesitate, when we proposed to her to escape with us, it is probable that, at last, hurt to death, she made her retreat to the hovel through the passage which she knew so well.

The condemned coiner ended his narrative in these words, "When we lost the old house, we had no longer a place in which to pursue our business safely. We loved it and we had loved our Mother too, as we had reason to do, dearly,—dearly, Sir. Nothing, after, went well with us. My brothers were detected at the old trade. One suffered death by the law, and the other, as I heard, died on his passage to Botany Bay. I was left alone, little caring what became of me. I had a longing to see my native place again. I saw you there Sir. I heard speak of the protection you had yourself given to my mother in her dying moments."

"Now I am settling my last account with this world—Sir," said he, "and his voice assumed a strange tone, and his eye gleamed with a strange expression,—and his hand shook as he drew something from his bosom,

"Will you keep this, Sir,—I have no one on earth I care for, or that can care for it but you, but it may remind you at least of an act of benevolence and charity to one who, whatever may have been her faults, did not fear to die in preserving the life of those whom she had brought into the world. "Sir," added he, in a whisper, "I should not like *this* to fall into the hands of a hangman."

It was a piece of black silk sewed carefully up all round. It contained one thin lock of white hair.

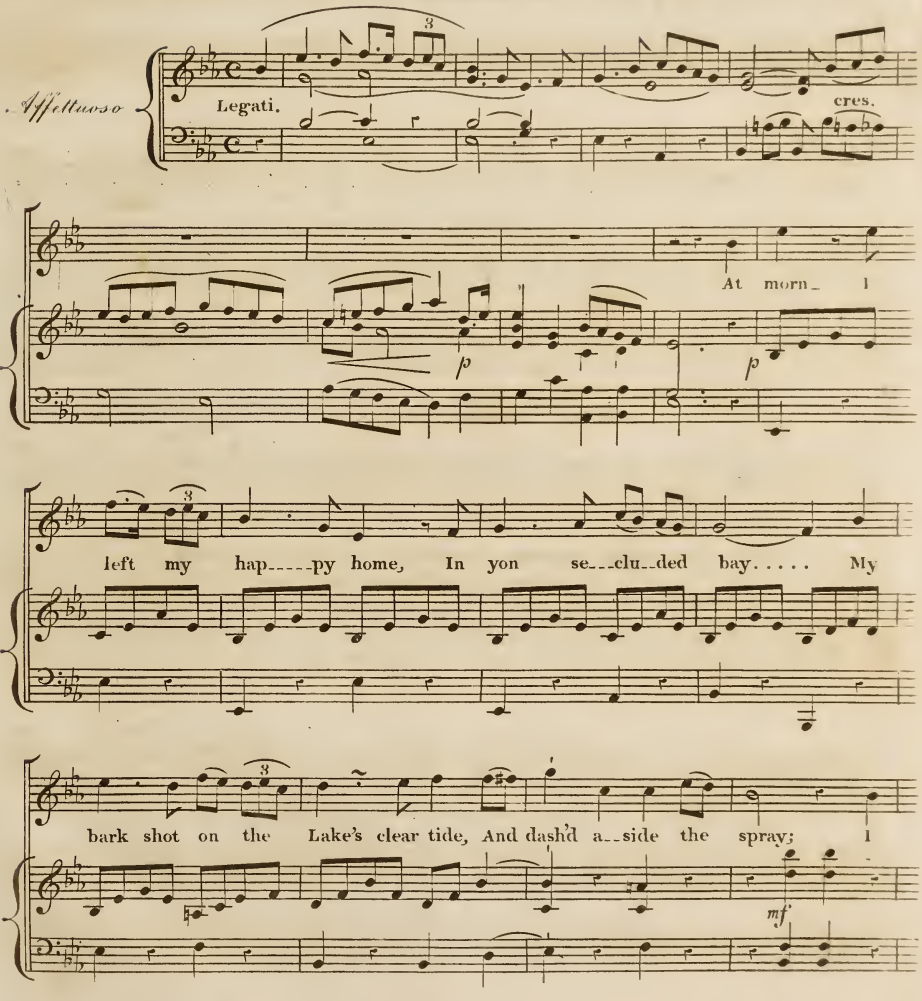
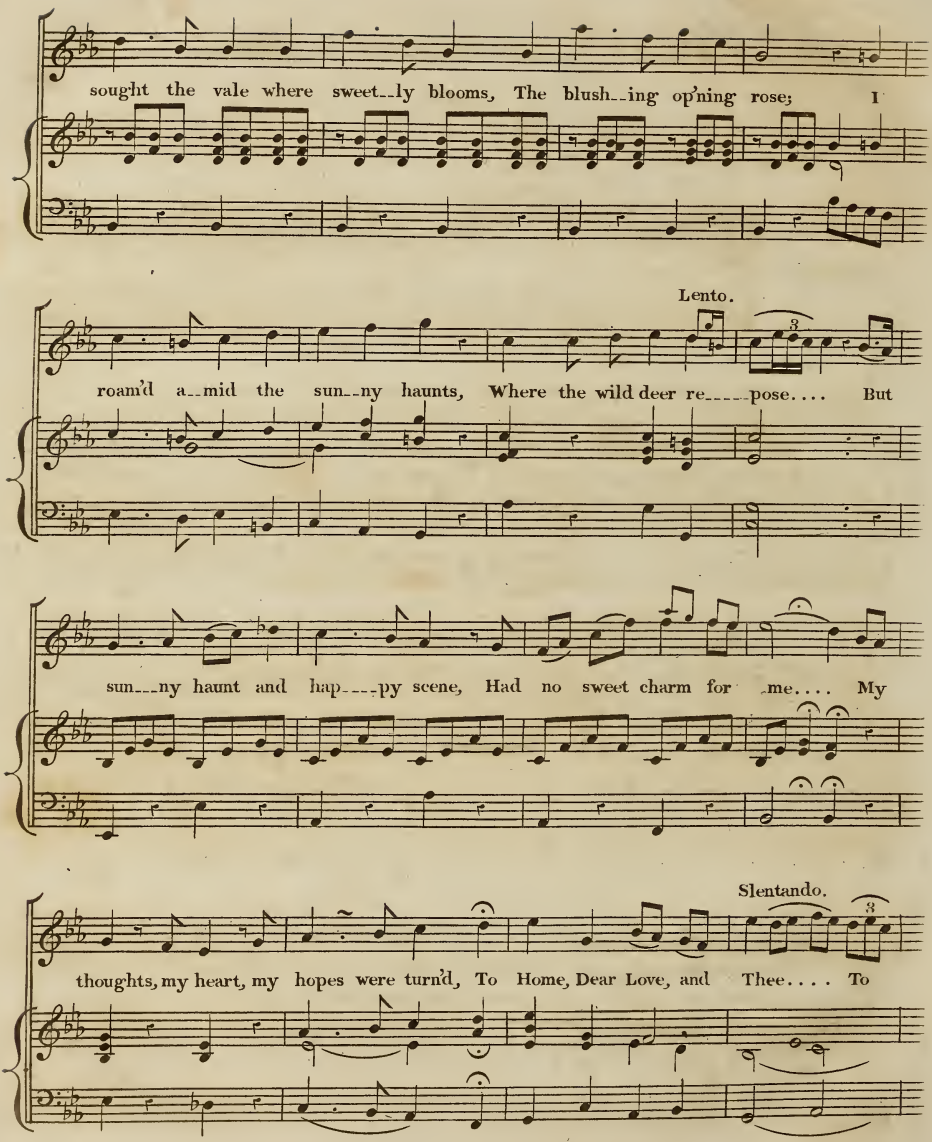
HOME—DEAR LOVE AND THEE!

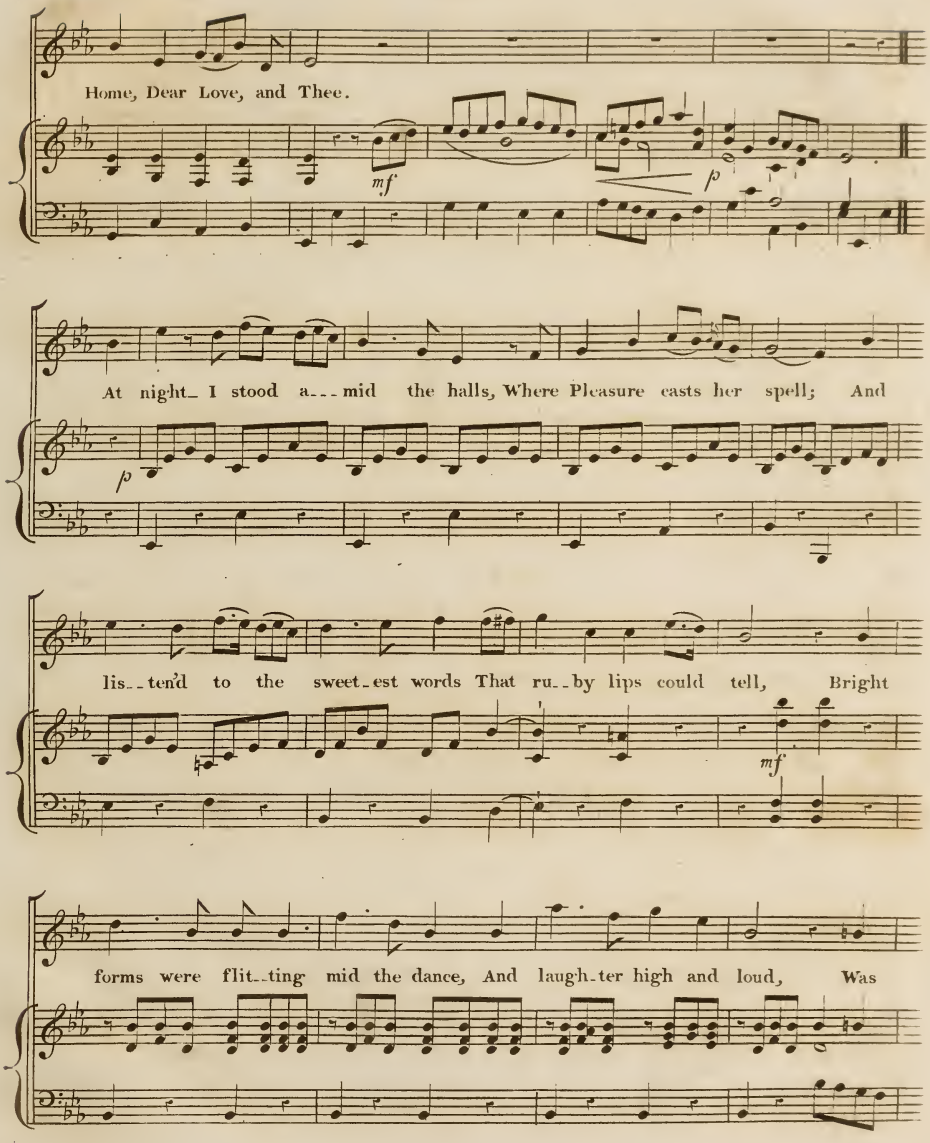
BY F. H. BURNEY.

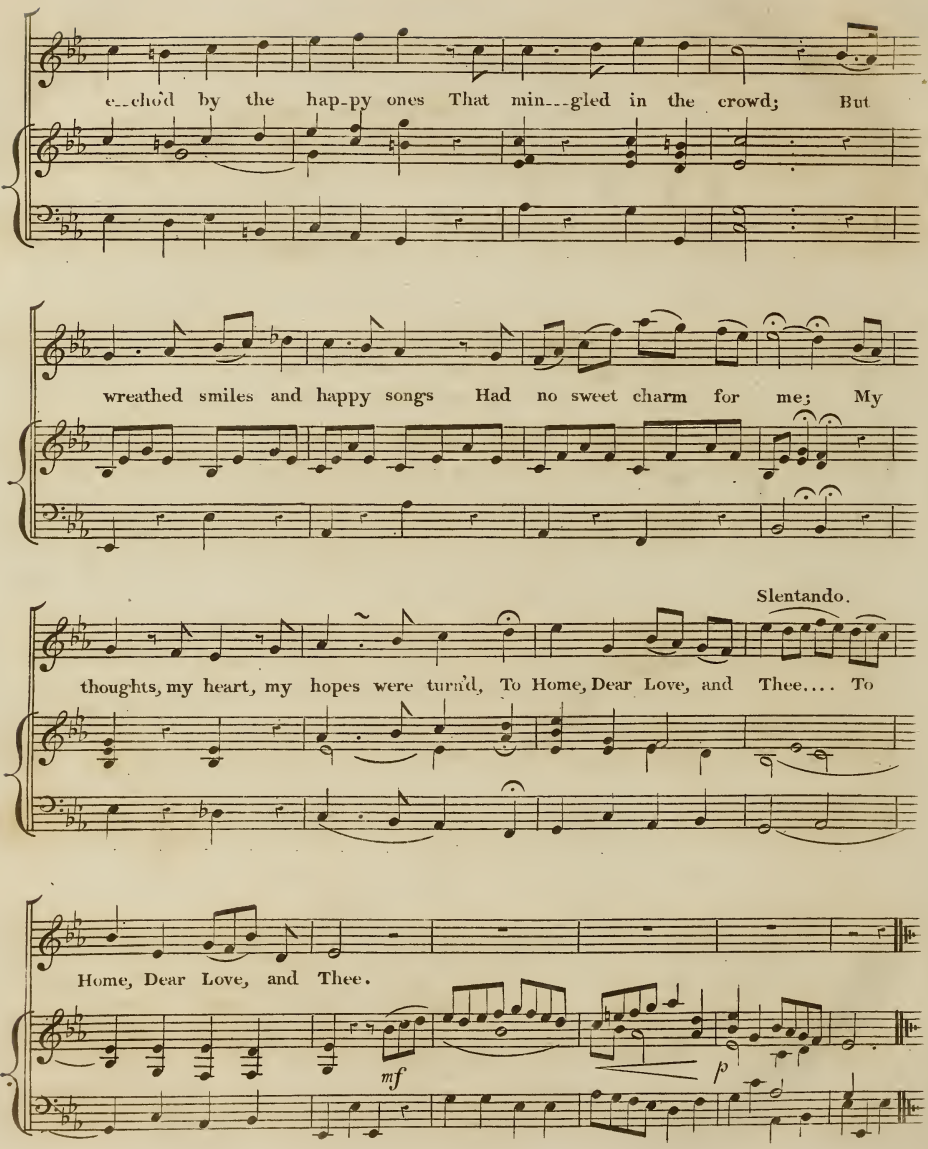
At Morn I left my happy home,
In yon secluded Bay;
My Bark shot o'er the Lake's clear tide,
And dash'd aside the spray:
I sought the vale where sweetly blooms
The blushing op'ning rose:
I roam'd amid the sunny haunts,
Where the wild deer repose:—
But sunny haunt, and happy scene,
Had no sweet charm for me;—
My thoughts—my heart—my hopes were turn'd
To home—Dear Love and Thee!

At night I stood amid the Halls,
Where Pleasure casts her spell,
And listen'd to the sweetest words,
That ruby lips could tell.
Bright forms were flitting 'mid the dance,
And laughter high and loud,
Was echo'd by the happy one
Who mingled in the crowd:—
But wreathed smiles and happy songs,
Had no sweet charm for me;
My thoughts—my heart—my hopes were turn'd
To Home—Dear Love and Thee.

HOME — DEAR LOVE & THEE!

Composed by J. Addison


sought the vale where sweet--ly blooms, The blush--ing op'ning rose; I
Lento.
roam'd a--mid the sun--ny haunts, Where the wild deer re----pose.... But
sun---ny haunt and hap----py scene, Had no sweet charm for me.... My
Slentando.
thoughts, my heart, my hopes were turn'd, To Home, Dear Love, and Thee.... To


Home, Dear Love, and Thee.
mf
p
At night I stood a---mid the halls, Where Pleasure casts her spell; And
p
lis--ten'd to the sweet-est words That ru--by lips could tell, Bright
mf
forms were flit--ting mid the dance, And laugh-ter high and loud, Was


e--cho'd by the hap-py ones That min---gled in the crowd; But
wreathed smiles and happy songs Had no sweet charm for me; My
Slentando.
thoughts, my heart, my hopes were turn'd, To Home, Dear Love, and Thee.... To
Home, Dear Love, and Thee.
mf
p

LORD RONALD.

BY GEORGE LINLEY.

O! SHIELD me from the wintry blast,
Lord Ronald! ope your door to me—
O! hide me till the storm be past,
And Heav'n will bless, and prosper ye.

The night is dark—the way is wild—
And hunger gnaws my aching breast;
Lord Ronald! ope your friendly door,
O! give a wretched wand'rer rest.

Lie still, lie still, my bonny Babe!
Thy Mother's hand is on thee now—
She folds thee to her doting heart,
She guards thee from the drifting snow.

Be hush'd—be hush'd—my pretty one!
Sleep—sleep—and close thy weary ee;
O! haste, Lord Ronald; ope your door,
Nor leave my bonny Babe to dee.

His lip is mute—his step is slow—
O! 'twas not thus in Love's fond day—
His foot came lightly o'er the Hall,
His heart, I thought was mine for aye.

Cold, coldly blaws the midnight wind,
And loud the angry torrents roar—
But what are these, false heart! to thee?
Thou spurn'st the wand'rer from thy door!

Sleep on—sleep on—my bonny Babe!
I would not wake thee unto pain—
Yet ere my quivering pulse be still
I clasp thee to my heart again.

My sweet one! thus I press thy lip—
Another—and the struggle's o'er,—
I cannot curse—I do not chide—
Lord Ronald! ope not, now, your door!

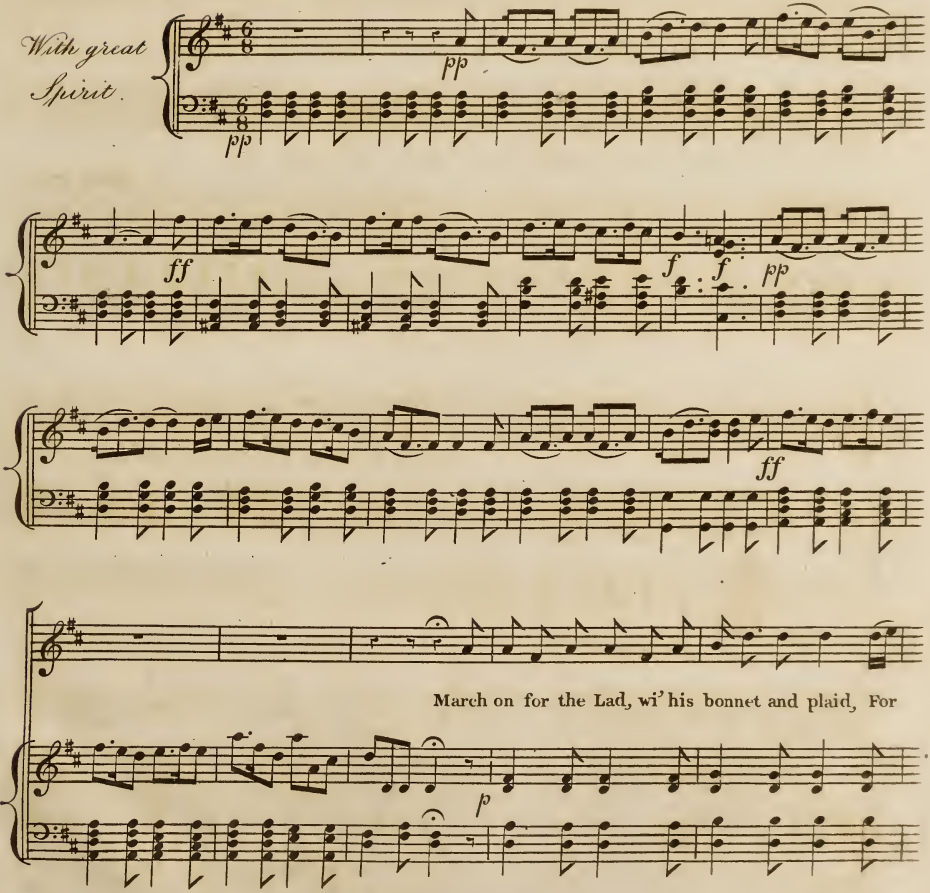
SONG OF THE SCOTCH PIPER.

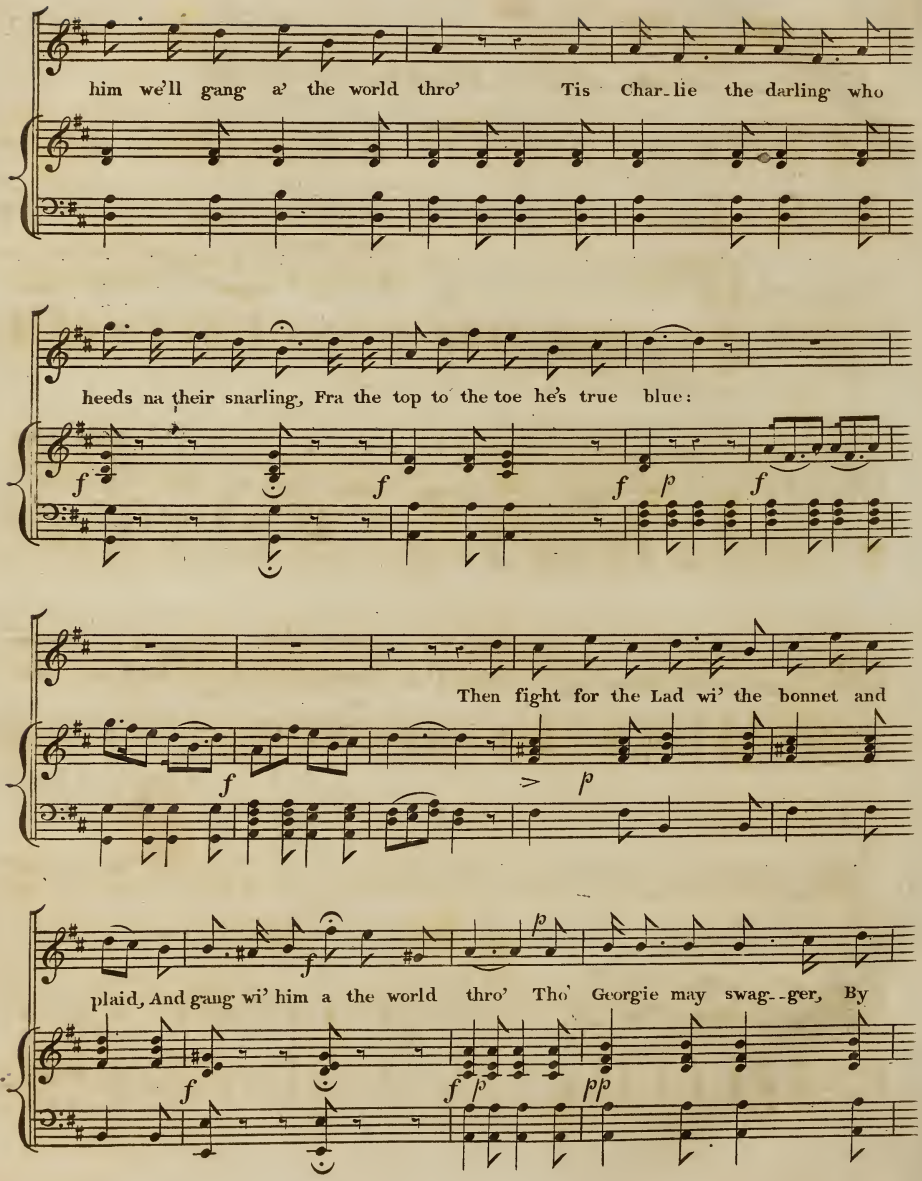
March on! for the Lad,
With his bonnet and plaid,
For him we'll gang a' the world thro'!
'Tis Charlie the darling,
Who heeds not their snarling,
From the top to the toe he's True Blue;
Then fight for the Lad,
Wi' the bonnet and plaid,
And gang wi' him a' the world thro':
Tho' Georgie may swagger,
By hilt and by dagger,
We'll soon put him down with True Blue.

Tho' Georgie may come
Wi' his pipe and his drum,
And his Sogers may make much ado,
When young Cavalier,
Braw Charlie gets here,
He'll make them all turn to True Blue;
Then on for the Lad,
Wi' his bonnet and plaid,
In his cause we'll gang a' the world thro':
Tho' Georgie may swagger,
By hilt and by dagger,
We'll soon make him bend to True Blue.

SONG OF THE HIGHLAND PIPER.

Composed by G. Herbert Rodwell.

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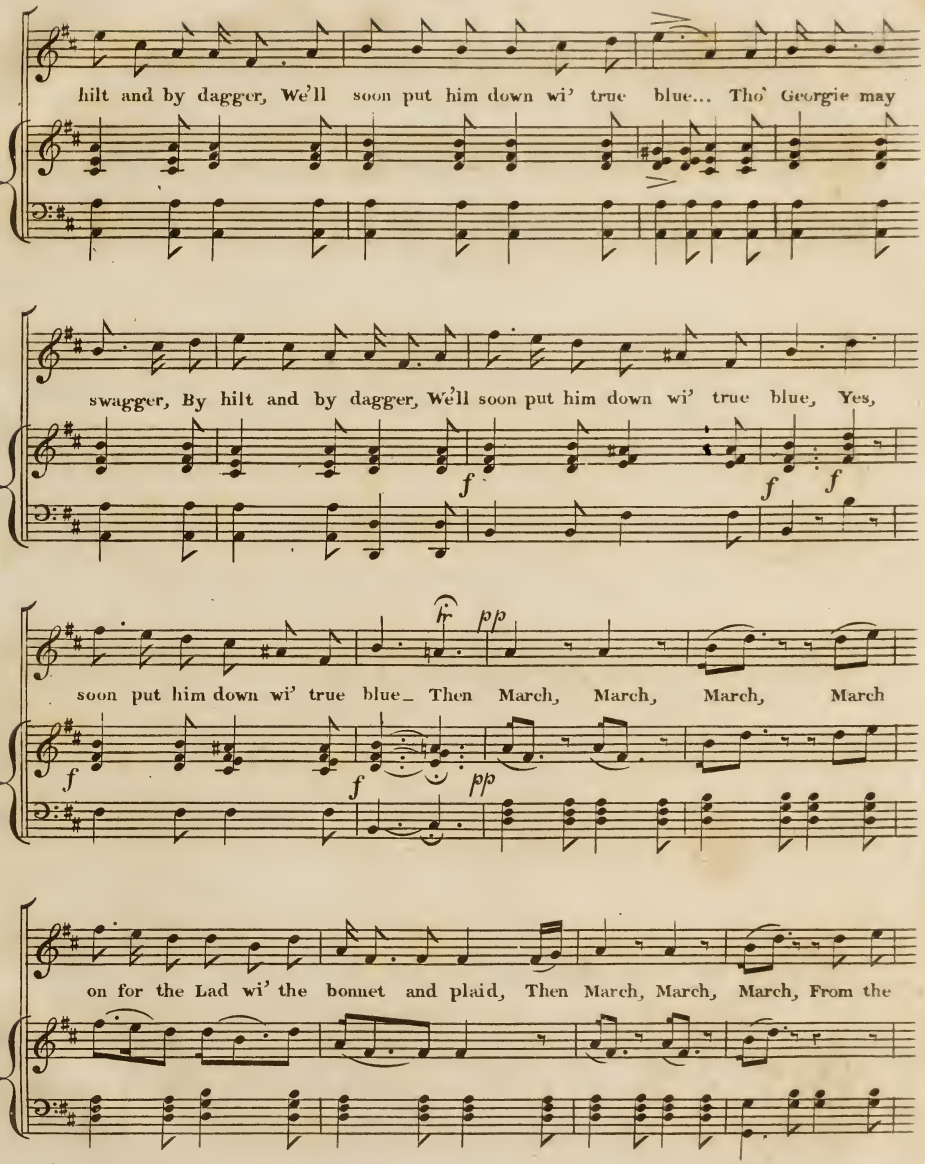
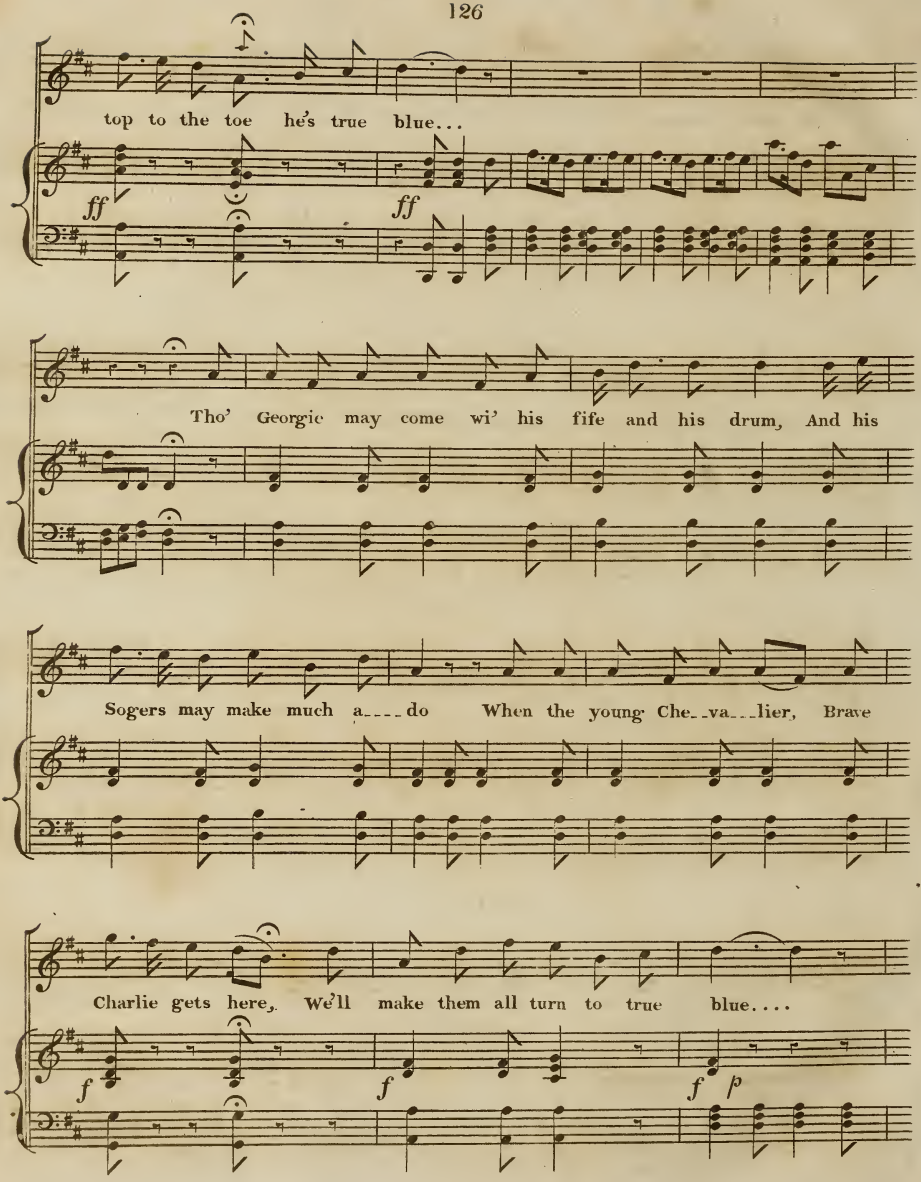
plaid, And gang wi' him a the world thro' Tho' Georgie may swag--ger, By

hilt and by dagger, We'll soon put him down wi' true blue... Tho' Georgie may
swagger, By hilt and by dagger, We'll soon put him down wi' true blue, Yes,
soon put him down wi' true blue_ Then March, March, March, March
on for the Lad wi' the bonnet and plaid, Then March, March, March, From the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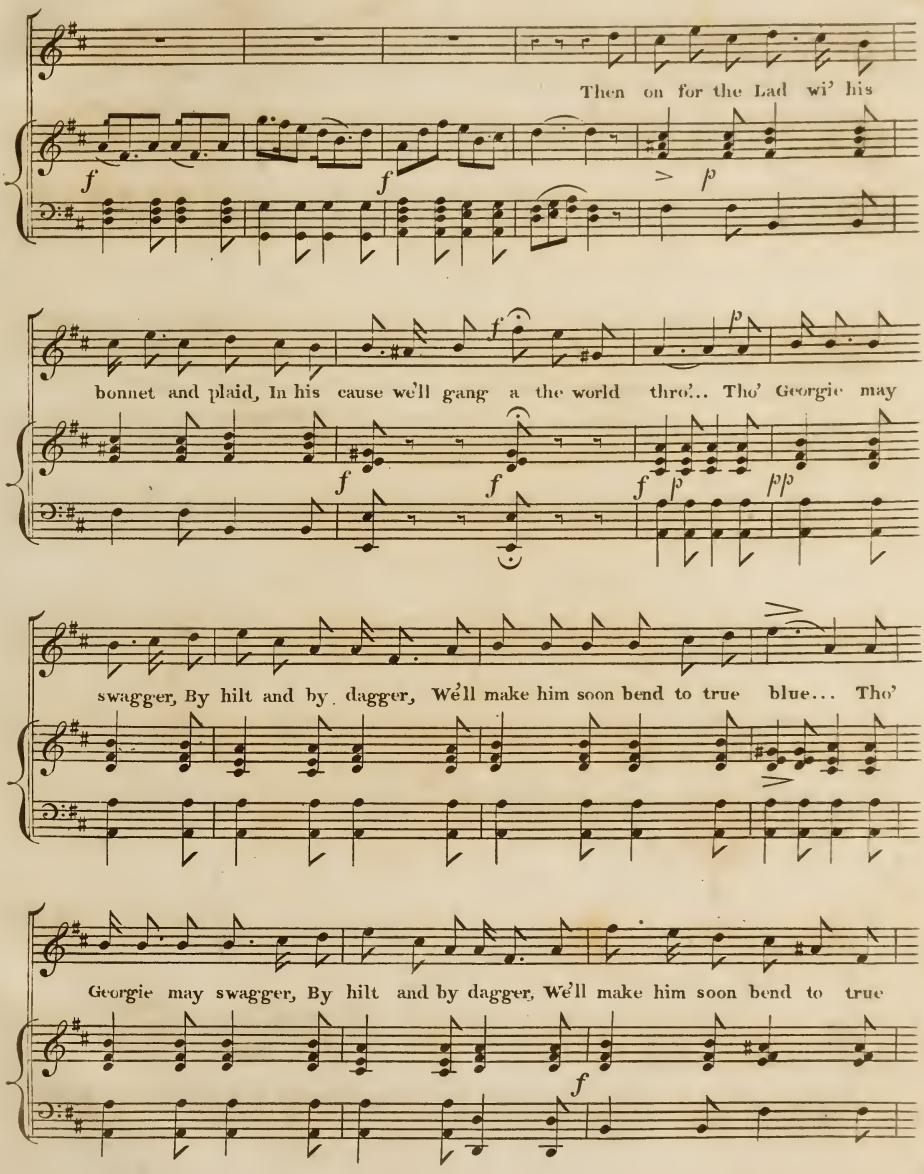
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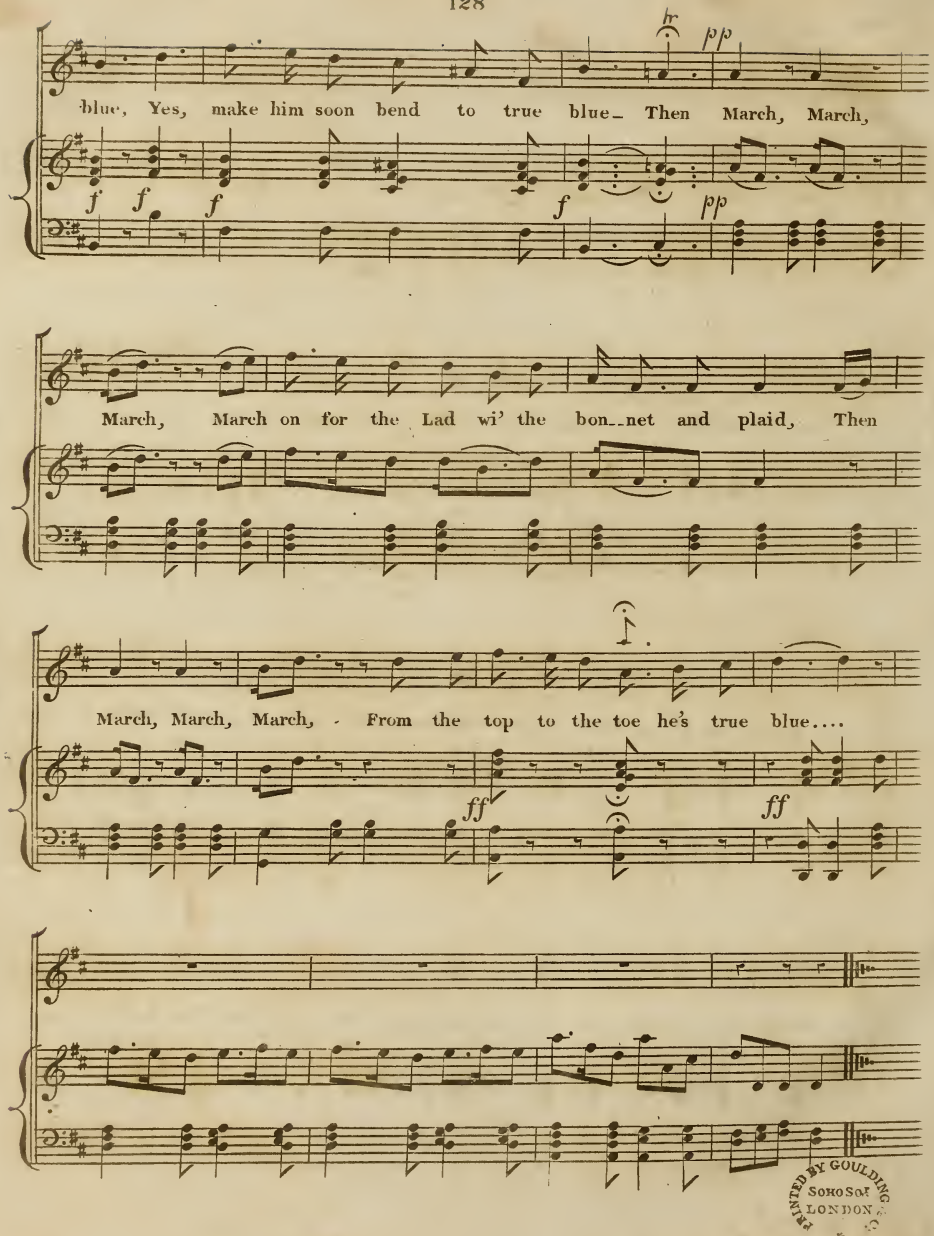
blue, Yes, make him soon bend to true blue_ Then March, March,
March, March on for the Lad wi' the bon_net and plaid, Then
March, March, March, From the top to the toe he's true blue....
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